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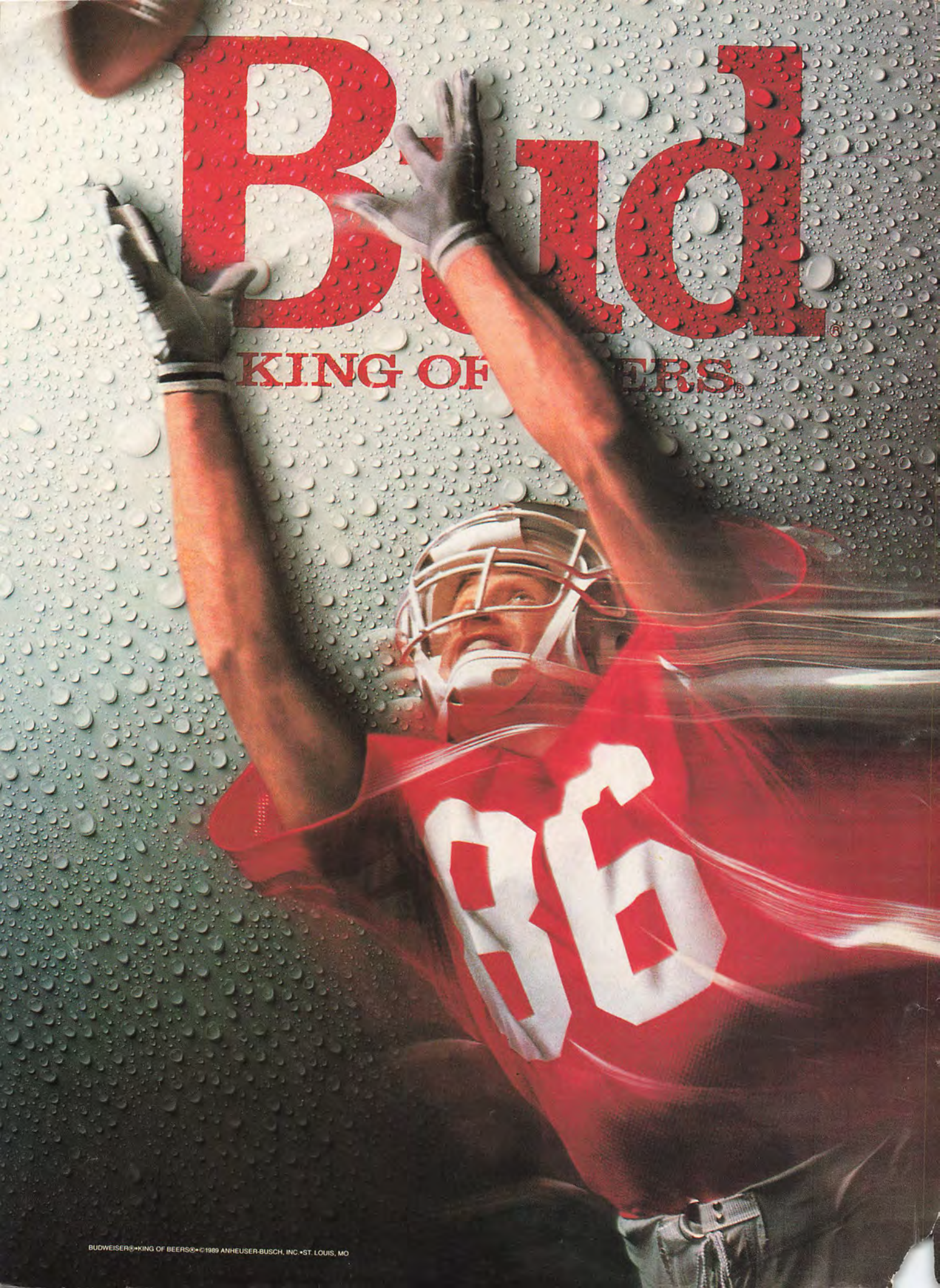

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Sports Illustrated

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JOHN BIEVER

Cover Photograph by Louis Psihoyos/Matrix

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0038-822X) is published weekly, except semiweekly during a week in February, a week in March, a week in November, with two issues combined at year-end, by The Time Inc. Magazine Company. Principal Office: Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, NY 10020-1393. Reginald K. Brack Jr., President; Joseph A. Ripp, Treasurer; Harry M. Johnston, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by Canada Post Corp., Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash at Toronto. U.S. subscription: $64.26 for 54 issues. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Post Office Box 30602, Tampa, FL 33630-0602.

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RISE AND SHINE

As the NFL returns to action, wide receiver Ernest Givins and the Houston Oilers have sky-high hopes of taking a shot at the AFC Central Division championship *(page 116)*.

FROM THE PUBLISHER

THE BEAUTY OF A NOTES COLUMN IS THAT YOU CAN GET SO much information into such a concentrated form," says senior writer Peter Gammons, who writes SI's INSIDE BASEBALL column. That's a lesson staff writer Peter King, whose INSIDE THE NFL column makes its debut in this issue *(page 124)*, learned from Gammons before either man joined this magazine.

King, 32, who grew up in Enfield, Conn., just north of Hartford, remembers that his father, Kenneth, an ironworker, would bring home five different newspapers on Sunday. Peter would dive first for *The Boston Globe* sports section and, after a glance at the box scores, would settle in with the baseball notes column, then written by Gammons. "I always found the notes column the most interesting," says King. "It didn't just tell you *what* happened on different teams, it told you *why* it happened."

MARIO RUIZ

Note well: King's column is for real fans.

When King set out for Ohio University in the fall of 1975 to study journalism, his father continued to clip and send him Gammons's columns.

It was at Ohio University that King settled his first big career question. "All I ever wanted to be," he says, "was either the leftfielder who replaced Yaz on the Red Sox or a writer. I went out for the baseball team in college, and I was cut the first day." King did better on the school's newspaper. He was managing editor of *The Post* his senior year, and one of his writers was Ann Ranalli, whom King married in 1980. They now have two daughters, Laura, 6, and Mary Beth, 3.

While King has spent his career—first at *The Cincinnati Enquirer* and most recently at *Newsday* in New York—honing his skills on stories of 1,000 words or less, he is quite capable of tackling the big picture. His first book, *The Season After: Are Sports Dynasties Dead?*, was published last month by Warner Books.

Just what does King hope to include in INSIDE THE NFL? A glance around his office provides a clue. "I have what I call a stat wall," he says and points to the rows of papers taped above his desk. "I'm a stat freak, but they have to be meaningful. If anyone reads my column this fall and finds ridiculous stats, I want to be shot at dawn. My goal is to do a column that provides the real fan with a better understanding of football."

It's a goal that his longtime model, Gammons, would no doubt approve. Though they are now both on SI's masthead, the Boston-based Gammons and the New York–based King have yet to meet. Who knows, maybe they can exchange notes.

Donald J. Barr

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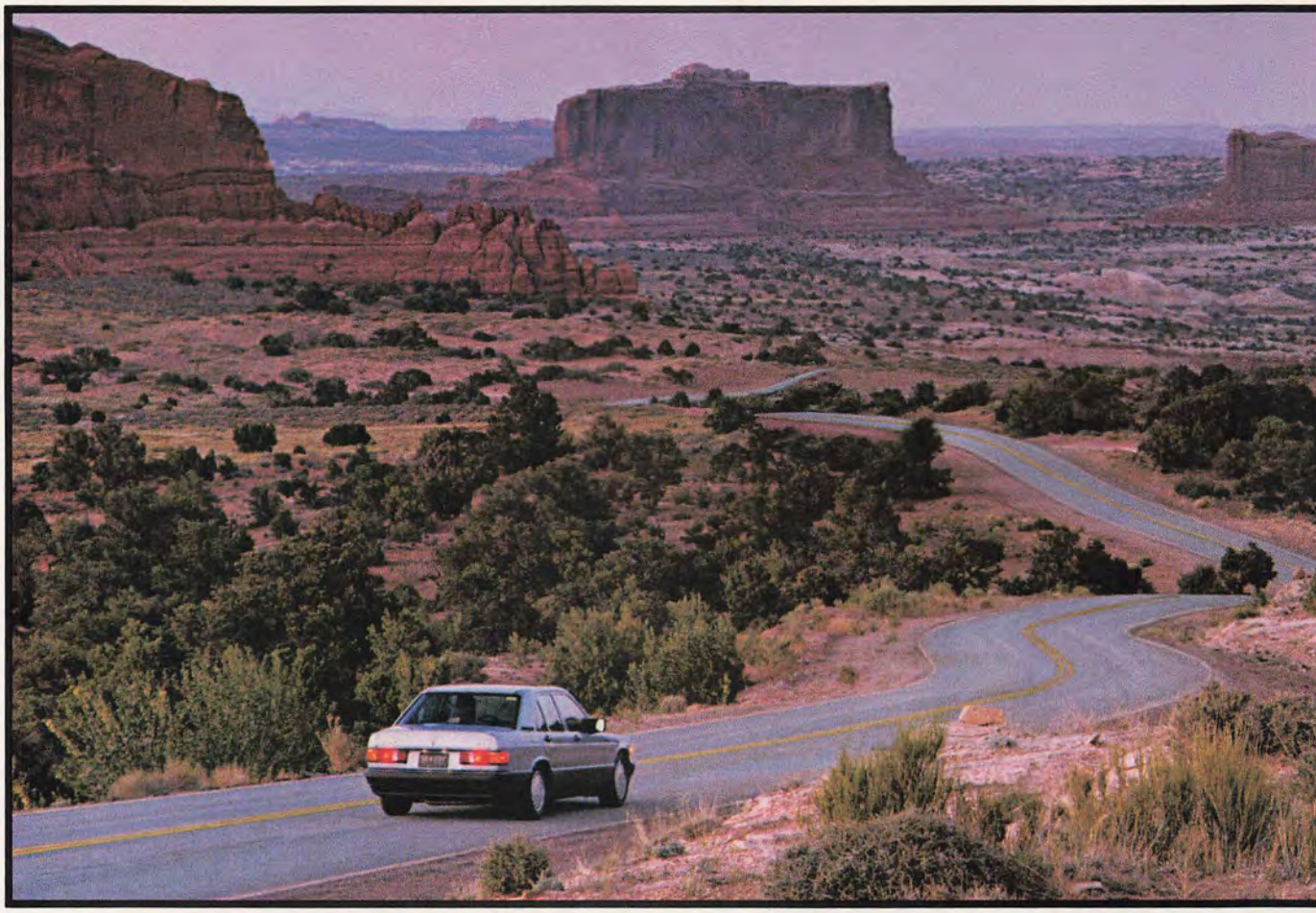

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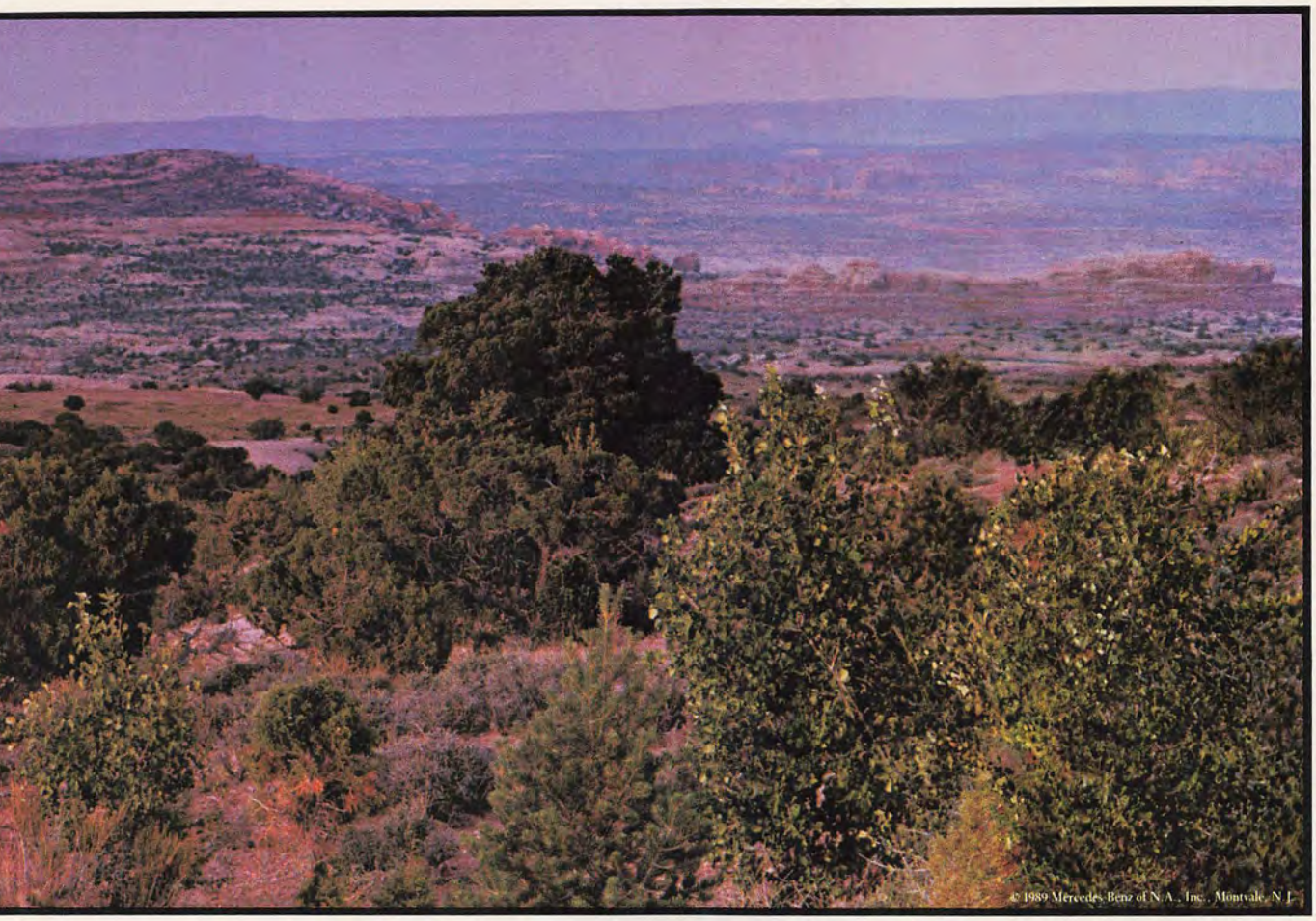

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Because this time, the Americans are coming and they're not leaving empty-handed.

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This is how much Sam Ryder loved the game of golf. When the prosperous English seed merchant died in 1936 at the age of 64, his favorite mashie went inside the coffin beside him. Ryder had been interested in the game since the early years of the century. His fervent hope had been to elevate the state of the game in Great Britain to the level it enjoyed in the United States. To help accomplish this, he launched a two-day international competition between nations in 1927 that two years later came to be known as the Ryder Cup. The 19-inch high Cup was solid gold and topped by the figure of a golfer, Abe Mitchell, a prominent player of the day and Ryder's own teaching pro. Costing about $1,000, the Cup was to be contested every two years, with the battleground alternating between the U.S. and Britain.

COURTESY OF THE PGA

Hogan *(left)* led his star-studded team to an easy win in 1947.

A superficial analysis of the results of the 27 matches held since 1927 would indicate that Sam Ryder's crusade has failed: the U.S. has won the competition 21 times, lost 5, and there has been one tie. During a 20-year stretch that began in 1959, the Ryder Cup was more ceremonial than competitive. The two teams would don their uniform blazers and slacks, stand at semi-attention while flags were raised and anthems played, listen to oratory from officials and captains about the spirit of the game and the good will the Cup creates and then tee it up. Two or three days later, depending on that year's format, the U.S. would have won another laugher 23½ to 8½, or a bit closer, maybe 19–13, if the matches were held on Britain's home turf. So long, blokes. See ya in two years.

But before the 1979 Cup, the British PGA decided to invoke Section 9 of the event's Deed of Trust, which empowered the organization to disband the competition if the committee concluded it was serving no good purpose. Instead of halting it altogether, though, the decision was made to enliven the competition by creating a new format. After discussions with the U.S., the British team (which by now also included players from Ireland) was expanded to include all of Europe. This move added Seve Ballesteros of Spain and Bernhard Langer of West Germany.

For the next two competitions, in 1979 and '81, nothing much changed, the Americans winning easily. But in 1983 the Yanks won by only one point. Two years later, the stage was set for a turnaround. Sure enough, aided by the emergence of such British stars as Nick Faldo and Sandy Lyle, the European team handed the U.S. its first loss since 1957. Two years ago at Muirfield Village outside Columbus, Ohio, the Europeans won again, as the Americans lost for the first time ever on their home soil. All of a sudden the balance of power had shifted. This September the competition will be held at the Belfry in England, and now it's the United States mounting a comeback.

Despite the overall lopsidedness of the competition, the Ryder Cup has provided many noteworthy moments. In 1975, Jack Nicklaus, at the very height of his game, lost 4 and 2 in a morning singles match to one Brian Barnes, who strolled the fairways in Bermuda shorts, puffing on a pipe. Singles opponents are supposed to be drawn from a hat, but there was reason to believe it was no accident when in the afternoon, Nicklaus and Barnes faced each other again. Incredibly, Barnes *won* again, this time 2 and 1.

Of course, the Cup has had its lighter moments. In Columbus in 1929, fans were treated to the sight of Gene Sarazan hitting a ball into a refreshment stand and then playing it out through an open window.

If you had to choose the best Ryder Cup team of the 54 that have competed, few could argue against the 1947 U.S. squad. Ben Hogan was the playing captain, and it included Sam Snead, Byron Nelson, Jimmy Demaret, Lew Worsham, Porky Oliver and Lloyd Mangrum among others. It was almost as if you had to have won the United States Open or the Masters just to qualify for the team.

The poor Brits didn't have a chance. Everything seemed to be stacked against them. Because of World War II, the Ryder Cup had not been held since 1937, and golf in general had been a lot more scarce in England than it had been in the U.S. To boot, not only were the matches in the States but on the West Coast, in Portland, Ore., a 5,000-mile trip. The British players traveled by boat and rail, and on the way they ate as they had not eaten since before the war. Said Commander C.R.T. Roe, the non-playing British captain, "The ham I ate for breakfast would last a month in England."

Then the U.S. team went out and had the British for its own breakfast. The first day was foursomes, and by nightfall the U.S. led 4–0. So dominating was his team that Captain Hogan sat himself down in the singles competition the next day. The Americans needed only three wins and got them in the first three matches. Oliver, Nelson, Snead and Demaret were still on the course when the Cup was clinched, and when they won as well, the score was

BY DAVID ERICSON

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1989 TEAMS

This year's Ryder Cup will take place September 22-24 at The Belfry in Sutton Coldfield, England. Ray Floyd is the captain of the United States team, and Tony Jacklin will lead Europe. The 12-man teams are listed below.

UNITED STATES

Mark Calcavecchia (1)*
Curtis Strange (3)
Chip Beck (0)
Payne Stewart (1)
Tom Kite (5)
Paul Azinger (0)
Fred Couples (0)
Ken Green (0)
Mark O'Meara (1)
Mark McCumber (0)
Tom Watson (3)
Lanny Wadkins (5)

EUROPE

Ronan Rafferty, N. Ireland (0)
Jose Maria Olazabal, Spain (1)
Nick Faldo, England (6)
Ian Woosnam, Wales (3)
Mark James, England (3)
Gordon Brand, Jr., Scotland (1)
Severiano Ballesteros, Spain (4)
Sam Torrance, Scotland (4)
Jose Maria Canizares, Spain (3)

(In addition, three more players will be selected for the team by the captain.)

** Previous Ryder Cup competitions*

THE TV SCHEDULE

Date	Network	E.D.T.
Sept. 22	USA	11 a.m.-1:00 p.m.
Sept. 23	USA	11 a.m.-1:00 p.m.
Sept. 24	USA	10 a.m.-1:00 p.m.

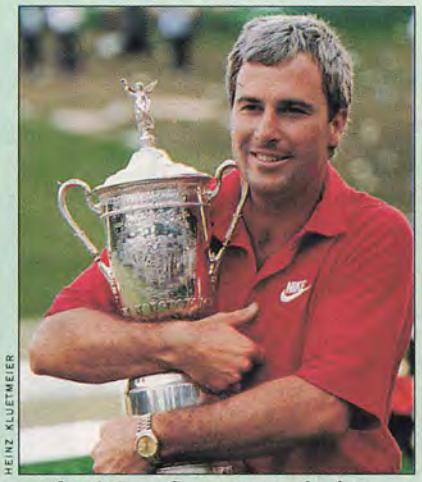
THE FORMAT FOR THE THREE DAYS OF PLAY

One reason golfers from both sides of the Atlantic Ocean enjoy Ryder Cup matches so much is that they offer such a distinct departure in format from the usual diet of four rounds of medal play, that is, total number of strokes. As currently played, the Ryder Cup offers three forms of competition: singles, fourball and foursomes, all at match play. Each match ends when one player, or team, is ahead by more holes than remain to be played.

Singles is simple enough: two players go head-to-head. If one shoots a 3, the other a 6, the first player is 1-up in holes, not three strokes ahead. All 12 players from both sides participate on Sunday, and who plays whom is luck of the draw.

As the name implies, four-ball involves four players, two from each side. The captains decide who plays whom in the four matches Friday afternoon and the four on Saturday. Only the low score from each team counts, so that if one U.S. player shoots a 6 but his partner makes 3, the U.S. team score is 3 and will win the hole to a pair of 4s by Europe, even though the total European score, 8, is better.

Foursomes is easily the most intriguing contest. It is partners again, only this time each side plays one ball, with the players alternating shots from the tee to the cup. If, say, Curtis Strange, knocks it in a bunker, Tom Kite has to hit it out. Again, there are four matches, on each of the first two mornings. So that makes 28 matches in all, each one worth a point. If a match is tied after 18 holes, each side gains half a point. There are no playoffs.



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Curtis is no Strange-r to winning.

THE RESULTS FROM 1927 THROUGH 1987

1927	United States	9½–2½	**1963**	United States	23–9
1929	Great Britain	7–5	**1965**	United States	19½–12½
1931	United States	9–3	**1967**	United States	23½–8½
1933	Great Britain	6½–5½	**1969**	U.S.A./G.B.	16–16
1935	United States	9–3	**1971**	United States	18½–13½
1937	United States	8–4	**1973**	G.B. & Ireland	19–13
1947	United States	11–1	**1975**	United States	21–11
1949	United States	7–5	**1977**	United States	12½-7½
1951	United States	9½–2½	**1979**	United States	17–11
1953	United States	6½–5½	**1981**	United States	18½–9½
1955	United States	8–4	**1983**	United States	14½–13½
1957	Great Britain	7½–4½	**1985**	Europe	16½–11½
1959	United States	8½–3½	**1987**	Europe	15–13
1961	United States	14½–9½			

The U.S. leads the series 21–5–1

11–0. But England's Sam King took the final match 4 and 3 to spoil the shutout.

The Rout of '47 set the tone for the next three decades. Although the prewar score had been U.S. 4, Great Britain 2, a respectable margin, the Americans wouldn't lose again until 1957.

The most famous—and dramatic—match in the history of the Ryder Cup took place in 1969. It was famous not only for the battle itself, but for a gesture of sportsmanship that lovers of golf consider the very essence of the game.

Eligible for the first time was Jack Nicklaus, even though he had already won two U.S. Opens and three Masters, among other majors. Among the others on the 12-man squad was Billy Casper, Lee Trevino and Gene Littler, all Open winners. The British had an exceptionally young team. Tony Jacklin, who had won the British Open that July and would win the U.S. Open the next June, was 25. Peter Townsend was 22, and Bernard Gallacher, a Scot, was 20, the youngest player in Cup history. "I'm not awed by the Americans," said the cocky youngster. "I think they should be awed by me."

The U.S. team in '69 faced a number of difficulties. The matches were at Royal Birkdale in Southport, and the British generally played better on their own turf. The PGA had chosen Sam Snead to be the team's captain even though he lacked rapport with the players. And while the squad had won 20 tournaments during the year, only Casper and Littler had played in the Ryder Cup before. The rest were inexperienced in its strange forms of match play.

Captain Snead made a curious move at the start by benching Nicklaus and Littler. When Jack, who had looked solid in practice, was kidded about being washed up at 29, he said, "Yeah, I'm through—if being 12 under par for my last 27 holes in practice means being through."

At nightfall the first day, the British led 4½ to 3½. The second day the score was 8–8, with Trevino, Littler and Dave Hill proving especially effective for the U.S. Littler, who was sent out to play only three of a possible six matches, won each time.

On the final day the schedule called for 16 singles matches, and by lunchtime the British led 13–11. Young Jacklin had soundly beaten Nicklaus 4 and 3, and they were paired again in the day's finale. By late in the afternoon, as a stiff breeze and light rain came in from the sea, the score was again tied at 15, with just two groups still on the course. One was Casper, all even with Brian Huggett after 16. Nicklaus and Jacklin were also even, one hole behind.

GERRY CRANHAM

The 1969 match ended in a joyous tie when Nicklaus conceded a putt to Jacklin.

At 17, a par 5, Casper chipped stiff for his birdie. Huggett needed a five-footer, and after standing over the ball for a long while, he sank the putt. At 18 Huggett again faced a short but difficult putt to retain his tie with Casper. As he bent over the ball, a huge roar rose from the 17th green. "My God," thought Huggett. "Tony's just beaten Nicklaus. If I sink this putt, we win the Ryder Cup." Again Huggett was up to it, whereupon the weathered Welshman, a pro for half of his 32 years, went over to his captain, Eric Brown, and cried on his shoulder.

But it was not as Huggett had thought. Jacklin had three-putted the 16th to go one down, and at 17 he appeared a certain loser. Nicklaus sat 15 feet away from an eagle. Jacklin's second shot was on the green, but 50 feet from the cup—a losing position with Nicklaus so close.

Jacklin stroked the ball on its long journey, and after a number of twists and turns it fell into the cup. *That* was the roar Huggett had heard. Shaken, Nicklaus could not match Jacklin, and the score was even.

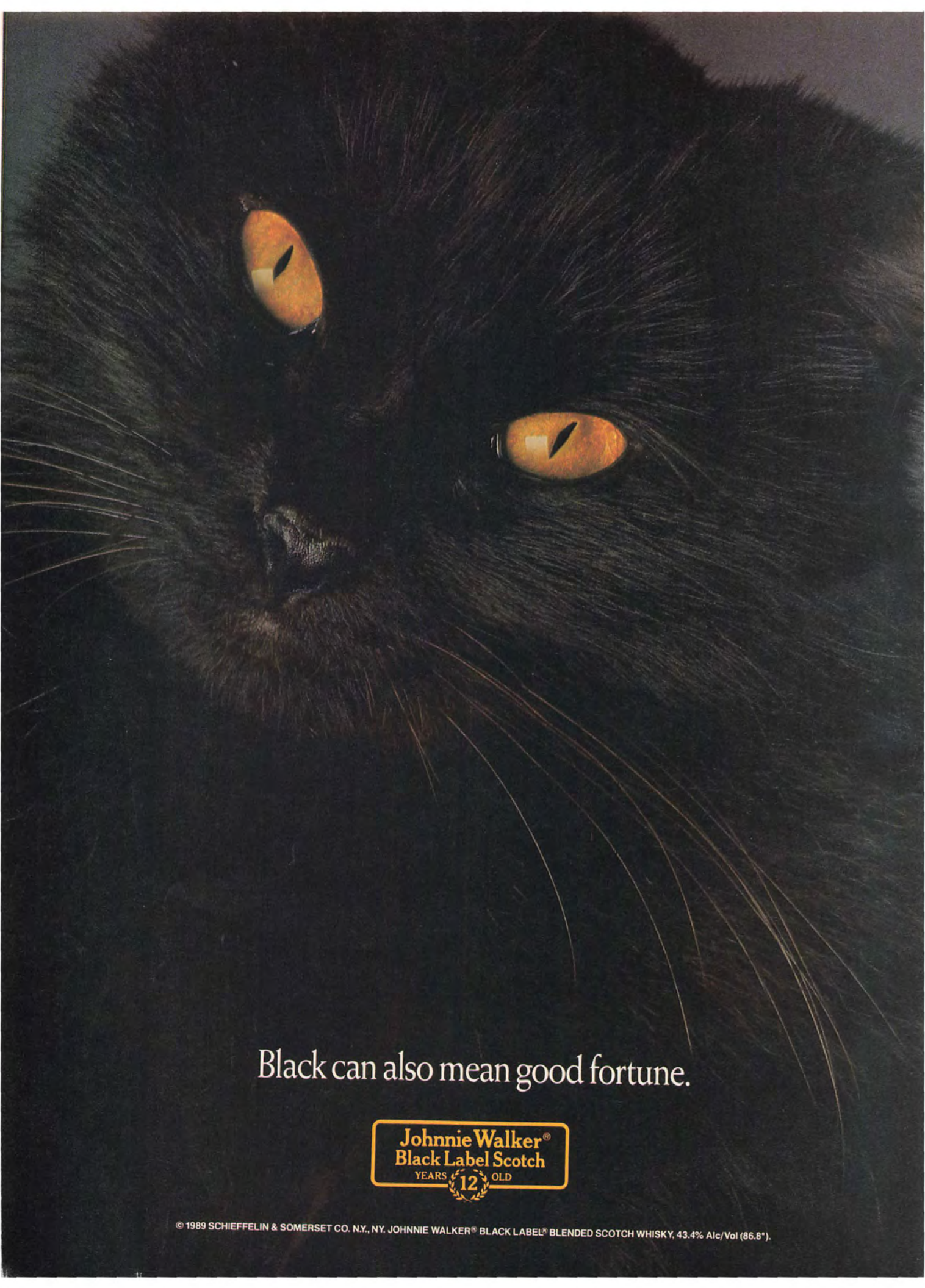
So the entire 1969 Ryder Cup came down to a single hole of golf. Both players drove well. As they left the tee, Nicklaus said, "Hey Tony, how do you feel?"

"Bloody awful," Jacklin replied.

"Well, if it's any comfort," said Nicklaus, "so do I."

Both hit safely to the green and both missed their birdie attempts, but, in his zeal, Nicklaus went five feet past. Jacklin was roughly 2½ feet away. Nicklaus later said it occurred to him that this would be an awful way to lose, and that he was putting not just for himself but for the whole team. Then, typically, he drilled the ball home.

Next came a marvelous gesture of sportsmanship. As Nicklaus approached the cup to retrieve his ball, he picked up Jacklin's marker, conceding the putt and making the 1969 Ryder Cup a tie. He draped an arm around Jacklin and said, "I don't think you would have missed that



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putt, but I was not going to give you the chance either."

When the Ryder Cup teams gathered at Muirfield Village two years ago, there was good reason to suspect the balance of power in golf had shifted from the U.S. to Europe. It was more than just the European victory in 1985. The visitors could now claim some genuine superstars. Ballesteros had won the British Open and Masters twice apiece. Langer had a Masters title. Faldo, after years of disappointing close calls that had the British press calling him "Nick Foldo," had won the British Open that July. Lyle had done likewise two years before that and had added the Players Championship in March.

Against this invading army the U.S. had several players with one major title to their credit, but they were hardly world beaters. Hal Sutton, winner of the 1983 PGA, was in a woeful slump. Scott Simpson had won the U.S. Open in June, but he had been around long enough to prove he was just another pretty good player. Larry Mize had won the Masters in April, but it took a miracle chip in sudden death and his only other victory had come four years earlier. Ben Crenshaw had won the '84 Masters but had suffered a thyroid condition after that from which he was just emerging. Lanny Wadkins was a marvelous competitor, but his major, the PGA, had come 10 years earlier.

Only Larry Nelson was a multiple major winner, with PGA titles in 1981 and one month earlier, as well as the U.S. Open in 1983. But even he was cause for concern; before winning the PGA and its automatic Ryder Cup berth, he had been 101st on the Tour's money list. It was also true that in nine previous Ryder Cup matches covering 1979-81, he was 9–0.

Muirfield's designer was Nicklaus, who also happened to be captain of the U.S. team. He thought the dry, fast condition in September would favor the U.S., but the 5′ 4″ Welshman, Ian Woosnam, disagreed. "We can handle all the shots Jack is trying to put up for us," he said.

TONY TOMSIC

Europe's best players teamed to put Jacklin on top in 1987.

Every player on the U.S. team except one had earned $300,000 or more during the season, but that was not an issue. "This has nothing to do with money," Tom Kite said. "This is playing for Uncle Sam, and Sam expects a lot." Years earlier Dave Marr had summarized the players' feeling this way: "When you're standing there with your teammates and they play the National Anthem, you feel like running out and tackling somebody."

For a brief moment Friday morning it looked like a rout for the Americans. Playing foursomes (alternate shots) Kite and Curtis Strange won easily, and Sutton and Dan Pohl made it 2–0. Behind them, Wadkins and Mize were four-up after nine holes. But then, in a huge turnaround, the Europeans won six holes on the incoming nine to give Europe its first point. Instead of 3–0, it was 2–1. When Nelson and Payne Stewart three-putted from 25 feet on the next to last hole, the Cup was tied.

That afternoon the Europeans won all four four-ball matches—Andy Bean and Mark Calcavecchia both bogeying the 17th and 18th holes when one par would have gained a halve—and the U.S. trailed 6–2. By nightfall Saturday Europe's lead was 10½ to 5½, meaning that the Americans would have to win 9 of the 12 singles matches on Sunday.

They gave it a run, winning seven matches and halving one, but also losing four. The 15–13 loss was the first the U.S. had ever suffered on its home soil. It was the 18th hole that did in the Americans. Pohl was even in his match, then skulled an iron, made double bogey and lost. Mize was 1-up, hooked his drive into a creek and gained only a draw. Two pars by the U.S., and it wins.

Crenshaw's match hurt the most, although it also provided the most humorous moment of the day. He was playing one Eamonn Darcy, who came to Ohio never having won in nine matches. After three-putting the sixth hole, Crenshaw "tapped" his putter on a walnut and broke the shaft. Rules say you can't replace a broken club, so Crenshaw had to improvise. First he tried a wedge, but finally settled on his one iron, holing birdie putts of 18 and six feet. Crenshaw was 1-up at 17, but he bogeyed the last two holes to give Darcy his first Ryder Cup point. A Crenshaw victory would have made it 14–14.

Later someone asked Darcy how he felt when he saw that Crenshaw had broken his putter. "I didn't know it until the match was over," he claimed. But surely he had seen his opponent putting with an iron? "I figured he was using irons because he wanted to slow the ball down on the fast greens," said Darcy, whose nickname happens to be Dozy.

After decades of sweetness and pageantry, this year's competition at The Belfry will have a little vinegar in it. Mark Calcavecchia probably spoke for all the U.S. players earlier this year when he said, "I want that trophy back in America." It won't be easy, however. All of Europe, it seems, stands in the way. ■

THE AMERICANS HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THE EUROPEANS AND WE'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE.

MARK JAMES*

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President and Chief Executive Officer
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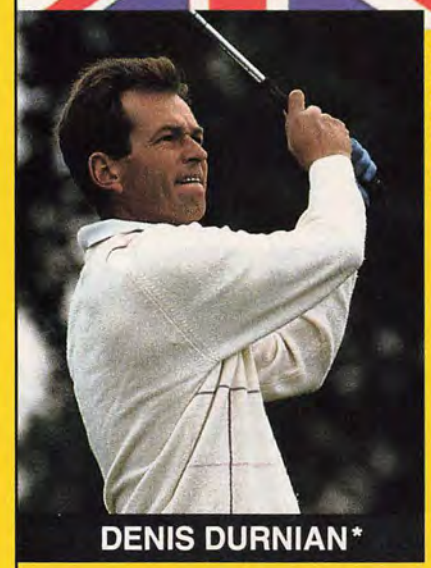
MARK CALCAVECCHIA*



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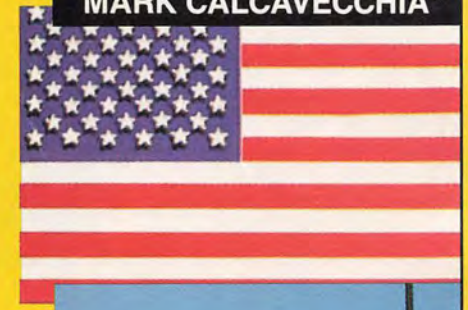

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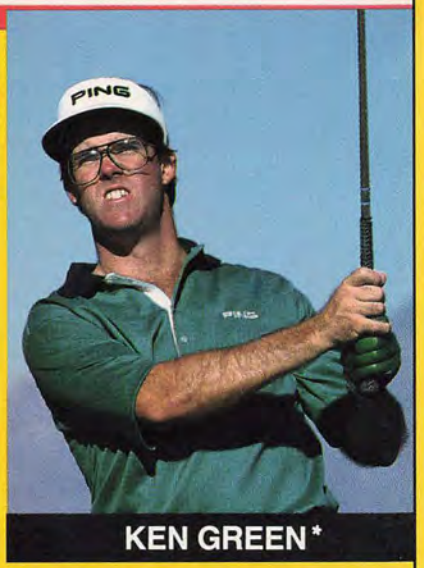

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A HOW-TO SELF-DEFENSE BOOK FROM THE 17TH CENTURY

BY NICHOLAS DAWIDOFF

One morning in 1666, a prosperous lawyer in The Hague named Roseboom set out for a walk beside the water with his pretty young niece. As the two strolled along, listening to the water lap at the canal bulkheads, they took in the picturesque tranquillity of their hometown. Then, without warning, the pair was set upon by robbers. Roseboom was beaten senseless, his pockets emptied. A rope was looped around his niece's neck and she was dragged along the ground for some distance before the ruffians fled.

Such attacks were becoming increasingly common in some sections of prosperous 17th-century Dutch cities, and around 1670 an Amsterdam innkeeper named Nicolaes Petter decided to do something about it.

Aside from his duties dispensing spirits at his inn, the Gustavusburgh, Petter was master of another popular activity in Dutch public houses of the time: He was a champion wrestler. Going to the tavern to drink a glass of gin and watch a little wrestling was as natural in Petter's day as shooting pool or tossing darts at the local bar is today. Petter, who in addition to his inn ran a fighting academy, knew the conventional double-leg takedowns and bear hugs, but he was also the rare European whose wrestling acumen included moves from the Japanese art of jujitsu. He was, according to his protégé, Robbert Cors, a man with a "sharp brain" and "smart intelligence," who had invented more flips, strangleholds, "knocks" and "maneuvers" than most of his brash challengers ever learned. To Petter, wrestling was "the exquisite art," and like any discipline, it demanded "diligence, practice and instruction, combined with ingenuity."

Yet Petter was something more than a barkeep and a wrestling champion. He was a shrewd man who would have looked upon such attacks as that on Roseboom and his niece with both sympathy and an eye toward the opportunity they presented. Amsterdam and The Hague had become magnets for brigands, cutpurses, sharpers and thugs of all kinds. The country's success in the colonial trade and in other industry had turned Dutch cities into gilded places, with rows of mansions and streets teeming with rich burghers. The French playwright Racine sneered that the whole country was "blinded by prosperity."

But the more wealth the Dutch acquired, the more concerned they became that someone might want to deprive them of it. "It was a greater risk to walk in Amsterdam at night in the 1670s than it is now," says Rudolf Dekker, who teaches history at Erasmus University in Rotterdam. "There were a lot of horrible crimes at that time, much more violence than today." There was no full-time, professional police department, and those constables who did exist were often the worst crooks of all. So the citizens of Amsterdam had to protect themselves as best they could. And it was here that Petter saw his chance. He set to work on a book that would teach Dutchmen how to defend themselves against attack.

Petter conceived *Clear Instruction in the Exquisite Art of Wrestling* as a self-defense manual, a sort of home-study course. He commissioned the well-known artist Romeyn de Hooghe—"the virtuoso of patriotic imagery," according to Harvard history professor Simon Schama—to make copper engravings that would provide step-by-step illustrations of the techniques that Petter described. De Hooghe obviously relished the assignment, as is shown in the 71 vibrant engravings of gentlemen defending themselves against lowly types. The illustrations are full of contemporary detail, from a burgher's beribboned pantaloons to the agony on the face of a

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De Hooghe's illustrations in Petter's book demonstrate how to fend off a knife-wielder.

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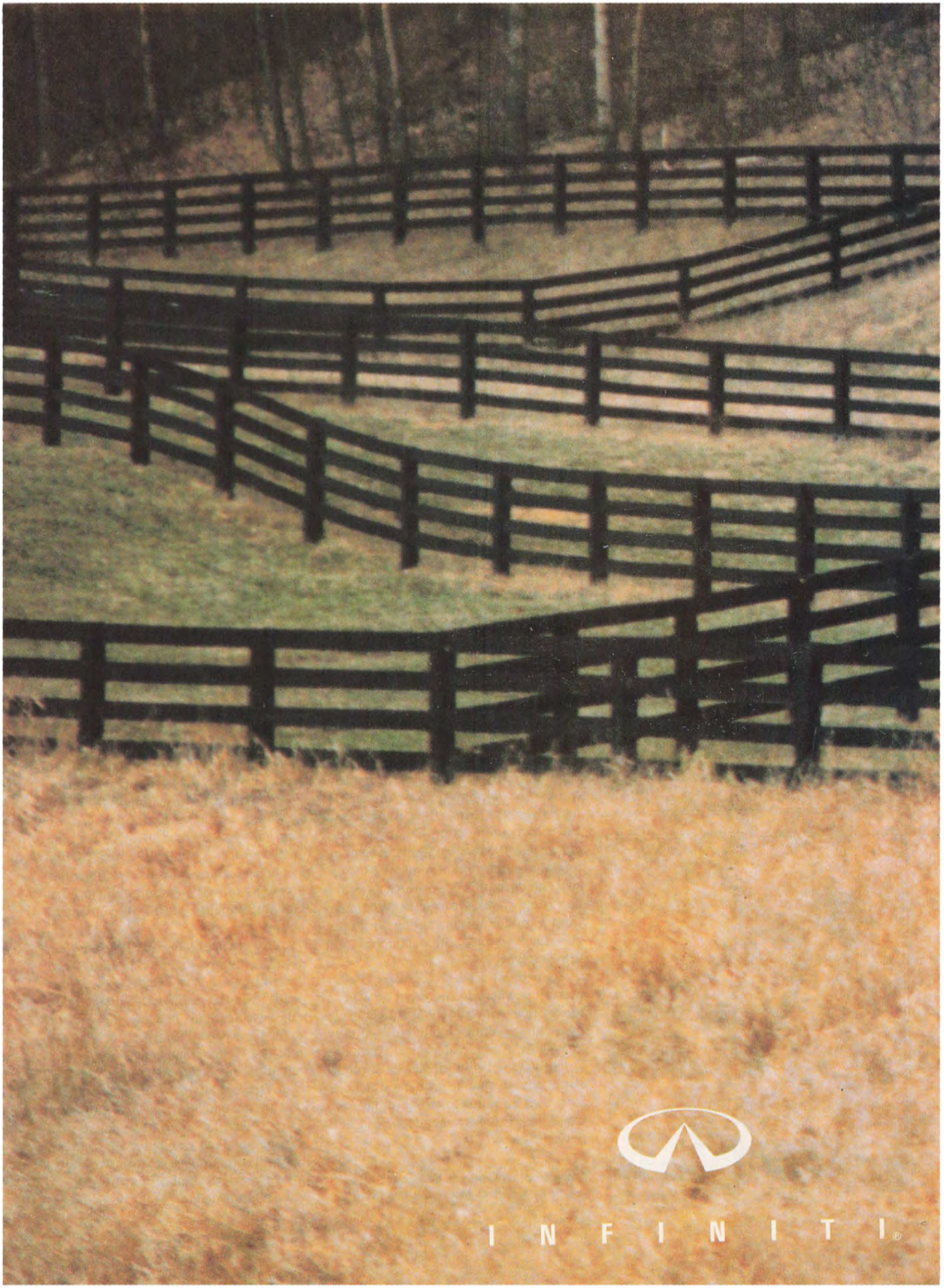
INFINITI

A would-be assailant can be forced to the ground by means of techniques like these.

scruffy ruffian whose hair is being pulled.

Unfortunately, in 1672, before he could finish his book, Petter died of unknown causes. All was not lost, though. Cors was well aware of the project, and the young wrestler, who eventually married Petter's widow, took it upon himself to publish *Clear Instruction*. Cors wrote in the preface to the book, "We did not want to keep this excellent, useful Knowledge a secret. . . . We wanted to make it known to the world, to let it be of general use by deterring all malevolent attacking criminals."

In 1674 the book went on sale in Amsterdam by—according to the title page—"Johannes Janssonius van Waesberge, Bookseller Op't the Water." An examination of a copy in Harvard's Houghton rare-book library shows that *Clear Instruction* was a remarkable pioneering effort.

First, there's a preface filled with philosophical meanderings on wrestling as an art. Following that is a humble dedication to the Devotees of the Art; it concludes with a plea to cherish the memory of Petter—which might be best done, it is suggested, by enrolling in wrestling lessons with Cors.

The ensuing text is divided into 13 sections, each detailing defenses against various forms of attack. The instructions include many recognizable wrestling moves: the fireman's carry, the single-leg takedown, trips, flips, shucks, etc. But most contemporary Dutchmen were concerned about street fights, violent altercations that went beyond even the casual standards of 17th-century wrestling decorum. *Clear Instruction* progresses from gentlemanly grappling to strategies for avoiding chest punches and drawn knives.

To prevent such indignities, Petter prescribes knees tc the groin as well as moves that will quickly and effectively break an assailant's hand. He obviously knew how to administer pain. To wit: To a man who is being flipped by another, Petter advises that he grab his attacker's foot "as if he wants to wring it to pieces, which can inflict tremendous pain and powerlessness."

And just in case a bad guy should get the upper hand with a classic move (presumably he could have bought *Clear Instruction* with some of his ill-gotten gains), Petter provides tips on countermoves and parries. To continue with the case cited above: the attacker won't get his ankle snapped if he is quick about slugging the intended victim in the arm. He, in turn, should grab the assailant by the throat, and so on.

It was a brutal world, and at times Petter seems to adopt an "ends justify the means" philosophy of self-defense. He devotes an entire section to hair clutches and another to choke holds. He begins one discourse with: "The most unreasonable and rashest brutes, whose hot-headed brains cannot be brought back to reason, usually plunge themselves at once into the greatest of dangers." He then suggests that "peace-loving persons" draw knives against such attackers.

Petter also is not above self-glorification. The section on "How To Carry Away Someone Engaged in a Fight with Someone Else" notes that "This trick was often used by the author."

There is no telling how well *Clear Instruction* sold in the 17th century, but it is significant that, in a day when relatively few books were printed, a publisher was willing to take a chance on the work. Just as a Jack Nicklaus guide to golf is written because amateurs are eager to learn from the best, *Clear Instruction* tells us a good deal about the 17th-century Dutchman's regard for Petter's wrestling skills. It may also offer a clue as to why a country as small as Holland became such a world financial power.

"This image of the wealthy burgher as street fighter suggests a notion that the strength of the whole society depends upon the resilience of the individual," says Schama. The key, it seems, to victory in a wrestling match or a street fight—or a financial endeavor—is anticipation. As Cors notes in the preface, "The forces allotted by Nature to mankind are not equal in everyone, and even if they would be found to be equal, two persons could not be pitched against one another without one of the two being proven master because of swiftness . . . based on knowledge." ■

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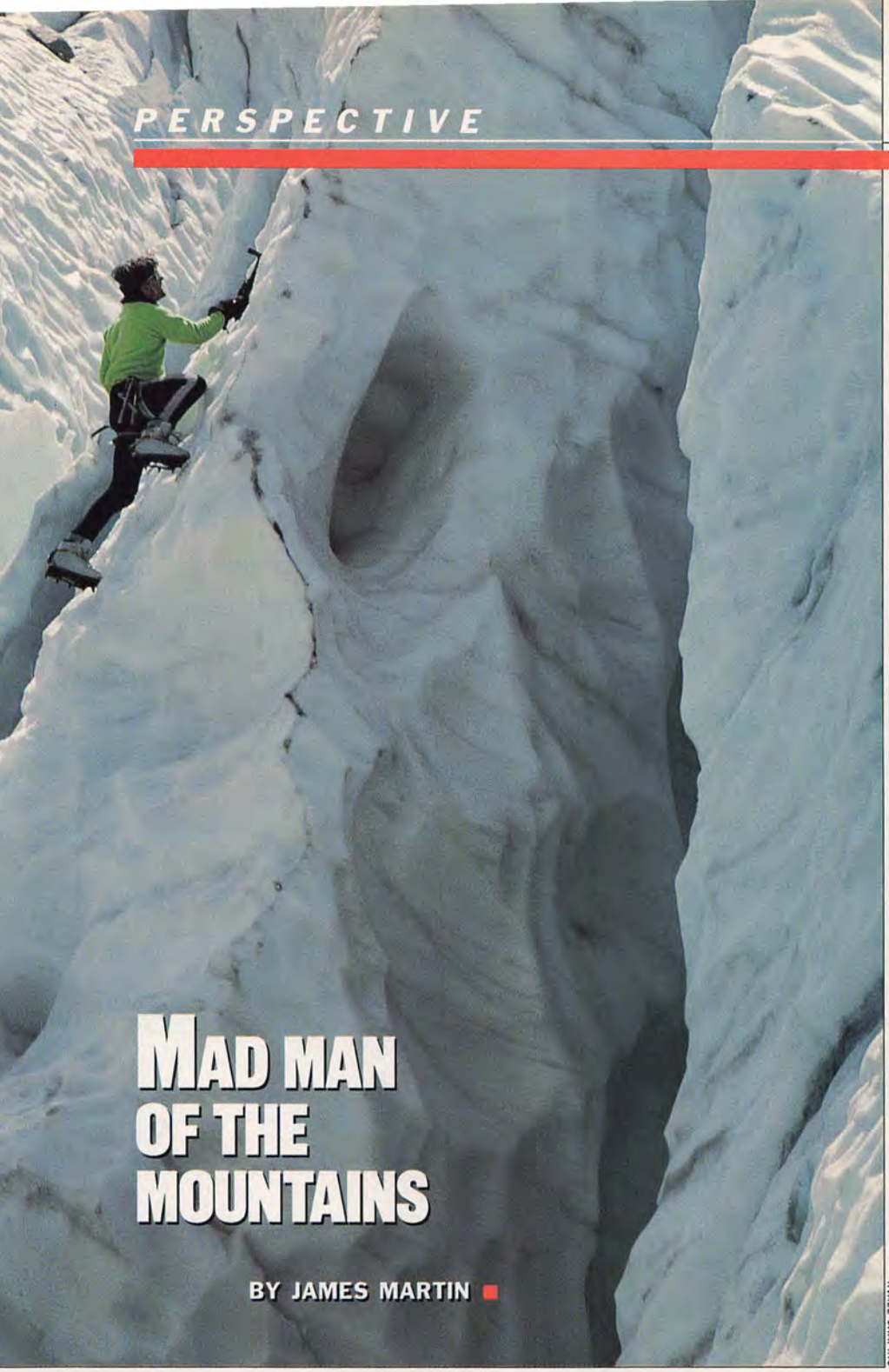

KVALE SHAPIRO

MAD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS

BY JAMES MARTIN

For Twight, who spurns Sherpas and oxygen, merely reaching the top is not the point.

Alone and unroped, Marc Francis Twight is hanging from a pick embedded in one inch of brittle ice, his crampons kicking at the empty air beneath him. He is thousands of feet up on the North Face of Grand Charmoz, a rotting ribbon of ice in the French Alps. Twight waits for the flush of adrenaline to fortify his muscles before pulling himself up with one hand and sinking the pick he's holding in his other into the ice a few inches above his head. He cranks up the volume on his Walkman and continues to race for the summit.

At 27, Twight, a native of Yosemite Valley, Calif., who lives in Chamonix in the French Alps, is arguably America's boldest mountaineer, the only one to rival the Europeans in seeking out the sport's most daring challenges. He has performed "enchainments," dazzling, quick solo ascents of several nearby peaks in a single day. He has repeated some of the solo climbs of the legendary Rheinhold Messner in a fraction of the time Messner took, and he has pioneered some of the most difficult routes on three continents. When conditions permit, he descends by jumping from a summit with a five-pound parachute.

Most Himalayan expeditions use the same methods Sir Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay employed in their 1953 ascent of Everest. But a small but growing cadre of climbers now go "alpine style," forgoing for the most part Sherpas, oxygen bottles, a highway of fixed rope and a series of camps to stay in when conditions turn deadly. With the fitness of decathletes and the nerves of bomb defusers, they charge up mountains unencumbered, meeting success, failure or death within a few days. Traditionalists deem such risks unjustifiable. But to Twight and his followers, merely getting to the top has no value.

For all his ability, Twight has found little favor among the climbing establishment. Traditional climbers struggling upward for hours via a single crack on a mountain face can be expected to take offense at a Lycra-clad muscle man blasting by unroped, the Dead Kennedys screeching from his Walkman, sunlight glinting off earrings, makeup and particolored hair. Twight also sends notes to the climbing journals deriding the conservatism and timidity of U.S. climbers. As expatriate jazz musicians do, he gets a lot of mileage in France from his confrontational style. Climbing magazines in that country print extended interviews with Twight, and French journals publish his works as a voice of what has been dubbed the No Future generation.

Jim Frush, leader of the expedition that included the first American woman to reach the summit of Everest, in 1988, says, "He criticized us mercilessly, shooting his mouth off, saying he would summit Everest or die, but he hasn't climbed anything. He failed on Everest, Nanga Parbat, Nuptse [all Himalayan peaks]. Who does the guy think he is?"

A letter in the December '88 issue of *Climbing* referred to Twight as a "John Wayne in crampons" for arguing that Americans should go to the Himalayas

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and "kick ass." Twight's partners take a more charitable view of his exploits. Jeff Lowe, an equipment designer who was with Twight for two attempts at severe climbs on Nuptse, says, "I thought Marc still needed more experience to be in the top rank, but he's there now. He keeps quiet, so you don't know what he's thinking until you get home and read his accounts and think, 'So that's what was on his mind.' But he's not as dark as his writings. I always had a good time with him."

Twight spent the first six years of his life in Yosemite Valley, where his father was a park ranger. His family then moved to Seattle, where he grew up. Twight stopped climbing for a while, after becoming interested in the theater. He missed the mountains, though, and took up ski racing for a while until he returned to climbing in 1980. He supports himself by guiding climbs, giving multimedia presentations of his own climbs and designing and endorsing ice-climbing equipment.

Some climbers believe Twight is driven upward by a death wish. Twight argues that confronting death wakes him from the dream he considers daily life to be. But those who doubt Twight's attachment to life might point to his 1988 season to bolster their case.

Twight opened the year with an extraordinary ice climb. He became the first to conquer Reality Bath, a 2,000-foot ice smear of uncertain integrity plastered on steep, blank rock 30 miles south of the Columbia ice fields in Alberta. Each day the smear is bombarded by chunks of ice the size of minibuses. On their first attempt, Twight and his partner, Randy Rackliff, abandoned the climb after two avalanches had bounded past them and their tools had broken in the adamantine ice. "The route might actually be too dangerous—even for sick dogs like us," said Twight after their setback.

To keep fit while waiting for the weather to improve, Twight soloed Slipstream, 20 miles north of Reality Bath. Slipstream is considered one of North America's hardest ice climbs. Fast parties had climbed Slipstream in a day; Twight sped up in two hours. Twight and Rackliff returned to Reality Bath a couple of weeks after their first attempt. This time their tools broke, but they reached the top in nine hours, with no spares. The French magazine *Vertical* hailed their achievement as the most amazing in ice-climbing history, and Twight gave Reality Bath an unprecedented grade VII rating to emphasize the climb's length, difficulty and danger. *Waterfall Ice*, a Canadian mountaineering guide, wrote that "[Reality Bath] seems so dangerous as to be of little value except to those suicidally inclined."

KVALE SHAPIRO

Twight's temerity has made him the darling of climbing's No Future generation.

Nobody loves Nanga Parbat in the Himalayas. Even its easiest route has claimed dozens of lives, and its Rupal Face, with 15,000 feet of climbing, is possibly the biggest wall in the world. Twight and three Canadian climbers, Barry Blanchard, Kevin Doyle and Ward Robinson, started up the Rupal Face alpine-style last June. The trek was to be a warm-up for a new route up Everest later in the year.

Ascending mostly unroped, they covered 8,000 feet in two days. In a gully just 1,200 feet short of the summit, they ran into a heavy snowstorm, which blasted the gully with 100-mph gusts. Lightning struck the ridge incessantly.

When avalanches cascaded down the gully, the team knew it was time to get out of the funnel. Robinson, who was already suffering from altitude sickness, showed signs of hypothermia. As the four of them hung on a single ice screw, a monster slide hit, knocking Twight and Doyle off their feet. "All of us were hanging on the screw while metric tons of snow pounded us," recalls Twight. "Suffocating, I knew if I didn't get my hands on my sling soon, I never would."

His flailing hand found the sling that was attached to the ice screw, and he pulled himself upright. When the avalanches ended a half hour later, the climbers hurried to a sheltered area just below them. Robinson lost consciousness. An exhausted Twight accidentally dropped their tent and, confused by fatigue, Doyle and Blanchard lost the ropes they were going to use for their descent.

The next morning they started down without much hope. They found a pack from a 1984 Japanese expedition. Three of the climbers on that trek had disap-

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peared in the gully where Twight's team had survived the avalanches. "We knifed it open out of curiosity," says Twight. The pack contained two ropes and dozens of pitons.

"It was like a good old family-style Christmas when you got every present you ever prayed for," says Twight. "We had just been given the keys to escape hell." Two days later they were at the bottom.

After 12 days of terrible weather, the sun appeared, and Twight and his three partners smoked up the wall again. They regained 12,500 feet in 2½ days. A cloud on the summit presaged another storm, so they scooted down, once again failing to reach the top.

In September, Twight and Blanchard pushed themselves to the limit on Everest (Robinson and Doyle had decided they had had enough of Himalayan climbing), attempting an untried route to the north. "No ropes, no oxygen," says Twight. "Basically naked. Our packs never weighed more than 12 pounds."

At 26,000 feet, more than 3,000 feet from the summit, altitude-induced cerebral edema struck Blanchard. He suffered massive headaches, blindness in one eye and loss of motor control. Twight dragged him to an easier route—the route they were on, he had decided, was impossible to descend without ropes—and met a team with oxygen, which saved Blanchard's life.

Seven days later Twight and Blanchard took an established route for another attempt on Everest. Fifty hours out of base camp, as they closed in on 28,000 feet, Twight's muscles started cramping, and he began to shiver uncontrollably, not caring what happened next. Says Twight, "So this is how they all die, I thought. They fail or pass out or freeze and don't give a ——. They die as spectators. I want to be fully alive and awake when I check out. I want to be terrified. And the last place I want to snuff it is on a slope no steeper than a ski hill." He began to back down the steps he had kicked into the ice on his ascent.

Twight closed the year by soloing four summits in the French Alps. All told, he covered 9,200 feet up and 11,800 down in 26 hours, an ultramarathon in which a stumble would have cost him his life. "The next day was New Year's Eve, says Twight. "I'd just finished the most satisfying year of my life."

Twight's writings reflect his flair for the dramatic. His articles and stories lay open the anguish and obsession of extreme climbing. Titles like "Glitter and Despair," "Kiss or Kill," and "The Abbatoire" warn the reader of his fatalistic vision. He scatters punk rock lyrics throughout his pieces, an appropriate counterpoint to his overwrought prose. The sentences that open his essays are typical: "I shook the broken tool off my wrist like it was a hissing serpent" and "I've always dreamed that I would die being eaten by rats" and "It was an hour before I could move my legs."

In Chamonix, Twight tinkers with equipment designs, polishes his writing, climbs with his wife, Ann, and hones his skills. The No Future boy is making plans. "I don't look forward to the next project with fearful eyes," he says. "I'm hungry for it."

Oh, yes, he has decided to drop one more piece of equipment from his pack—the parachute. "Too dangerous," he says. ■

James Martin is a Seattle-based free-lance writer and sometime mountain climber.

JON KRAKAUER

Since paragliding off Washington's Mt. Si in '87, Twight has decided to ditch chutes, too.

BACK-TO-SCHOOL SALE QUIZ:

Which of the following do not belong in the GE Audio Products Back-to-School Sale?

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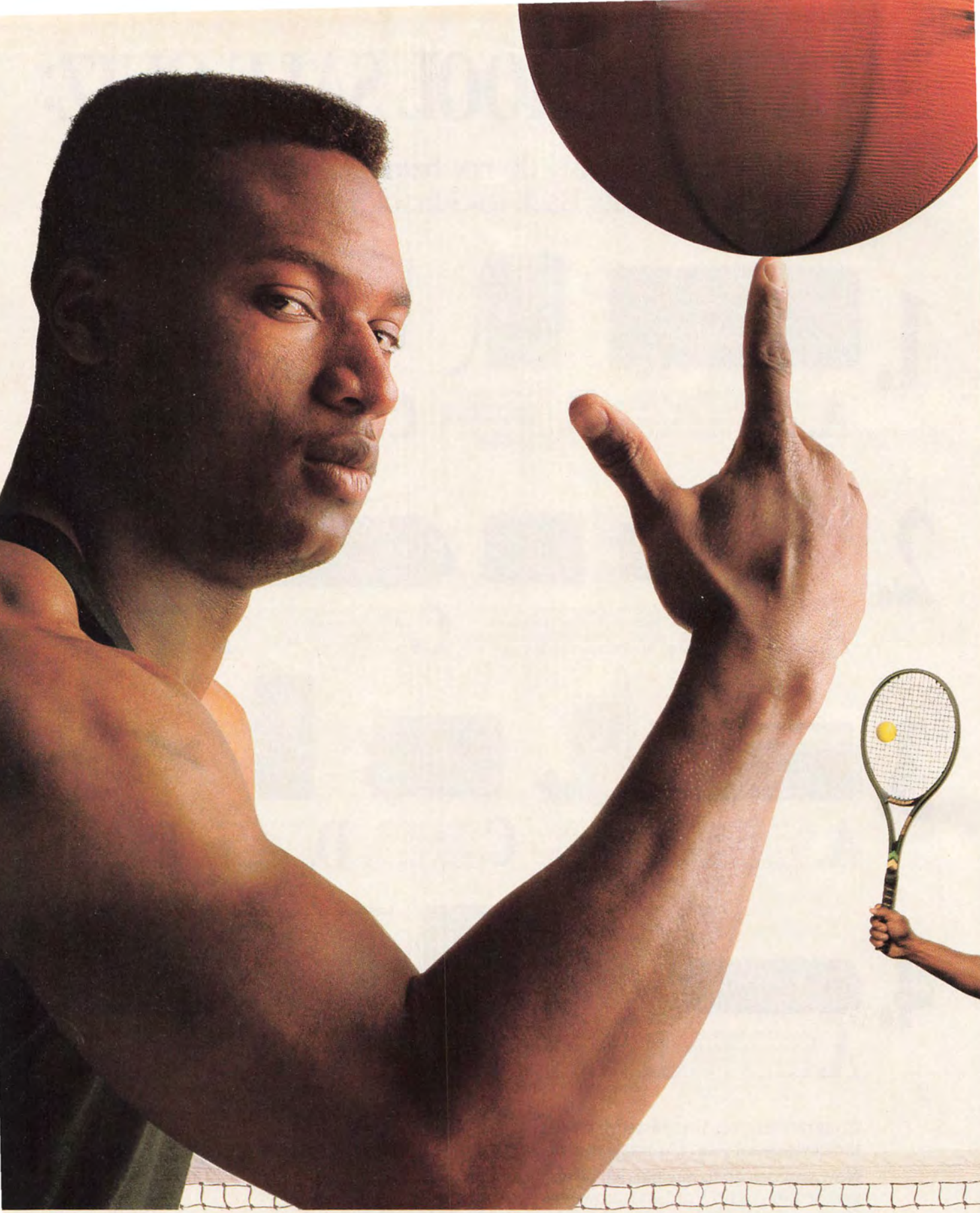

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LETTERS

EDITED BY GAY FLOOD

JORDAN'S NEW GAME

My golfing friends and I are outraged at the hype surrounding Michael Jordan's golf game (*Sink, Blast You!* Aug. 14). His best round is only 73. Granted, Jordan once poured in 63 points in a game, but let's see him score a 63 on the golf course before we talk about this PGA Tour stuff.

TIM FINLEY
Aurora, Colo.

Your Aug. 14 cover story on Michael Jordan's desire to play pro golf evoked memories of SI's exclusive cover story on the retirement of Bill Russell (*"I'm Not Involved Anymore,"* Aug. 4, 1969). I can still see Russell on the cover, peering out of a golf cart, talking of becoming "the hottest . . . 16-handicap golfer to come along in years." Come on. If Jordan, with his six-to-10 handicap, can make a living on the PGA Tour, then I'm ready to try out for the Celtics.

DENTON B. ASHWAY
Cumming, Ga.

What's next for Jordan? A slam putt?

JIM BOMHOF
Grand Rapids, Mich.

FERRY'S DEFECTION

Danny Ferry (SCORECARD, Aug. 14) is one of the last athletes I would have expected to forsake the NBA for foreign riches. I had always heard that Ferry was a levelheaded, hardworking young man. But his show of disappointment at being drafted by the Clippers and his signing with Il Messaggero Roma in Italy contrast with this description. The NBA system calls for the best players to try to improve the worst teams. If Ferry had lived up to his reputation, he would have wanted to help the Clippers rather than flee from them.

PAUL LIM
Plantation, Fla.

SENIOR'S RETORT

As one who will soon be 40, I was glad to see that the darts thrown at the senior circuits by Rick Reilly (POINT AFTER, July 17) were caught by a sage Jeremiah Tax, disarmed and returned (POINT AFTER, Aug. 14). Grandfather Tax's insight and argument were surpassed only by his courteous and gentlemanly tone. I agree with Reilly on one point, however: I don't want to see Mike Tyson annihilate George Foreman either.

RON MUMFORD
Clifton, Idaho

If Rick Reilly practices what he preaches, he'd best retire. After all, he is a "senior writer." Thumbs up to Mr. Tax.

SKIP VANCE
Aurora, Colo.

HOLD THAT STAT

While I agree that the middle reliever is the most overlooked player in baseball, I question the qualifications suggested for awarding a "hold" (INSIDE BASEBALL, July 24). The July 25 Cubs–Cardinals game illustrates my point.

With Chicago ahead 3–1 going into the last of the seventh, Calvin Schiraldi was summoned to protect the lead—a perfect hold opportunity if ever there was one. Schiraldi walked the first batter; the second man up sent Cub rightfielder Andre Dawson to the wall for a fly ball; Schiraldi walked the next batter. Chicago manager Don Zimmer brought in Les Lancaster. He faced one hitter, who flied out. Zimmer called in Steve Wilson, who got a strikeout to end that inning but gave up a single in the eighth. Zimmer next brought in Mitch Williams, who finished and got the save.

Schiraldi, Lancaster and Wilson all met your criteria for a hold—they did not win, lose or save the game, nor did they blow the save. But surely Schiraldi's performance was not worthy of a hold. Give the hold a clearer definition by adding some requirement of effective performance, and you'll have a statistic that truly recognizes the middle reliever.

MICHAEL HOFFMAN
Charleston, S.C.

BARRY RANKIN

AC TD

The article on the Vikings' Anthony Carter (*Reaching for the Ring*, Aug. 14) reminded me of a time during his freshman year at Michigan when he showed a flash of the spectacular ability he possesses. With six seconds to play against Indiana in 1979 and the score tied 21–21, Michigan had the ball just past midfield. Quarterback John Wangler threw a pass over the middle to AC in the dead zone between the linebackers and the safeties, who were playing deep. AC caught it on the 25, danced around several defenders and dashed for the goal line, pulling through a grab at his jersey as he went in for the winning touchdown. The stunned Michigan crowd roared its approval *(left)* of what was surely one of the most dramatic game-ending plays in Wolverine history.

We still miss AC, and we wish him well.

T. MICHAEL KNACK
Saginaw, Mich.

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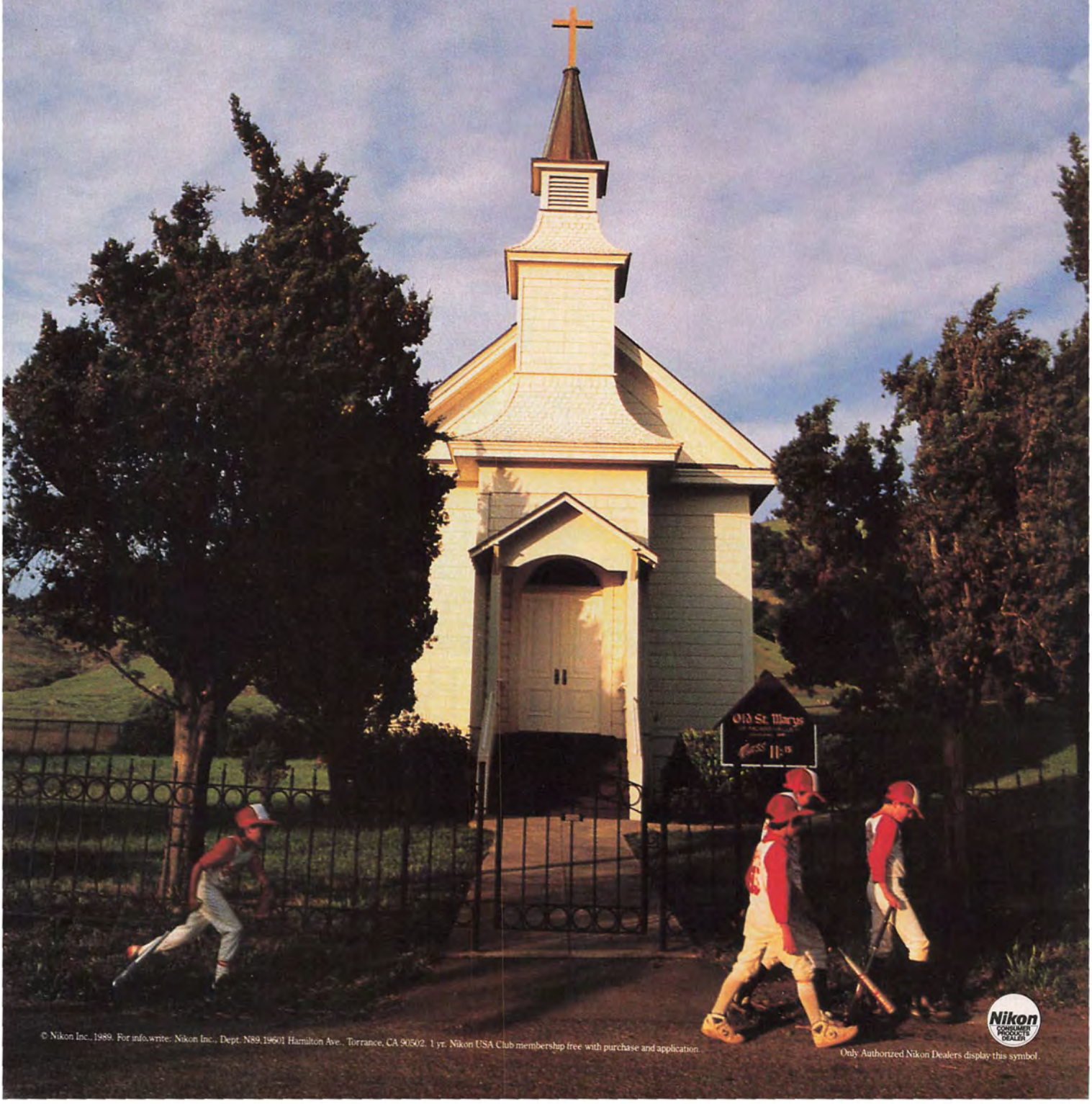

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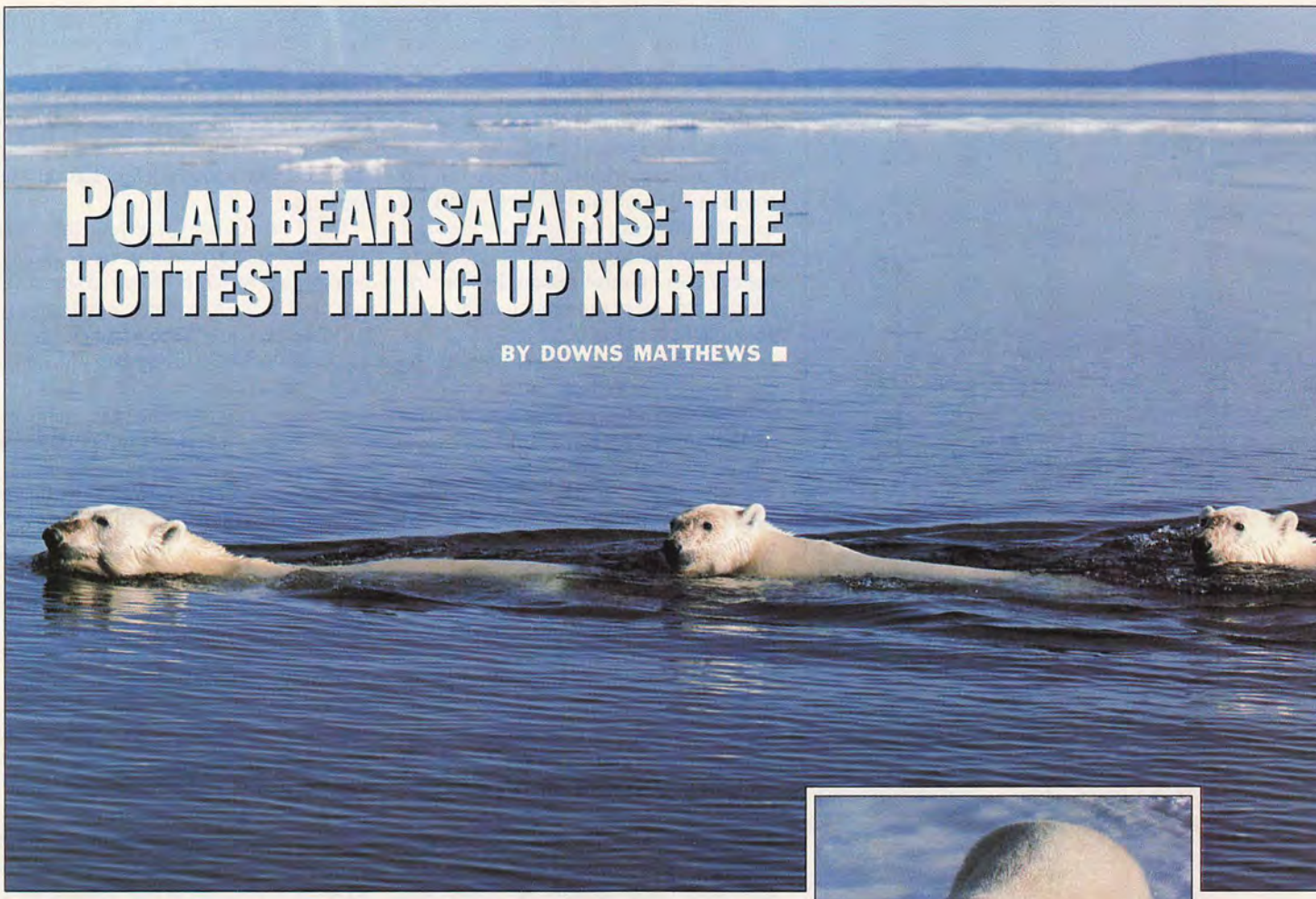
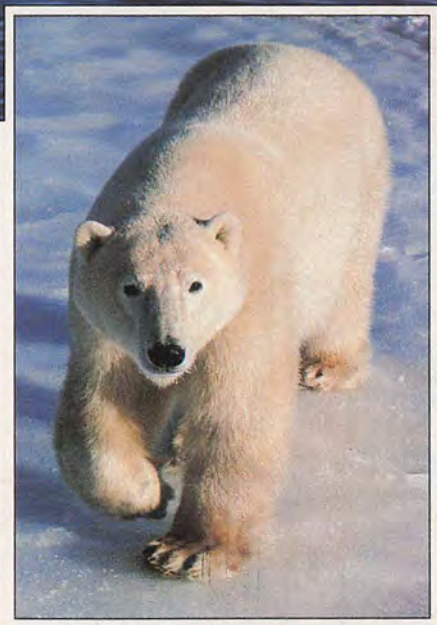
POLAR BEAR SAFARIS: THE HOTTEST THING UP NORTH

BY DOWNS MATTHEWS ■





A mother (left) and two yearlings swim in Hudson Bay. At right, a four-year-old male.

At the edge of the shore ice, where Hudson Bay's cold waters move sluggishly beneath a bank of gray fog, a big male polar bear ambles into view. From a distance he seems little more than a harmless hummock of snow that somehow moves. But at the sight of this lord of the Arctic, the eight photographers watching from a Tundra Buggy on a Cape Churchill ridge suddenly develop a shortness of breath. They are transfixed by bear fever.

Tundra Buggy driver and guide Len Smith remains unmoved. A resident of Churchill, Manitoba, he has lived too long among the great white bears to be awed by them. He opens a window and then a can of sardines. The oily odor wafts bearward. Smith knows that polar bears can smell food from a distance of 28 miles. At a mere 300 yards these hors d'oeuvres are irresistible.

The bear's long, Roman nose rises. His head swivels toward the buggy as unerringly as the needle on a compass. He has the scent.

But sardines are strange fare. Plopping his big bottom onto a block of ice, the bear settles down to study and consider. It's not a whale. Not seal. Not caribou. But it's worth looking into. He gets to his feet and heads for the odd-looking vehicle.

There is an anticipatory stir among the photographers, a nervous rechecking of aperture settings and shutter speeds. The polar bear seems huge, far larger than anyone imagined. He weighs perhaps 1,200 pounds and stands five feet at the shoulder. His black claws hook into the ice like oversized crampons. A golden aura surrounds him as the hollow hairs of his thick pelage radiate the light of the feeble northern Canadian sun.

The bear strolls fearlessly up to the buggy. There is, after all, nothing in the Far North to challenge his supremacy. Close by the buggy, he rears up to his full 12-foot height. He fixes his hungry brown eyes on the two-legged things that look sort of like seals, and he sucks

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN GURAVICH

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in their scent with his black nose.

As though a firing squad had been given orders to shoot, the camera shutters crack. Film-advance motors whine like ricocheting bullets. In the grip of the moment, one shooter forgets to take his finger off the trigger. In seconds, 36 frames of 35-mm film whiz through his camera. Stunned, he stares at the traitorous piece of equipment, not willing to believe that he must reload. In this first frenzy, film races through all eight cameras like ticker tape.

This, after all, is the purpose of the world's only polar bear safari, a trip organized with the permission of the Canadian government by Dan Guravich, a professional photographer, and Smith. These wildlife photographers, professional and amateur alike, have traveled to Churchill from Europe and all over North America and boarded a caravan that includes three snow-rolling buggies as well as a bunkhouse that sleeps 16, a diner and a utility trailer complete with generator. They have lumbered a circuitous 70 miles over some of Canada's dreariest terrain to this original, genuine, polar bear club. Safe inside the tall vehicles, the photographers do nothing but watch the bears and depart after a week, carrying with them every film canister, candy wrapper and garbage sack they have brought in. They also leave with a few thousand photographs of the world's largest nonaquatic carnivore in its natural environment.

Within a half-mile radius of the buggies' camp, on the surface of a frozen lake, some 50 polar bears of all ages and sizes have congregated. Since the summer the bears have waited patiently on shore for the return of winter. Unable to hunt the seals on which they feed, they've survived the long months on their fat. They've lounged on the shore, eyeing arctic foxes. Now, winter's cold breath has quickened their instincts for the hunt. They've gathered here to be the first on the ice when it forms and thus first in line at the meat market. It is a phenomenon unique in the circumpolar world.

Over the past decade a hundred photographers, tourists and wildlife enthusiasts have joined this fall safari to enjoy one of nature's most photogenic animals. Some visitors return as regularly as the bears. Author and photographer Fred Bruemmer, who has seen hundreds of bears in his 30 years in the Arctic, says that his interest in them never fades. "Just because you hear a Mozart symphony seven times doesn't mean that you won't enjoy it an eighth," he explains.

Once at Cape Churchill the bear watchers spend a night in a mobile bunkhouse, which is linked to the other vehicles. In the morning the bear groupies dress warmly—the temperature is 12°, and the sky is overcast. With daylight, they can see bears of all sizes and ages wandering around the vehicles. Other bears are sleeping in daybeds scooped out of snowdrifts.

Arctic foxes, fat cotton balls with feet, scuttle through camp with a curious side-winding gait. A subadult male bear has curled up in the lee of one of the vehicle wheels with his head cradled, puppylike, on his paws. The fox, in his hyperactive search for food, approaches. Annoyed, the bear lunges. But the nimble fox whirls safely away. Guravich, who has the world's best collection of polar bear photographs, follows the action, unable to resist the temptation of getting just one more picture.

A bear rears, front legs dangling at his sides, chin on his chest, and invites another to play. His partner rises to meet him and the two grapple like sumo wrestlers. But the gladiators aren't serious about the contest. They waltz lazily back and forth, fencing with their muzzles, finally collapsing on their backs in the snow. They push at each other with their hind feet as if pedaling bicycles.

Delighted photographers jam open the windows of the buggy, shooting steadily. The professionals on board trigger their shutters in short machine-pistol bursts, taking the same picture three or four times, and then shoot the scene with exposures above their light meters' recommended settings. The amateurs snap more slowly, one shot at a time.

The two bears rise again on their hind legs and grapple in more ponderous play. As the action starts, one shooter groans in frustration, "Why do they always do that on the 36th frame?" He fumbles feverishly for more film. By the time he has reloaded, the two play-fight-

Curious subjects investigate the photographers safely ensconced in their buggy.

ers have lost interest again and have gone to sleep in each other's arms. "Isn't that sweet," murmurs a woman photographer. She exposes frame after frame of the dozing bears.

To get just the right camera angle, one man sticks his head out of a window. But in ducking back inside, he knocks off his fur hat. It drops 10 feet to the snow below. Instantly, two subadults weighing perhaps 500 pounds each, try to grab the hat. The faster of the two, after determining that it is not a rabbit or something else good to eat, rushes off with the new toy in his jaws, waving it like a flag while the other bear chases after him. For half an hour, they play keep-away with the hat. Finally they tear it up and eat it, right down to its Garfinckel's label. The photographers, with the exception of the hat owner, expose yards of film. "What'll I tell my wife?" the bareheaded victim wonders aloud.

The sun breaks through the overcast sky and the landscape is transformed into cake frosting, pink and blue, dusted with sugar crystals. The photographers are galvanized with fresh enthusiasm. Nine adult male bears pose handsomely, their creamy coats suffused in orange light. The monochrome Arctic has unexpectedly become a prism refracting rainbow colors.

A female with cubs enters camp accompanied by the steady stutter of shutters. She's a new mother, inexperienced

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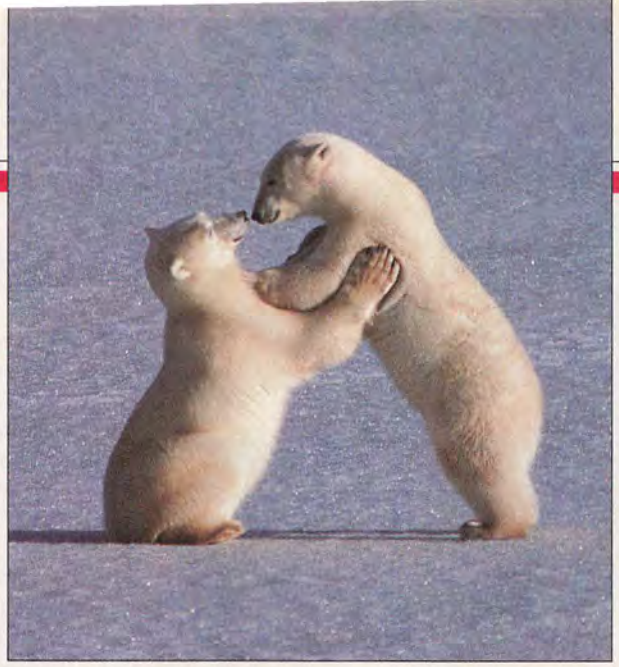

Two males wrestle playfully in the sunshine; a mother and her cub (below) walk away from a real fight.

at handling cubs. Her two 50-pound cubs don't seem to know that adult male bears are dangerous. One of the old warriors growls a threat, and the mother turns to confront the ill-tempered male, her head low and her lip curled in an unmistakable warning. She charges, but the cubs fail to follow her. One runs away. As he passes near, a large male springs and clamps the cub in his jaws. The mother rushes to rescue her squalling offspring and tries to drag it away from the much larger male. Blood stains the snow.

The photographers are appalled. Some turn away, sickened, unable to watch. Others weep in anguish. Only Dr. Harold Albers, an internationally known wildlife veterinarian, can retain his objectivity.

Fifty percent of all polar bear cubs don't make it through their first year, he points out. The next day bears are observed feeding on the little carcass. No one wants pictures.

"If I could have gotten him into my clinic," Albers says later, "I could have saved him."

But it is not possible to interfere. That night in the dining car, even spaghetti alla carbonara and Chianti fail to dispel the gloom until someone comes in with the news that the aurora borealis has blossomed in reds and greens across the night sky. There is a rush for cameras and fast lenses.

Temperatures have slid to 10 below zero, and a steady 17-mph wind brings the chill factor down to 45 below. No one can stay very long on the shooting platform between the parked vehicles without risking frostbite. During the night a winter storm moves in. The air turns white, and shadows disappear from the snow. Visibility drops, and objects lose definition. The bears are now almost impossible to see in their element. Photography becomes a pointless exercise.

This is the moment the bears have been waiting for. Almost as one, they move toward the new ice forming rapidly on the bay. The aroma of breakfast bacon no longer appeals to them. Out there, fat tasty seals are waiting. In just a few hours, the bears are gone.

Watching the bears leave, the photographers know the safari is over for them, too.

"I wonder if I got that shot of the bears playing," Bruemmer worries.

"You can always come back next year," suggests Guravich, who has been here 20 times.

Another bear groupie is born.

For information on the safaris, write to Tundra Buggy Tours, Ltd, PO Box 662, Churchill, Manitoba, Canada, R0B 0E0, or phone 1-204-675-2121. ■

Downs Matthews, a free-lance writer specializing in the Arctic, lives in Houston.

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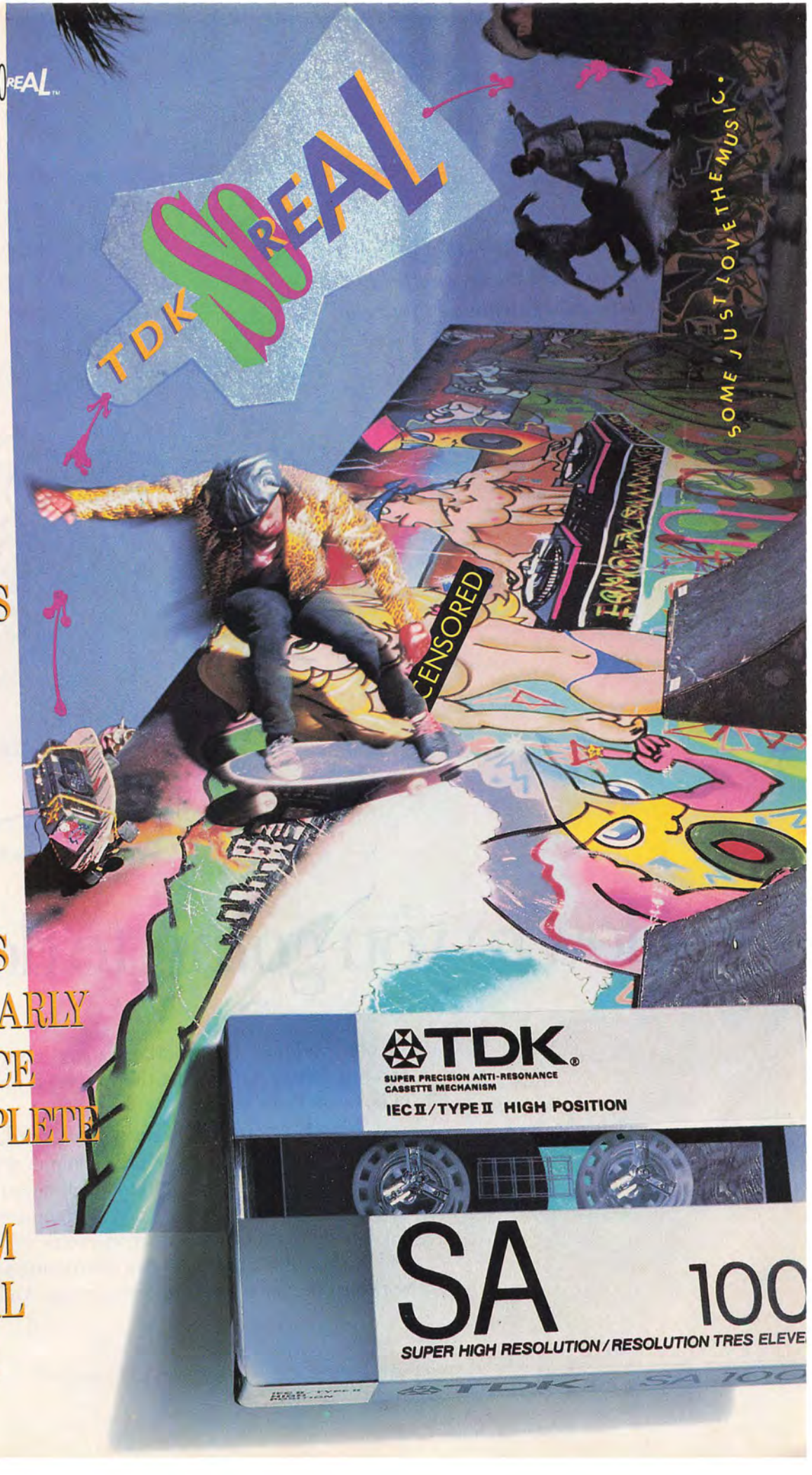

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—EDMUND SPENSER
The Faerie Queene

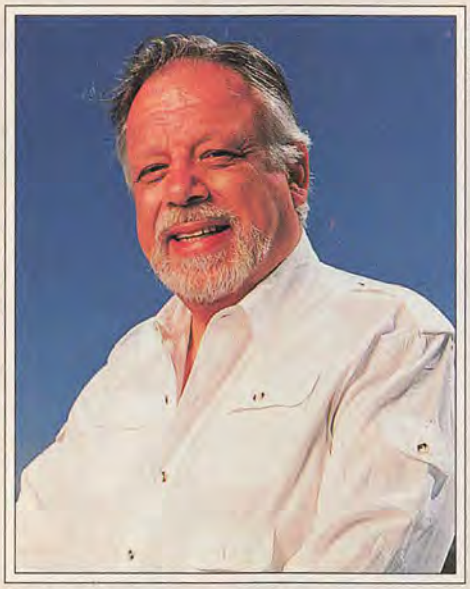
Those words, from one of A. Bartlett Giamatti's favorite works of literature, say a great deal about the promise he held as baseball's commissioner. Giamatti was able to reach the small, the fan, of the game precisely because he was, first and foremost, a fan. He was not the owners' commissioner, he was not the accountants' commissioner, he was *baseball's* commissioner, and the responsibility he felt to his position came from his abiding love of the game.

Last Friday afternoon the 51-year-old Giamatti died of a heart attack at his vacation home on Martha's Vineyard, Mass. His death came only nine days after he had announced a lifetime suspension for Pete Rose and only five months after he had assumed the office of commissioner. Giamatti had brought baseball through a difficult period and, in the process, strengthened its integrity.

Those in the game who knew him will miss him, not only because of his personality and intellect, but also because of the possibilities of his stewardship. Said Baltimore Oriole president Larry Lucchino, "To quote Edward Bennett Williams, 'He got to the end of the beginning, not the beginning of the end.' He would have been a great commissioner." St. Louis Cardinals manager Whitey Herzog, who had a close relationship with Giamatti, said, "For being book smart, he had an awful lot of street smarts. He would have been an outstanding commissioner."

The night before he died, Giamatti called Milwaukee Brewers owner Bud Selig, a close friend. "We just talked baseball for an hour," Selig told SI's Peter Gammons. "At one point the name Al Zarilla came up in the conversation, and Bart said, 'You know, Zeke Zarilla is what being a baseball fan is all about.' " Zarilla was an outfielder and folk hero in Boston in the 1950s.

Giamatti grew up a passionate Red Sox fan in South Hadley, Mass., and even as an English professor at Yale, and later as the president of Yale, he wore that ardor on his sleeve. In June 1986 he was elected president of the National League, but that October he found his beloved Red Sox in the World Series against the New York Mets. As Gammons recalls, "I rode down with him in the elevator after Game 6, and he was livid. Here was the National League president swearing at [Boston manager] John McNamara and saying, 'How could he leave Buckner in the game?' "



ROB KINMONTH

First and foremost, the commissioner was a fan.

Giamatti never let his allegiance color his decisions. In his two years as NL president and half a year as commissioner, he sought to improve the game on almost every level. He cracked down on players who doctored baseballs. He punished Rose for bumping an umpire, and then barred him for life for his gambling activities. Even Giamatti's ill-advised attempt to revise the balk rule came out of a sense of higher purpose.

Yet he always had the fan in mind. He once wrote: "If you cannot park and be sure you or your car will be safe; or if you are ignored by ushers or unable to find a decent or thug-free rest room; or if you cannot watch a contest free from the constant assault of obscene language or a mindlessly insistent scoreboard, seemingly run by people who dare not let the contest speak for itself; or if your child cannot watch without passively ingesting marijuana clouds; or if there are fights in the stands and on the field or arena of play that subtly and insidiously fuel and feed off each other—then you begin to wonder why you came."

Deputy commissioner Fay Vincent was appointed interim commissioner on Saturday and appears the likely successor to Giamatti. The next commissioner must face the end of the collective bargaining agreement with the players and a possible strike or lockout next spring. It is a challenge to which Giamatti appeared equal.

Whoever the next commissioner is, he might keep in mind these words from Dante, another of Giamatti's favorites: "All men whom the higher Nature has imbued with a love of truth should feel impelled to work for the benefit of future generations, whom they will thereby enrich just as they themselves have been enriched by the labours of their ancestors."

—STEVE WULF

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Easy Rider™

DID I SAY THAT?

Jim Rooker just couldn't help himself. When the Pirates jumped to a 10–0 first-inning lead over the Phillies at Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia in June, Rooker, a Pittsburgh broadcaster, said over the air, "If we don't win this one, I don't think I'd want to be on that plane ride home. As a matter of fact, if we don't win, I'll *walk* back to Pittsburgh." Naturally, the Pirates fell apart and lost 15–11.

Rooker, the radio station and the Pirates have received so many calls and letters concerning his promise that Rooker, a former big league pitcher, has decided to follow through. On Oct. 5, four days after the regular season ends, he will begin the 300-mile trip from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. Until then, he's soliciting donations for Rook's Unintentional Walk, which will benefit various charities.

Shortly after the 15–11 debacle, the Pirates took a 10–0 lead in St. Louis. Lanny Frattare, Rooker's broadcast partner, looked over and said, "And if we lose this game?"

"If we lose this game," replied Rooker, "then our road record will be 11–23."

PATRICK MCDONNELL

LIP SERVICE

With a severity of tone that should have fooled no one, the NFL announced on Aug. 29 that 13 players had tested positive for anabolic steroids and would be suspended for 30 days. While the Unclean 13 are probably not the only NFLers "on juice," they are certainly the most moronic.

A full five months earlier, all players had been notified that they would be tested for steroids at training camp. A player with even a rudimentary understanding of steroids knows that if he stops taking the drugs about a month before a test, he probably will escape detection. Because the league conducts no further testing during the season, a player could resume his steroid cycle after training camp.

During a *Monday Night Football* telecast on the eve of the league's announcement of the suspensions, ABC broadcaster and former All-Pro lineman Dan Dierdorf said that the small number of positive tests disproved those critics who contend that the NFL is suffering from a steroid epidemic. One of those critics is Atlanta Falcon offensive guard Bill Fralic, a four-year NFL vet, who testified before the Senate Judiciary Committee in May that 75% of the linemen in the league use steroids. Also appearing at the same hearings was NFL commissioner Pete Rozelle, who said, "Candidly, I cannot guarantee that our testing has detected, or will detect, every steroid user in the NFL."

The 13 players busted last week either didn't get the memo in March informing them of the tests or made mistakes in dosage or timing. As unaware as the Unclean 13 may have been, they're no less ignorant than anyone who contends that this latest round of tests accurately reflects the rate of steroid use in the NFL.

EVERYONE INTO THE POOL

In a letter in the Sept. 1 issue of *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, Fritz R. Dixon, M.D., of Boise, Idaho, unveiled a novel approach to testing for banned substances. Wrote Dixon: "[Have] all athletes, coaches, and other persons who appear on behalf of the winning team . . . contribute a urine sample immediately after winning a competition. Portions from each sample could be mixed, and the combination tested for drugs of abuse. If the sample is positive, the team loses the competition."

TAKING NO CHANCES

In Los Angeles in June, Cincinnati Reds rookie pitcher Scott Scudder was summoned by Reds general manager Murray Cook and informed that he was being demoted to Triple A Nashville. As Cook imparted the bad news, a mild earthquake shook the Los Angeles area (SI, June 26). Deadpanned Scudder, "Does it always shake like this when you send somebody out?"

Two months later, Scudder had been recalled and was with the Reds in San Francisco. In the wee hours of the morning, another earthquake struck. Scudder, who was in bed in his hotel room, rolled over and took the phone off the hook.

GONE WISHING

Here are a couple of interesting tidbits from California Angel reliever Bryan Harvey's personal file, as flashed on the scoreboard at Anaheim Stadium recently:

WISH—TO END ALL THE KILLING IN THE WORLD.

HOBBIES—HUNTING AND FISHING.

THEY SAID IT

• Nate Newton, 320-or-so-pound Dallas Cowboy guard, on his quest to attain a leaner state: "Every night I tell myself, 'I'm going to dream about my girl, I'm going to dream about my girl.' But it's always ham hocks." ■

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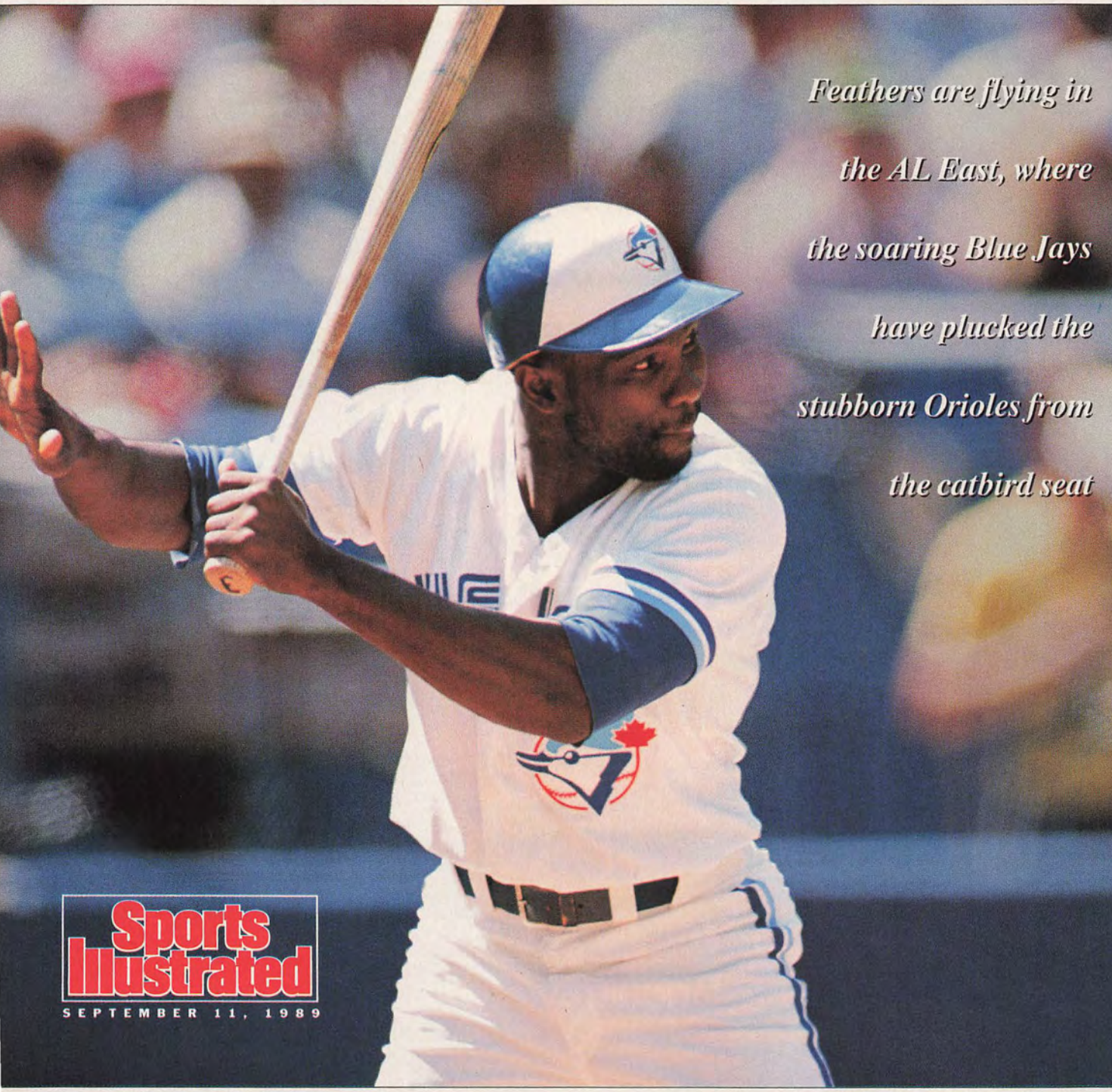


Feathers are flying in the AL East, where the soaring Blue Jays have plucked the stubborn Orioles from the catbird seat

Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 11, 1989

BY FRANZ LIDZ

AT 33, TORONTO BLUE JAY CENterfielder Mookie Wilson is still bottled lightning, with flashes of brilliance and exuberance that both dazzle and inspire. In contrast, Cito Gaston, the Jays' 45-year-old manager, is a relaxed, self-contained man who seems anything but electrifying. He is a disarming guy who subjects his life and job to a probing examination that might be unusual for a philosopher, let alone a baseball skipper. But of course Gaston was not a manager at the start of this season. Nor, for that matter, was Wilson Toronto's centerfielder. But together this disparate duo has led the Blue Jays from the depths to the heights.

When Gaston took over from Jimy Williams on May 15, the Jays were divided, demoralized and dead last. "Jimy wanted to win so bad that he was always tense," says Jay catcher Ernie Whitt. "And that tenseness transferred to the players." Gaston, who had been the Blue Jays' batting coach for nearly eight seasons, restored calm and stability to the clubhouse, and quietly of course, the Blue Jays began to move up in the standings. Finally, on Saturday, after winning 16 of 19 games (including sweeps of Chicago, Detroit and Boston), Toronto displaced Baltimore at the top of the AL East, a position the Orioles had held since May 26. Jimy's Jays hit .241; Cito's are batting .267. "Maybe it's because I don't have the time to mess with the hitters anymore," Gaston says. Under Gaston's leadership, the team is 62–38, a .620 winning percentage.

And Wilson's impact has been spectacular. Since Aug. 1, when the New York Mets sent their 1986 World Series hero to Toronto, the Jays have gone 22–9. That's no coincidence: Wilson has batted .341 and has stolen 10 bases in 10 attempts for the Jays. More important, he has injected a much-needed intensity into the team. "Mookie helps us every time he's up," says outfielder Lloyd Moseby. "He's always hustling, turning singles into doubles, doubles into triples, triples into whatever."

For all his enthusiasm on the field, Wilson is a reluctant role model. "The last thing this team needs is a self-appointed leader," Wilson says. "Leadership speaks for itself, or it doesn't speak at all." Wilson isn't a Kirk Gibson type who rattles the clubhouse. "He leads the way George Brett and Reggie Jackson

Wilson's bat, baserunning and glove have fired up his teammates and wowed the fans.

CHUCK SOLOMON

CISMO TONY TOLI

lead," says Toronto executive vice-president Pat Gillick. "By example."

The thought that he might be the straw that stirs Toronto's drink makes Wilson cringe. "I'm not even the glue that makes things stick," he insists. "Anyway, too much has been happening to this club to lay the credit on me."

He's right, of course. George Bell, the leftfielder who's supposed to get big hits, has been getting them—his club-record 22-game hitting streak was halted last Friday. Tony Fernandez, who was out for almost a month early in the season with a fractured cheekbone, is back making flashy stops at short. First baseman Fred McGriff has hit 35 homers. Starter Dave Stieb has won 14 games and stopper Tom Henke hasn't lost since Gaston took over. Still, even Wilson finds the Toronto turnaround a little puzzling. "You have to wonder what kept the Blue Jays *from* winning," he says. "I mean, what was missing?"

Mookie isn't the first to ask the question. The Jays have been touted as the "most talented team in the division" every year since winning the AL East in 1985. And every year since, they've come up short. "Sometimes teams with the most talent don't win," says Gillick. "Sometimes players like ours take a while to learn how to win. Cito has tried to teach them that."

Gaston is sitting in the dugout with his fingers laced behind his head, eyes on the batting cage. The first impression is one of great concentration. It is not a false one. Even in conversation Gaston misses nothing, picking up not only the implications of what is said but also the nuances of what is unsaid. "If [former Dodger executive] Al Campanis hadn't said blacks lacked the necessities to manage, I might not even have been considered for this job," Gaston says in his soft but commanding voice. "I know I never asked for it. I didn't think I wanted it."

After firing Williams, Gillick asked Gaston if he would become the Jays' interim manager.

"No!" said Gaston. "Absolutely not."

"We'd appreciate it if you took the job," Gillick pleaded.

"I can't. I'm happy as batting coach. It's not every day you can go to work and be happy with what you're doing."

"It would be just for a little while."

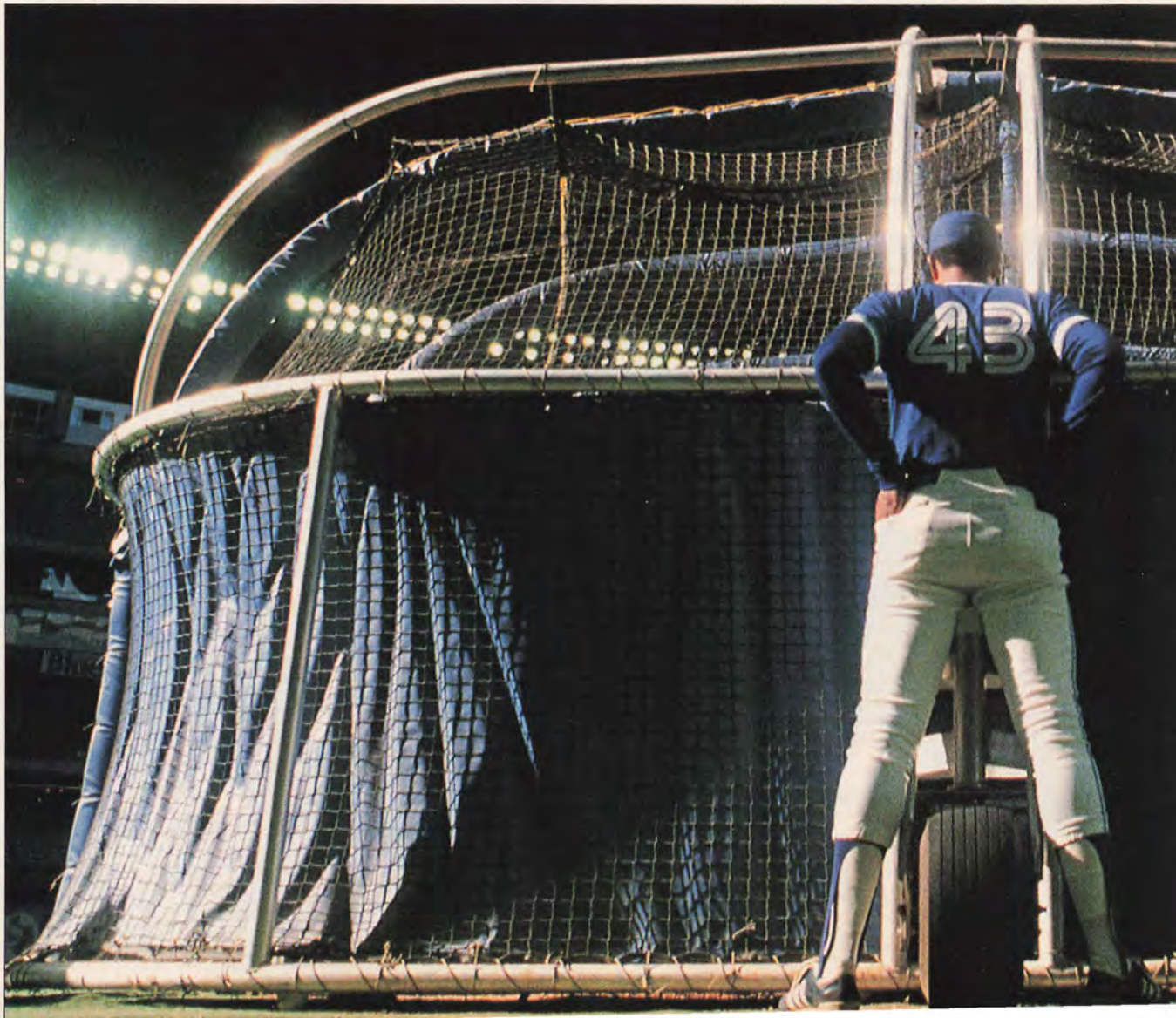
"How little?"

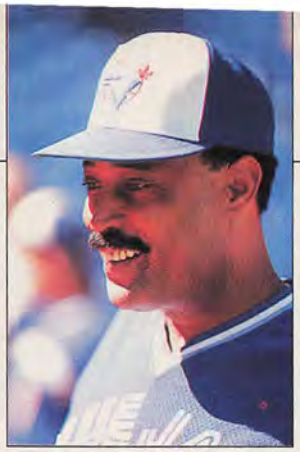
"Four days. Ten days. Two weeks at most."

"O.K.," Gaston said finally. "But don't take too long."

So Gaston became the fourth black manager in major league history, although Gillick said he was 99% sure he wouldn't hire Gaston full time. He was

Gaston (below and above right) was at first reluctant to come away from the batting cage and take over the helm, but now....





worried that Gaston was too close to the players to be comfortable with the transition to manager. But a couple of weeks later, after being rebuffed in an effort to pry Lou Piniella from the Yankees, Gillick was persuading Gaston to stay. "O.K.," Gaston said again. "But just for the rest of the season."

The son of a San Antonio truck driver, Gaston was nicknamed Cito, the moniker of a Mexican wrestler, as a teenager. "I never knew anything about the guy," Gaston says. "But if your given name is Clarence, you take any nickname you can get." In a 10-year big league career as an outfielder with the Padres, Braves and Pirates, he was moderately renowned for his power at bat and the quiet leadership he exerted. "The idea that a team needs a leader in the locker room is bull," Gaston says. "In my day, I wouldn't have listened to players who constantly yapped and screamed. In fact, I never played on a team with a clubhouse cheerleader." The soft voice dissolves into a laugh. "Of course, I never played on a good club, either."

Gaston got his final release from the majors in 1979 and played out his career with two additional seasons in the Mexican League. He remembers one park in which the outfield was bisected by a railbed. "They'd stop the game to let the train pass through," he recalls. "It wasn't too bad, though. They were short trains."

His playing days over, Gaston returned to San Antonio, where he planned to open a day-care center. But his onetime roomie, Hank Aaron, kept calling from Atlanta, where he had become director of player development for the Braves. Aaron wanted Gaston to be a roving minor league batting instructor. "He'd spend hours in the batting cage working over and over with kids in 100-degree heat," says Aaron. "I saw patience, which is what you need in the majors."

Braves manager Bobby Cox was also impressed, and when he took over as the Jays' skipper in 1982, he brought Gaston along. In Gaston's first season, the Jays' team batting average rose from .226 to .262. The next year it climbed to .277. "The main thing to impress on a struggling hitter is *not* to change anything," Gaston says. "Whatever you did must have worked, so stay with it."

Even now, as a manager, Gaston doesn't preach, he instructs. He doesn't demand, he suggests. "If you win, you win," he says. "If you don't, then come back tomorrow and get them."

Toronto seemed to be running out of tomorrows just when Wilson joined the Jays. "In Mookie, we got a switch-hitter who can bat leadoff and play all three outfield spots," says Gillick. "He was a veteran from a winning team. And his tools were pretty much intact."

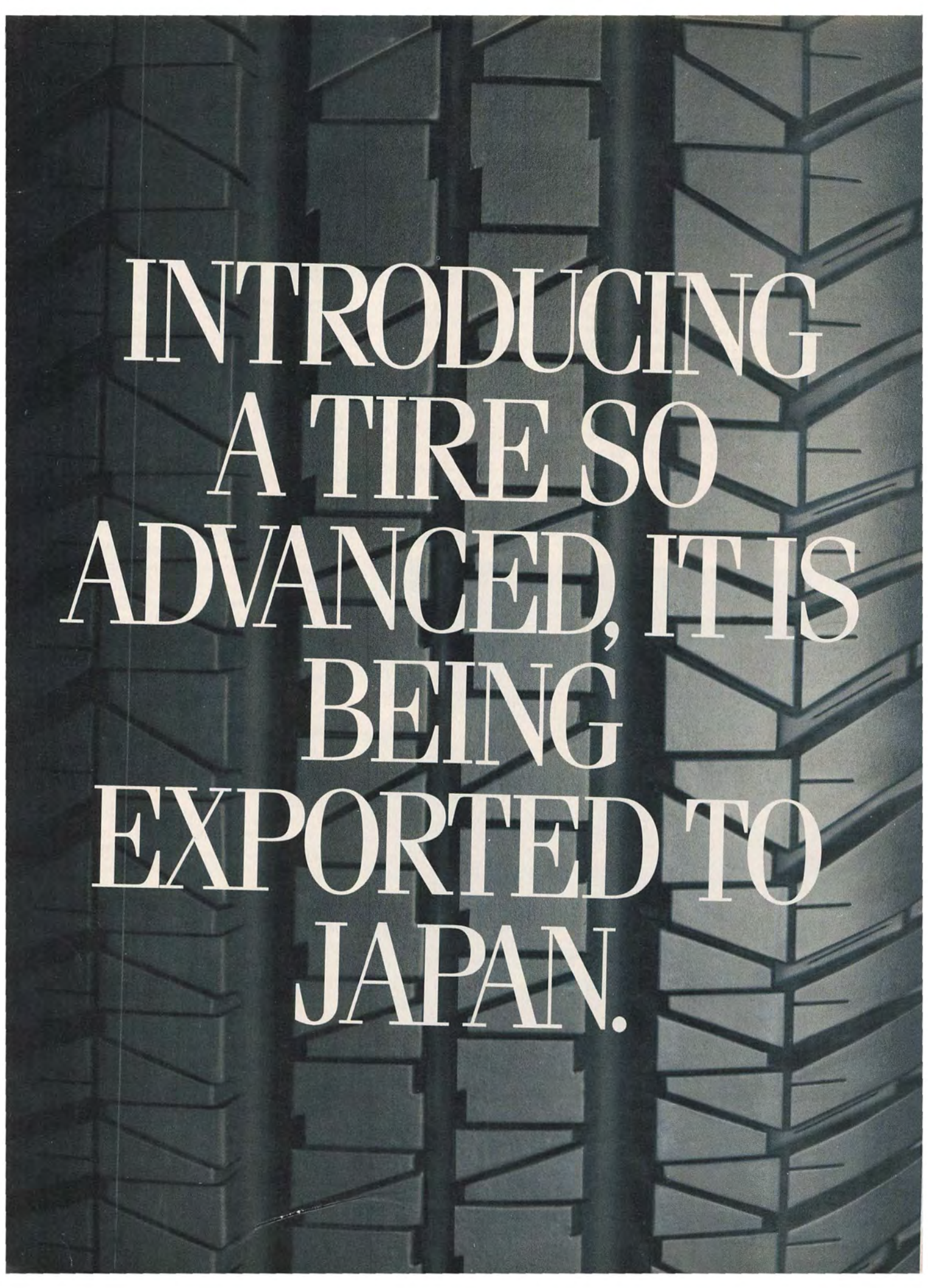
The Mets didn't think so. Wilson's .205 batting average was down .084 from 1986, the year his 10th-inning bleeder squirted between the legs of Boston first baseman Bill Buckner and turned the Series around. "Best moment of my career," he says. "But it got old awful fast."

Wilson hasn't. "He's 33 going on 18," says Moseby. "He's a delight and an inspiration." For his part, Wilson is delighted when the sell-out SkyDome crowds greet him with a lowing "Moooookie" every time he goes to the plate. "I'm just keeping my ears and eyes open, trying to fit in," he says. "I'll do whatever it is these people have in mind for me, the best way I can."

Gaston is equally clear-eyed about his job. "I took over only because I was asked to take over," he says deliberately. But there are signs that the manager's job may be growing on him. "After three and a half months of this, it's not as bad as I thought it would be," he says.

Would Gaston consider managing the Jays again next year? "Ask me again in October," he hedges. "By then I may have an answer." ■

JERRY WACHTER (2)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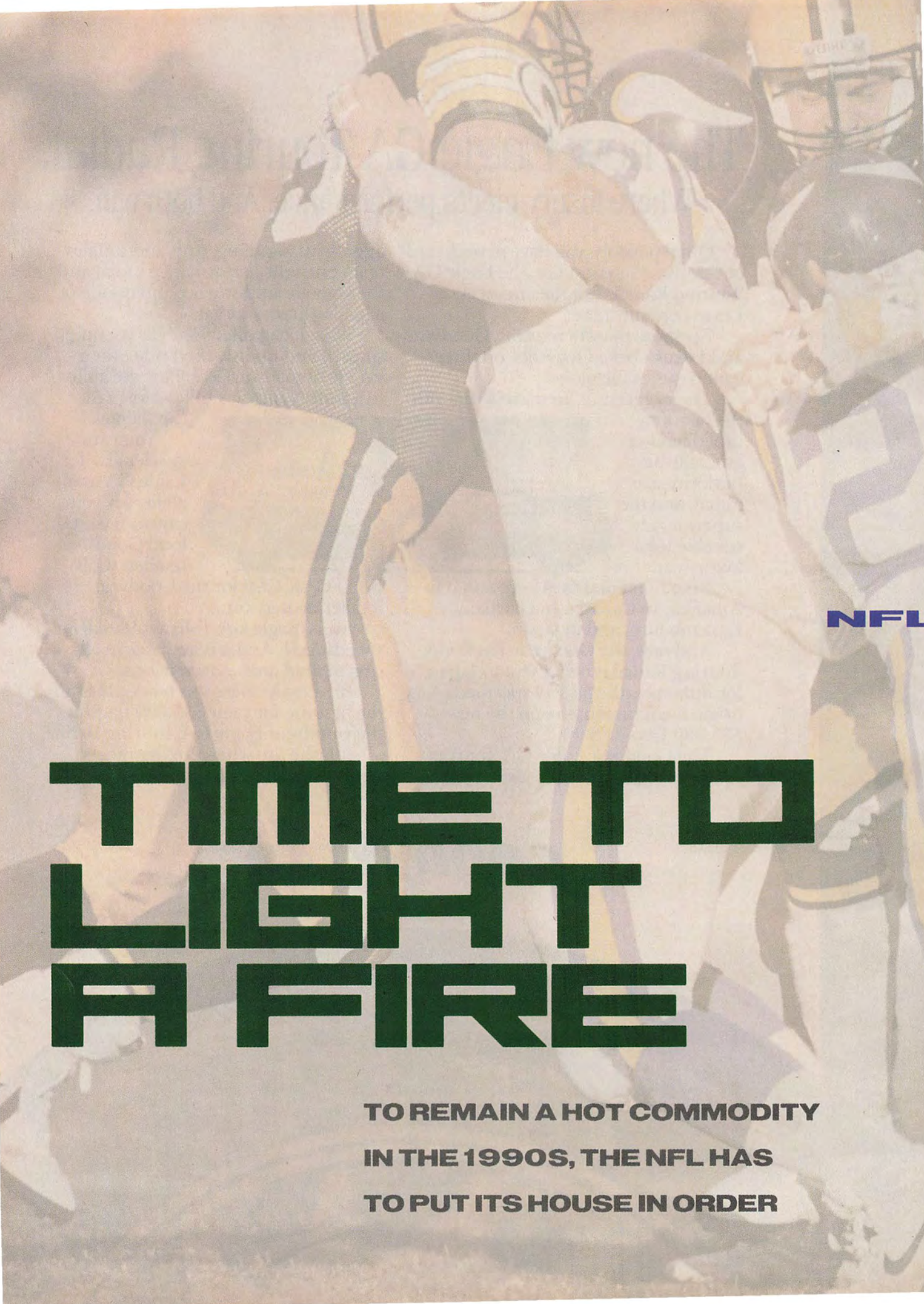
GOODYEAR



NFL

TIME TO LIGHT A FIRE

TO REMAIN A HOT COMMODITY IN THE 1990S, THE NFL HAS TO PUT ITS HOUSE IN ORDER

PREVIEW

By Paul Zimmerman

In the 1960s professional football lit a fire in America. It offered a hot mix of arrogance, violence and style, smoothly packaged by an aggressive young commissioner named Pete Rozelle. By the 1970s pro football could claim to have replaced baseball as America's game. It was relentless, challenging and powerful. Fans loved it, business envied it, television married it.

Then, in the 1980s, the NFL cooled off. Though there was much to fire the public imagination—the 49ers, Giants and Bears; Dan Marino, Herschel Walker and Lawrence Taylor—the fever broke. Fans grew tired of reading daily stories about contract holdouts, labor-management impasses and lawsuits. The network television ratings declined sharply after 1981. Monday night football slipped, and Thursday night football died. Basketball became American style, and baseball became American fun.

Now, on the eve of a new decade, the question is, will pro football return to glory, or will it continue to decline? Rozelle's successor, if the league's owners ever figure out how to choose one, will have three major problems to resolve: how to keep

JOHN BIEVER

the league solvent, how to resolve the two-year impasse between management and labor and how to reunite the league's bickering owners.

Rozelle is marking time in a Manhattan hotel, waiting for the word that will spring him to retirement out West. Once, he could control the owners. That was his chief asset. When the time was right, he could tell them, "This is how it's going to be." He could control them, because by jacking up TV revenues, from several hundred thoushand dollars per team in 1962 to $17 million each this year, he had made them rich.

But nine clubs have been sold or resold in the 1980s. Today, new owners who paid huge sums for their teams are crying about the need to find ever greater sources of revenue, and unity has disappeared. The NFL has no strategy for dealing with the Players Association, which is on the verge of taking the league into what could be a disastrous antitrust trial. There's no agreement on how to control salaries or drugs. The NFL is a mess.

NFL PREVIEW

The game is not the problem. With a new wave of stars and innovative coaches, the game has plenty of potential for catching fire again. But the new commissioner had better bring a match. We've lit a small one to try to see what lies ahead, on the field and off. We'll look at the game first, because putting it second is one of the things that has gone wrong.

How will pro football be played in the 1990s? Over the years it has been like an accordion. The game opens up, and passes fill the air. Then it closes down, and the runners have their day. It opens up again and closes down. As the NFL approaches the

'90s, the accordion is closing. Although the rules still favor passing, some in the NFL foresee a return to the basics.

But a wild card is at work. The man under the microscope in 1989 will be the Detroit Lions' new offensive brain, Mouse Davis *(page 66)*, who will give the NFL its first serious look at the run-and-shoot offense. The quarterback will roll and throw; the pass catchers will adjust on the go.

Will this set the tone for pro football in the '90s? Or will it be just a gimmick to fill a big stadium? "It's either going to be the story of the year or the laugh of the year," says Buffalo Bills coach Marv Levy, "because if it doesn't work, the Lions are screwed."

If the Lions light up the board, their success will be a triumph of coaching ingenuity over talent, a formula that seldom works in the NFL. "Sometimes I think we're coming to the world of flag football," says Houston Oiler general manager Mike Holovak. "Seriously, we keep spreading everybody out, and I guess the next step would be to do away with linemen altogether."

The run-and-shoot notwithstanding, Bill Polian, the Bills' general manager, believes we are entering an era that will be dominated by the run. "First of all, not a lot of good [classic drop-back] quarterbacks are coming out of college," says Polian, "but there are some great running backs." This year, for example, only one quarterback, Troy Aikman of UCLA, was drafted in the first round. But five running backs went in that opening round, as did six offensive linemen.

"The supply of quarterbacks has dwindled in dramatic fashion," says Raymond Berry, the coach of the New England Patriots. "That's going to change the nature of the game to more of a running attack."

According to Miami Dolphin linebacker Rick Graf, the game of the '90s "will be big guys running into each other as hard as they can, with no technique, just trying to run the ball, control it. It'll be smash-mouth football, and the fans will love it. They'll change. Instead of wanting touchdowns, they'll want to see great defense and running—lots of running. Fullbacks like William Perry will be typical."

The accordion opens, the accordion closes. Here are some other changes to watch for:

- The defensive emphasis in the years ahead will shift to big people who can run—'tweener types, 220-pound linebacker–strong safety combinations and 250-pound linebacker–defensive ends. "You might even see the creation of a new term for the type of player who can rush, back up the line and cover," says Indianapolis coach Ron Meyer. "He'd do for the NFL what Magic Johnson did for the NBA. Whoever envisioned a 6′ 9″ guard in basketball 25 years ago?"
- Offensive coaches will give some thought to the emergence of this new monster and then come up with one of their own, thereby fortifying the most neglected position in football, tight end. They'll convert college linebackers and quick defensive ends. They'll produce their own Magic Johnsons, big guys who can block, catch the short pass and burn a defense deep.
- Players on both sides of the ball will be taller but lighter, because an effective anti-steroid policy will be implemented, preferably in consort with the Players Association (more on that later). The new policy will put an end to the freak show of six-foot-two 290-pounders we see now, players who have proportions God never intended for the human body.

JOHN BIEVER

• Teams will load up on running backs, carrying as many as seven regulars, as more and more good runners come out of college. Teams will attack in waves, with three sets of running backs, to ensure that the offense always has fresh legs in the game. The heavy-duty 1,500-yard back could become obsolete.

• With the emergence of mobile, more athletic quarterbacks from the colleges, NFL teams may put an extra passer in the backfield, much the way the Dolphins sometimes used backup quarterback Crash Jensen with Marino in the mid-'80s. An offense with a halfback who can throw as well as run would give defenses something extra to worry about.

• The use of instant replays to review the calls of game officials, after having been killed in 1990—without Rozelle and former Cowboy president Tex Schramm to prop it up—will be replaced by more advanced technology. Electronic sensors positioned along the sidelines and the goal line, and even in the ball, will signal whether a ball has crossed into the end zone and whether a player's foot has touched the sideline. Game officials will be leery of the new technology. There will be a call for a return to the good old days of instant replay.

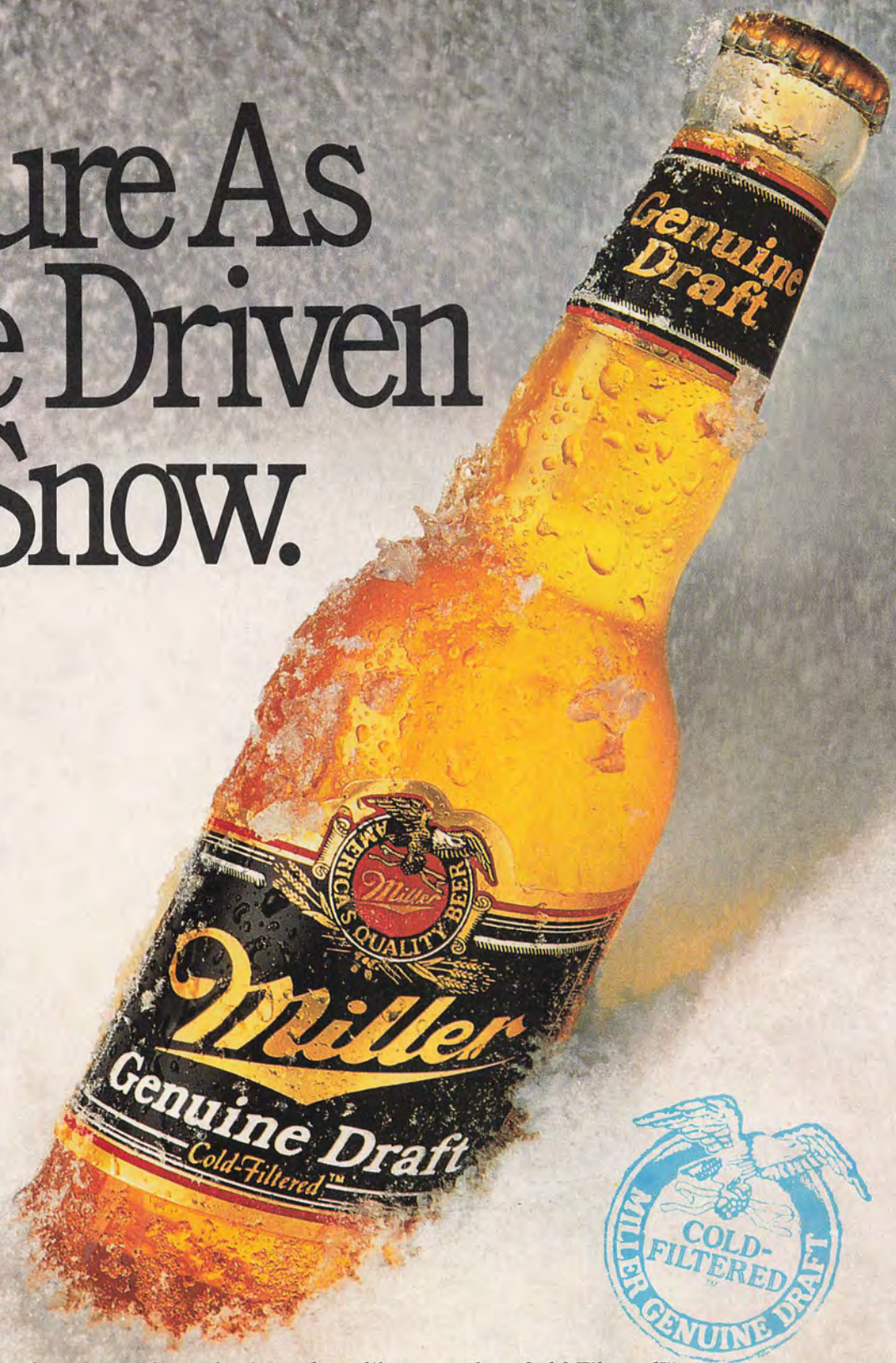
The game will flourish in the '90s if the next commissioner and the league's owners give it a chance. Mr. Commissioner, here's where to start.

NFL PREVIEW '89

The point man on the NFL's team negotiating with the players for a new collective bargaining agreement should be Raider boss Al Davis. Working closely with his friend and protégé Gene Upshaw, the executive director of the

JOHN W. McDONOUGH

Pure As The Driven Snow.



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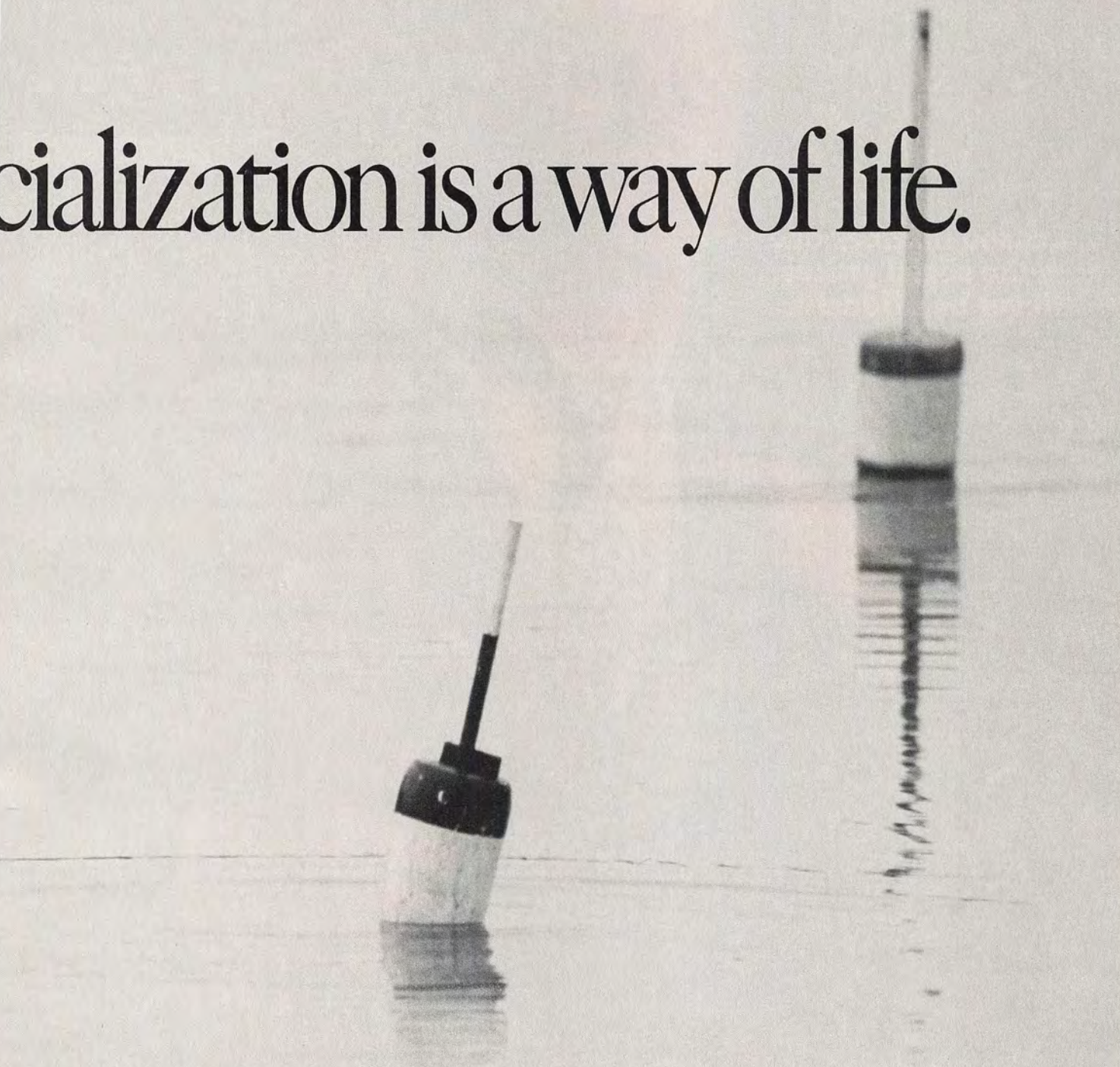

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Players Association and a Hall of Fame guard for the Raiders, Davis could push through a compromise plan he first proposed in 1987. "Davis and Upshaw could get a contract worked out in two weeks," says one general manager.

The key part of the agreement would be a salary and bonus scale for rookies. Gone would be the million-dollar packages given to players who have yet to prove themselves. Rookies would be paid according to their position—with quarterbacks getting top dollar—and their place in the draft.

"You can't solve the [league's financial problems] with increased revenues," says Rozelle. "You can only squeeze so hard. You have to attack it on the other end. You have to look for cutting costs." Clubs would benefit from the wage-scale plan by saving the millions they used to toss away on question marks. Veteran players would benefit, because more money would be available for them. Colleges would benefit, because they wouldn't have to worry about agents' signing their underclassmen.

A new collective bargaining agreement could also permit random testing for steroids if the Players Association were allowed to share responsibility for enforcement. The current system of announced, league-run testing gives a player plenty of time to flush the stuff out of his system before he's tested. The players have to have a hand in policing themselves.

But first the league's owners must act. They must find common cause again and name a commissioner who is strong enough to make it stick. Then the focus can return to the game. Expansion can proceed. And another fire can be lit. ■

ANDY HAYT

EXTRA • EXT

"We're More Than Just National News"

THE PHILADE

VOL. CXXXVIII No. 84 PHILADELPHIA

SUPERBACK!!!

RANDALL CUNNINGHAM HAS ARRIVED! IN 3-D!!

City of Brotherly Love Agog! World Next!

By RALPH WILEY

PHILADELPHIA—Randall Cunningham, the elusive quarterback who often shows up where he isn't expected and rarely shows up where he is, attended a routine Eagle minicamp at Veterans Stadium in May, even though coach Buddy Ryan had told him to stay home in Cherry Hill, N.J., and rest up for the season. The Eagles expect big things from Cunningham this year.

Cunningham played catch one-handed with punter John Teltschik before running a passing drill beneath the practice bubble in the parking lot across the street from the stadium. Some of his passes were even caught by the bug-eyed rookies and free agents. "Gotta learn not to blink," one of them muttered on the way back to the huddle after a particularly egregious drop.

Cunningham was the lone Eagle who wore no number. The hopefuls knew who he was. He looked them over from his 6′ 4″ height, the light glinting off the silver wings on his helmet. He scanned their pitifully disguised alignments. He recognized the schemes. He sighed.

"Set! 150! Go!" Receivers scattered like buckshot. Cunningham hummed the rock on the money. "They want us to try to stop this?" said a defender.

"Yeah, but they don't expect us to," said another.

Mike Schmidt retired from the Phillies this spring. Julius Erving is long gone from the 76ers, and Charles Barkley is still developing. Ron Hextall of the Flyers is, well, a bit crazed. Philadelphians have looked around and wondered who can be their champion. What athlete can prove worthy of the city's vaunted venting of its collective spleen? "If he'd cooperate, Randall would own this town," said Howard Eskin, a local radio personality who was pacing the sideline.

Not that Cunningham would never hear another boo. In Philly the boo is the stamp of approval. Sports fans here don't boo just anybody. They boo the best. Children booed Schmidt, and he was probably the best third baseman ever to play the game. In 1980, after Schmidt was named National League MVP and the Phillies won the World Series, he said, "Philadelphia is the only town where you can experience the thrill of victory and the agony of reading about it the next day."

Inside the bubble, Norman Braman,

TRA • EXTRA

LPHIA EAGLE

Late Edition

It will be another nail-biting season for the defending NFC East Division champions, who will have to play with high emotion. Details by Dr. Z, page 106.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1989

25 CENTS

LOUIS PSIHOYAS/MATRIX

SUPERBACK!!!

Continued from page A1

who owns the Eagles, fired up a cruise missile that turned out to be a cigar. "Randall is a talent, a great natural athlete and a great leader on the field," he said. "He's made himself what he is. Randall's teammates believe he can do anything. You can't give up with him."

"Last year Buddy came up to me and said, 'It's your offense. If it doesn't work, it's going to be your fault,' " said Cunningham, looking serious. "I don't mind that at all. Let the pressure be on me, not Buddy. Buddy has given me a home."

After practice Cunningham walked in the gray bowels of the Vet with wideout Henry Williams, a former Canadian Football League and USFL player who signed with the Eagles. Reggie White, the Eagles' giant defensive lineman, nicknamed Williams "Gizmo" because of his size (5′ 6″) and facial resemblance to the leading little monster in the film *Gremlins*. Gizmo runs a 4.3 40, and when he isn't running, the only Eagle who can understand a word of what he says is Cunningham, who believes in communicating with receivers at all costs.

How good is Cunningham, Giz? "Supahback?" said Gizmo. "CDs craws?"

Gizmo held up two crooked hands, which made him look like a man with arthritis. But why was he discussing financial planning? "No, he said, 'See these claws?' " said Cunningham. "He means his hands haven't been relaxed. He isn't accustomed to catching passes with big league pace. Giz can break up an entire restaurant without anyone knowing what he's talking about."

Amazing. Not only does Cunningham run, kick (he's the Eagles' backup punter), pass, decimate NFL defenses, own an option on Philadelphia's inkwells and airwaves, play catch one-handed, get booed, get cheered and show up to work out with rookies, but he also speaks Gizmo. "The Boss doesn't have anything to prove around here," said Ryan, calling Cunningham something Ryan never deigned to call Bears coach Mike Ditka when Ryan worked in Chicago. Of course, Ryan is really the boss.

"Yeah. But I don't play," said Ryan. "I coach. Randall plays. Good deal, eh?" □

Cunningham led the Eagles in rushing during each of the last two seasons, and in '88 his running and passing yardage accounted for 75% of the team's offense

Pro Football Roundup: A Bird of Prey

• Nov. 6, 1988: With the Eagles leading the Rams 20–10 in the fourth quarter at Veterans Stadium, Cunningham executed a tight-formation play fake at the Los Angeles two-yard line. He turned to face a horde of unfaked Rams. His intended receiver, tight end Keith Jackson, ran diagonally across the end zone, wearing a linebacker on his back. Cunningham floated the ball in for the score while getting knocked backward. The Eagles went on to win 30–24.

• Oct. 2, 1988: Philadelphia was leading the Houston Oilers 20–16 in the third quarter at the Vet when Cunningham sprinted left at the 39-yard line, found no open receivers, doubled back to the right, directed his blockers, accelerated, split two defenders and cut back left on the way to completing a 33-yard touchdown run. The Eagles won 32–23. As he was being leg-tackled in the end zone, Cunningham tidily turned his body so as not to fall on the ball and knock the wind out of himself.

Last season the Boss led Philadelphia to a 10–6 record and its first Eastern Division crown in eight years. He threw for 24 touchdowns and set Eagle records for attempts (560), completions (301, 54%) and passing yardage (3,808). His 624 yards rushing made him the team's top runner for the second year in a row. Not since Tobin Rote, who was the Green Bay Packers' No. 1 ground-gainer in 1951 and '52, had an NFL quarterback led his team in rushing for two straight years. All told, Cunningham either passed or ran for 75% of Philadelphia's offensive yardage in 1988. □

Clubhouse Confidential: Boss Notes

• Hall of Fame quarterback Terry Bradshaw slighted Cunningham—in Cunningham's opinion at least—when he laughed at Randall for comparing himself to Michael Jordan, Magic Johnson and Wayne Gretzky. Cunningham approached Bradshaw before the memorable fog game between the Eagles and the Bears in January, which Bradshaw was covering as an analyst for CBS. Cunningham asked, "Hey, man, why do you dog me out like that on national television?" Bradshaw said, "I'm glad you asked," and, according to Cunningham, went on to describe his role as a dispassionate journalist.

Cunningham said, "O.K., but why do you dog me out on national television?"

In the game, a divisional playoff, Cunningham threw into the fog for 407 yards but lost. During the broadcast, Bradshaw said of Cunningham, "He's an athlete, he's not a quarterback."

Remember Hollywood Henderson's comment: "Bradshaw couldn't spell *cat* if you spotted him the C and the A"? Bradshaw hasn't forgotten. He'll be damned if Cunningham gets off any easier. That's just the Confidential's guess, however.

• Cunningham broke up with his fiancée four to five weeks before their June 4, 1988, wedding date. He still declines to discuss the relationship or what went wrong, but the abrupt end was clearly painful. "My mom and dad told me not to trust anybody, because people will hurt you," Cunningham told the Confidential. "I met this woman. I thought I was in love with her, and I got hurt. After that, I didn't trust anything, anybody. Now I keep one step back. I doubt if I'll get married soon."

• Cunningham used to go house hunting around Philadelphia with a real estate broker, Mike Brown, searching for the perfect home. Now he is in the final stages of planning a million-dollar house to be built in Morristown, N.J. His present house is spotless, trim, conservatively decorated and filled with clocks: big clocks, little clocks, wall clocks, tall clocks. He is proud of the job he did decorating it. "But this is practice—wait until I get my real home," he says.

• Cunningham throws around nickels the way he throws around Reggie White. A rare extravagance is a suit of armor that stands in his foyer. He paid $4,000 for it, on impulse. It faces the front door. □

BILL BALLENBERG

In his present living room, Cunningham (left) and Brown go over the blueprints of what Randall calls "my real home"—a million-dollar house he is building.

Notables and Quotables

"I didn't know whether to block or go out to receive, so finally I just said, 'Go, Randall, go!' "—Roger Craig, 49er running back, on his experience at the '89 Pro Bowl.

"This guy wouldn't surprise me if he ran for a 90-yard TD or threw for one."—Sid Gillman, Hall of Fame coach.

"Of the quarterbacks I've coached, he and Roger Staubach are the closest in ability. I don't think Randall has a weakness."—Doug Scovil, Eagle quarterback coach.

"I'm an impact player. Impact. That is what separates guys like me, Michael, Magic and Gretzky from the others. It's a proud feeling." —Randall Cunningham

HOME TAKE

MICKEY PALMER/FOCUS ON SPORTS

Sam the Bam: Race eclipsed his play.

Sports Stumper

Q: *Who has had the greater impact on football, Randall or his big brother, Sam the Bam Cunningham?*

A. Not easy, eh? Sam now 39, is the oldest of the four Cunningham brothers. Then come Anthony, 34, Bruce, 28, and Randall, 26. Sam went to Southern Cal, where he scored four touchdowns in the Rose Bowl and helped the Trojans win the national title in 1972.

In the words of Bear Bryant, "Sam Cunningham did more for integration at Alabama than anyone else, including Martin Luther King." The comment refers to the day Cunningham ran for three touchdowns to lead USC to a 42–21 rout of the Crimson Tide in Birmingham in 1970. The Tide was still all white.

Sam went on to play for the New England Patriots from 1973 to '79 and again in '81 and '82. He remains the Patriots' alltime leading rusher, with 5,453 yards, and their fifth-leading receiver. But in the end his race overshadowed his play. He is mostly remembered for what Bryant said.

Randall could have gone to Southern Cal as a defensive back, but he was determined to play quarterback, so he enrolled at UNLV in 1981. "Come on, you're going with me," said Bruce, who was a junior defensive back for the Runnin' Rebels.

Randall endured a rough year before starring at quarterback. His mother died during his freshman year. The following spring, Tony Gilbert, a friend who worked out with Randall and Bruce in Santa Barbara, died of cancer. Gilbert was a triple jumper and hurdler at Michigan State. "During a workout before Tony died," says Bruce, "Randall threw a ball from one end of the field to the other, and Tony dove in the end zone and caught it. He came back, breathing hard, and said, 'Randall, one of these days you are going to be the best quarterback in the NFL.' Randall didn't forget." That November Cunningham's father died.

Cunningham won the starting job in the second game of his sophomore season. Over the next three years he became only the third quarterback in NCAA history—the others are John Elway of Stanford and Doug Flutie of Boston College—to throw for 2,500 yards in three consecutive seasons. In 1985 he became Philadelphia's second pick in the NFL draft.

Cunningham saw little action as a rookie. Then Ryan took over as coach in 1986, and he began playing Cunningham as a specialist on third-and-long. The next year, Ryan installed Cunningham as the starter. He finished third among NFC quarterbacks in touchdown passes (23) and rushed for a team-high 505 yards.

National awareness came in a Monday night game against the Giants last October. Cunningham completed 31 passes—three for TDs—and leveled Lawrence Taylor with a block to free running back Anthony Toney for a 17-yard gain en route to a 24–13 Eagle victory. At season's end he was named MVP of the Pro Bowl.

But Cunningham is a black quarterback before he is anything else. That's just the way it is. Cunningham is the black quarterback who is encouraged to be the Boss, call his own plays and dance with the press. He might become a quarterback for the ages, but, like Sam, he will probably be remembered, first, for being a black athlete who broke new ground.

Sam the Bam, who owns a landscaping company in Long Beach, Calif., and Randall don't get together much to compare notes on their careers. After Sam signed with the Patriots in '74, he bought his family a house on Murrell Road in Santa Barbara, and that's where Randall lived until he graduated from Santa Barbara High in '81. After their parents died, Bruce moved up the coast to Lompoc, Sam to Long Beach and Randall eventually to Philadelphia. Sam continued to own the house until late last year, when he let it go—to Randall's surprise. Randall says Sam never told him he was giving up the place. He was upset to learn the house he had grown up in was gone, just like his parents, just like his fiancée, just like the idea that people don't care what color you are.

Randall sometimes calls Sam. Most of the time he gets the answering machine. He doesn't usually get a call back. "That's all right," says Randall after one more call. "I'm on my own now." □

Obituaries

Mabel and Samuel Cunningham, beloved mother and father of Sam Jr., Anthony, Bruce and Randall. Mabel died of cancer at Goleta Valley Community Hospital in Santa Barbara in November 1981. She was 55. Samuel died at his home in Santa Barbara of congestive heart failure in November 1982. He was 62.

"Mabel was the backbone, the stabilizing force. She had the discipline and the values, and she instilled them in her sons," says Nettie Hyde. She is sitting in the parlor of her home in Oakland. Nettie is Mabel's sister. "I lived with them on Santa Barbara Avenue, down by the railroad tracks, long before Sam bought the house on Murrell and they moved," she says. "Mabel didn't spare the rod. Even after the boys became big and athletic, she'd say, 'I don't care if I have to stand on a stool, I can still knock you down.' "

She sighs and asks if her guest would like some tea. Her home is spotless, like a doll's house. Inside the house is another

Photograph: Aldo Fallai Produced by Gruppo GFT and distributed by Giorgio Armani Fashion Corp.

MANI
BY GIORGIO ARMANI

Obituaries

Continued from page A3

house, this one doll-sized, with tiny bedspreads and curtains Hyde made by hand. She pulls out a photo album of the Cook sisters and their families. "Look at Randall. He hasn't changed," says Hyde, pointing to a photo. "I brought him home from the hospital. Seems like yesterday."

Mabel was a nurse. Sam Sr., a strapping Texan with a smile like a half-moon and big ideas, worked mostly as a redcap and porter for the Southern Pacific railroad. But the big ideas ended for big Sam after he lost his job when the railroad cut back its routes while little Sam was in junior high. Sam Sr. watched the jets fly overhead and brooded about the demise of train travel.

"My father was a wonderful man," says Bruce. "He was hard on us, especially Randall. He was the baby, so my father would have to yell at him sometimes, so he wouldn't be spoiled. Randall was wild and crazy and happy, once. All the warnings my father gave us—about developing a skill and not waiting for people to give you a break or to like you, because they wouldn't—were over our heads. We didn't understand. It's all clear now."

Sam Sr. and Mabel separated when Sam was at USC, though they would reconcile years later. In the meantime, Anthony lived with his father. Bruce and Randall stayed with their mother. "You have to understand my family to understand Randall," says Bruce. "I know I trip on death, worry about it, because of what happened. Sometimes I think, Life is hard, then you die. I know Randall does, too. But as a football player, Randall worked for it and got it."

"She had herself some sons, didn't she?" says Hyde. "And I think nobody misses her like Randall does. And I do."

Randall calls his aunt Nettie often. "I am a link for Randall, yes," she says. "He loved his mother so. Once he was mad about something, a bad game, and he shouted at me. I told him to please remember who he was talking to. I know you're hurt, but don't raise your voice to me. I tell him to make himself proud. Make the memory of his parents proud, make me and his brothers proud, but make himself proud first." □

LOUIS PSIHOYAS/MATRIX (2)

Cunningham shares a streak of meticulousness with Hyde, above tending her dollhouse in Oakland. She made the tiny curtains and bedspreads by hand.

The Cunningham Column

"I want people to understand, whether it's practice or a game, I don't hold anything back," says Cunningham. "If you do that, you can live with your mistakes. Yes, I've been booed. But I want the people of Philadelphia to know that when I don't get it done, I feel worse than the person who boos, because I've let myself down as well.

"My dad worked hard. When he worked. My mom worked hard. She worked every day until she got cancer. My mother would not allow us on welfare. If it meant she had to clean a house to scratch a dime, she would. After seeing her, I would collect bottles, wash cars, push lawn mowers to get five dollars for a date. So I know how to work. I think the fans see that. But the West Coast is different. It's like history back here in the East. While growing up, I actually thought people didn't care what color you were. Racism is history, but it's real.

"One thing I'd like to say is that it must have come out wrong, comparing myself to Jordan, Magic and Gretzky. Guys like that were given talent from God, but more than that, they are proud of it. A lot of people have been given talent but strayed off and never appreciated their talent, and never worked at it. That's why I work so hard, and always have, so God can see I'm not taking advantage of the situation in the wrong way. I want to be the best. It's going to take work. When it's all said and done, Gretzky, Air and Magic tapped the potential that was in them. All I have ever wanted was a chance to do that.

"I've been given the talent to run and throw and kick. The way Buddy has built me up, the pressure's definitely on me. I'd rather it be on me than on Buddy. He's a good old man, and if you pass his psychology test, he'll be on your side forever. Buddy calls me the Boss and wants me to run the offense the way I feel comfortable doing it. He believes a quarterback who calls his own game can dominate a game. I'm going to assume he's right." □

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LOUIS PSIHOYAS/MATRIX

Guest Columnist

BUDDY RYAN

"I've spent a lot of time watching people," says Ryan. "I sit in the back of airplanes on road trips, just watching people. The players will tell you that. I study people. I knew Randall was my kind of guy.

"First of all, he's the best athlete to ever play the position. Sammy Baugh might be right there with him. I hope Randall can win like Sammy. But Randall could probably lead the league in punting. He's the best runner in the league, and if you can't see he can throw the football, I won't waste my time with you. I heard some of that black crap: 'Move him to wide receiver, move him to defensive back.' I don't hear those voices too much anymore. I go with what I know. I've been around professional football for 27 years. So I don't screw up too much.

"I know you've got to have that guy, that one guy, at Randall's position. The old guard laughed at me a few years back, when I only put him in on third-and-long. When he calls his own plays this season, they're really going to come after me. Oh, I'm asking for it. So what? Randall needs this. He needs to go one step beyond. The guys who have given me, as a defensive coach, the most trouble through the years are guys like Namath, Bradshaw, Tarkenton—guys who called their own plays. Randall's going to that stage. He needs the challenge. And don't try and tell me what one man can't do. Anybody see what Namath did in 1968? Don't tell me what Randall can't do. I know better.

"I call him the Boss so the other guys can hear it. It's his offense. I want him to realize that. See, a lot of guys have the will to win on Sunday, when the cheerleaders are out there. But Randall is willing to prepare to win. That's the difference. He hasn't missed a single workout of any kind for three years. So there's nobody around here who's going to have any problem with Randall being the Boss. I say so. Hell, it's my team." □

JOHN IACONO

Guest Columnist

LOIS SHEARER
(family friend)

"I'm in publishing, but I'm a big sports fan, especially of the Eagles now," says Shearer. "I've known Randall since he was 14. His family lived down the street from mine in Santa Barbara. Now I think I'm a little bit of a mother substitute for him. The death of Randall's parents made him feel very much alone. You want your parents. With them, you always have somewhere to go, a home. Well, Randall lost that at a very bad time. Now he's the quarterback for the Eagles. The whole franchise is riding on him. I can tell you that's sometimes frightening to him.

"When we moved to Santa Barbara, my son, Judd, and Randall were both 14. Randall was enamored of Judd because Judd was from New York, hip. Later on, I got upset when they stayed out, and I was upset with Randall, but I found out that it had been Judd's doing. Randall's mother was a very strong personality. Sometimes she would call after he had been over for a while and say, 'Tell Randall to get his ass over here.' That might sound harsh, but Randall has a strong sense of values, and I think his mother imparted them. I went to his house a few times. His mother always worked. His father was in his chair, in his robe. You could tell by this point that he was not used to dressing for the day. To tell you the truth, I think at times Randall preferred to be at our house.

"There was nothing strut-around about Randall, ever. As I say, his mother gave him real values. Then later, Judd sort of drifted, and Randall took him in for a while after he moved to Philadelphia. But they had to part, amicably, because of Judd's friends. Randall doesn't feel as though he can afford to have anybody around, doing anything, because of the position he's in, being a black quarterback. And I can't say as I blame him.

"The East Coast frightened him at first. I live in Greenwich Village, in New York. Randall came to visit. He was a little nervous about going out. I said, 'Randall Cunningham, how can you not be afraid of Lawrence Taylor and be afraid to walk down the streets of New York?' He's always been sweet, quiet and polite, with a humility that he had to overcome in certain ways when he went to Philadelphia. Philadelphia fans are quick to boo, quick to give up. Randall never gives up.

"Randall is still growing, still becoming whatever it is he's going to become. Randall doesn't have a home. It's going to be very interesting and very gratifying to see how he handles life in Philadelphia." □

FOCUS ON SPORTS

Tomorrow in Sports

Cunningham does not signal the advent of magisterial black quarterbacks with arms like crossbows and legs like Gale Sayers's any more than Magic Johnson signaled the advent of 6′ 9″ point guards with eyes in their ears and a dribble like Cousy's.

Yet the day will come when Cunningham can no longer sprint past the rush and slither his way downfield, when he will have to run the game from the pocket, because that's the nature of the position.

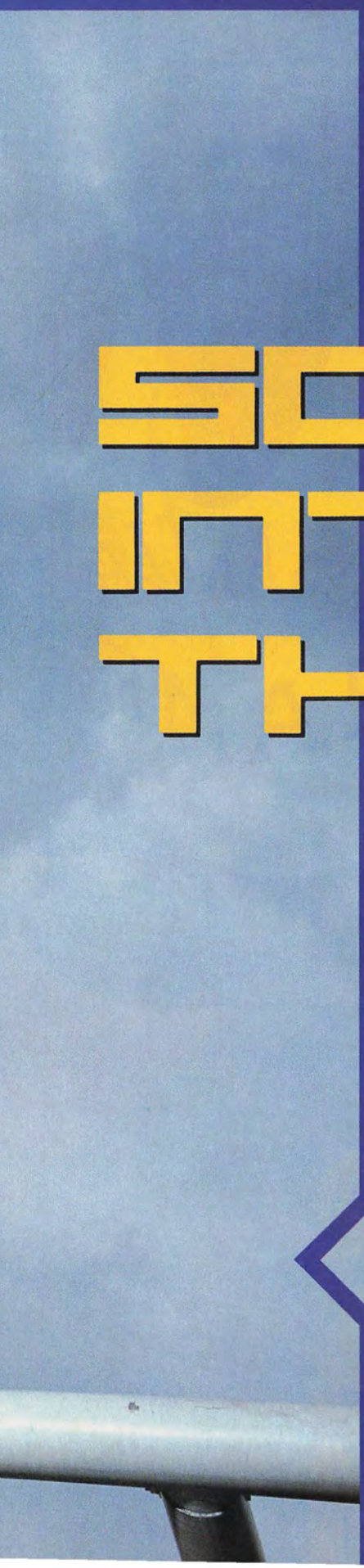
"I know I'm not going to play forever," he says. "Long enough to win the Super Bowl, and maybe one more year after that. I give so much of myself on Sunday. I drain all the life out of myself out there. I get paid to play, to win, to give the city pride, so maybe everybody can forget for a little while how hard life is."

Night falls on the city. Steam rises. Cunningham sets his jaw, narrows his eyes. He says, "When the Eagles win, Buddy wins, I win, Philadelphia wins." ■

AS THE NFL REVS UP FOR A NEW ERA, EIGHT FUTURE STARS GET READY TO TAKE OFF

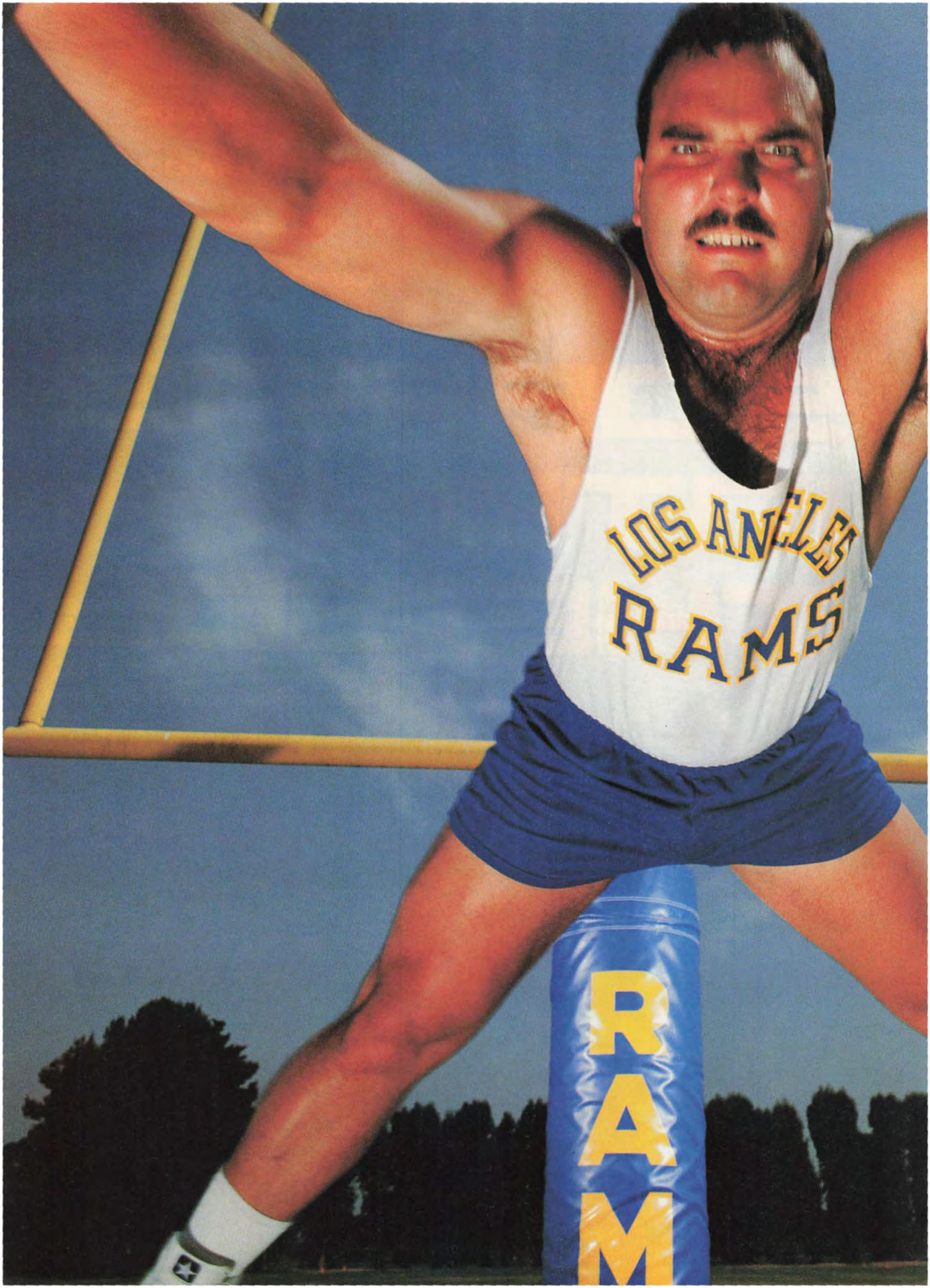
SOARING INTO THE '90s

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN SMALE



RUNNING BACK, ATLANTA FALCONS, 24. A MARTIAL ARTS EXPERT WHO CAME CHEAP IN '88 ($105,000), HE WAS THE FIRST UNDRAFTED PLAYER (FREE AGENT, '87) TO RUSH FOR 1,000 YARDS SINCE THE 1960s.

JOHN SETTLE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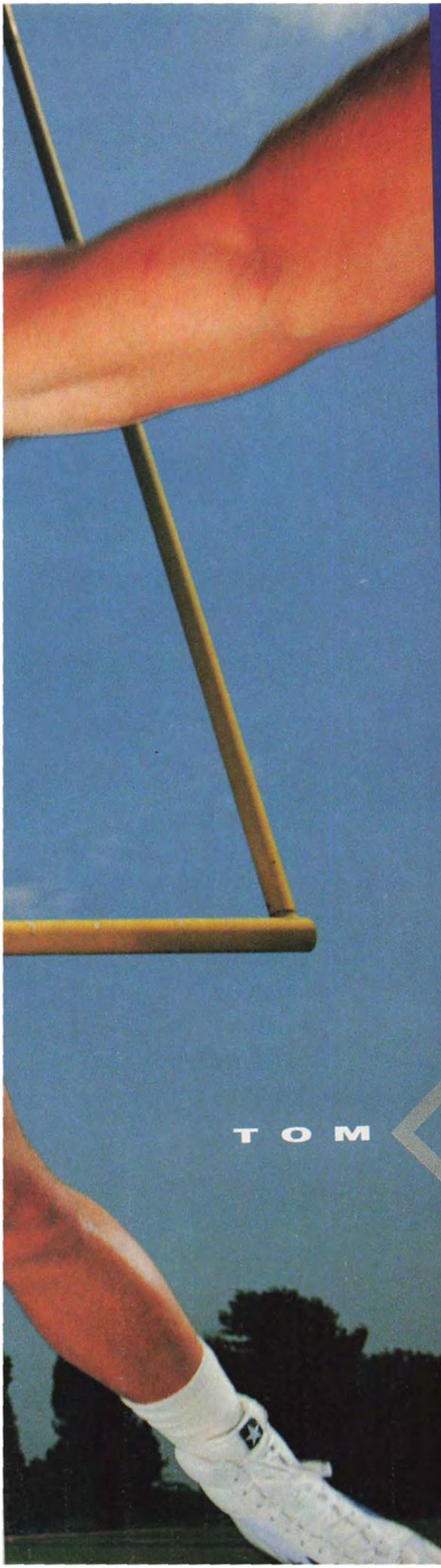
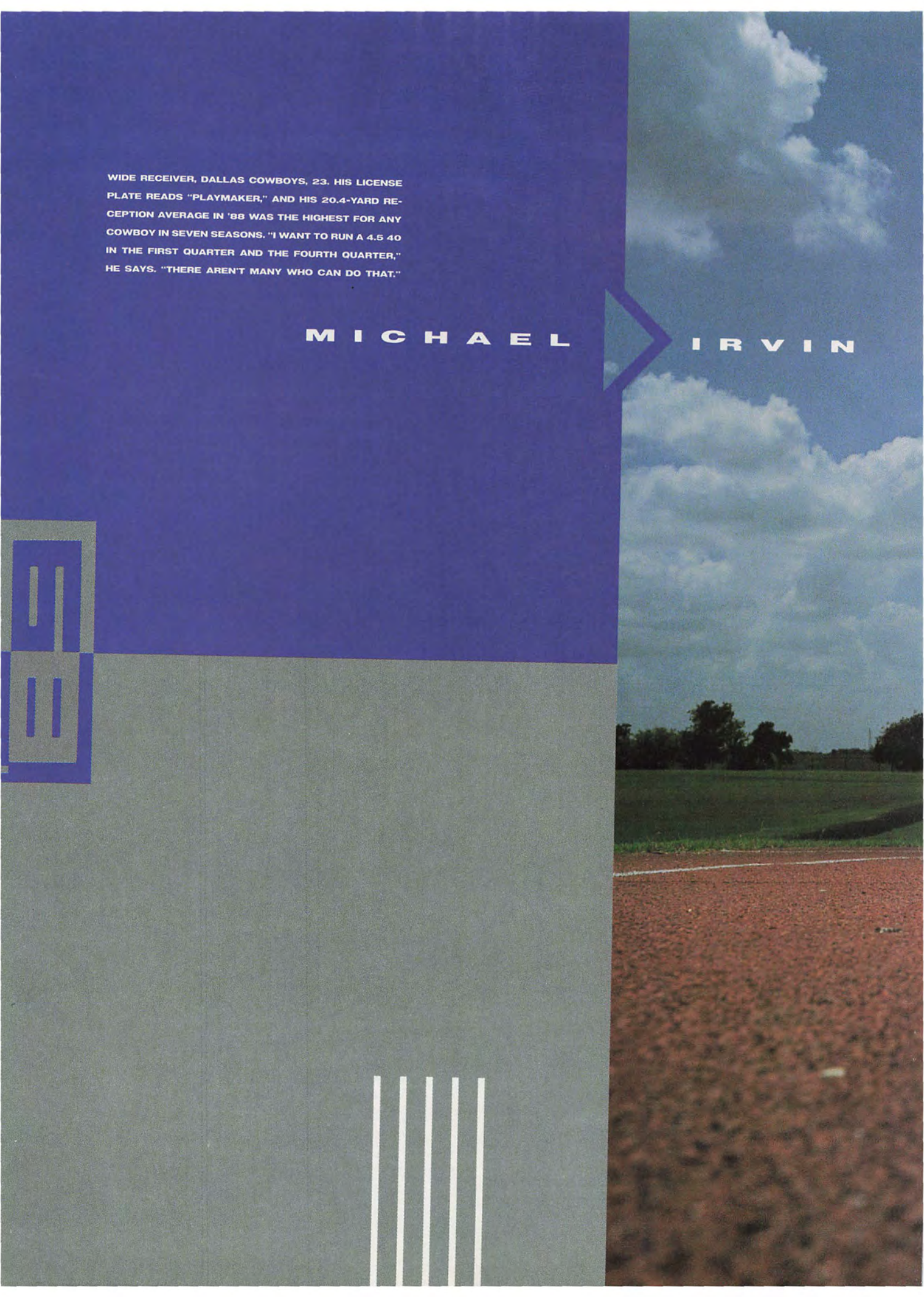


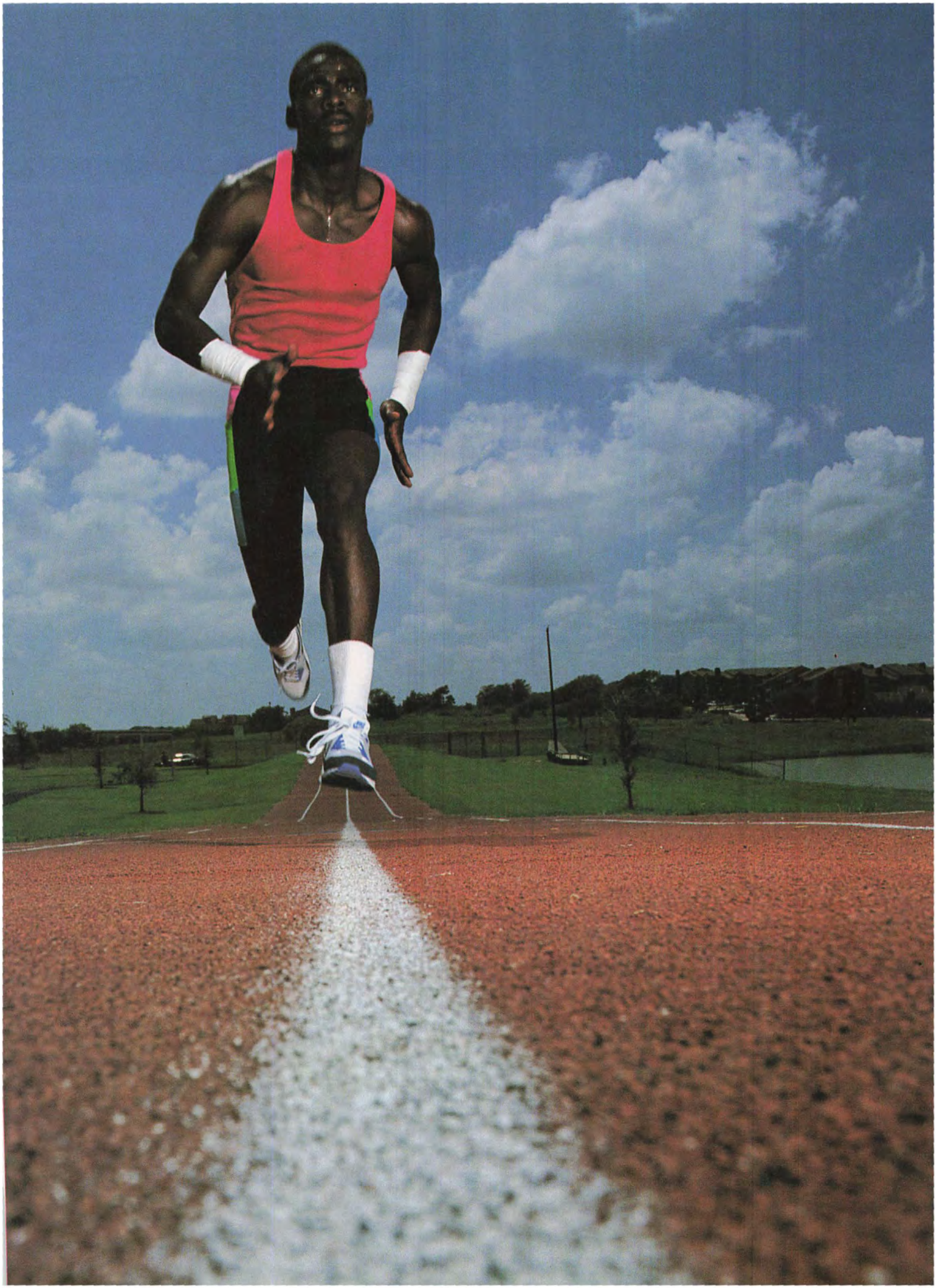
LEFT GUARD, LOS ANGELES RAMS, 26. FAST, POWERFUL, WITH A SHORT BODY (6′ 2″, 280) AND WIDE WINGSPAN (79 INCHES), HE HAS BECOME A DRIVING FORCE ON L.A.'S DOMINATING OFFENSIVE LINE. "HE CAN GET LOW ENOUGH TO PLAY HANDBALL AGAINST THE CURB," SAYS FORMER RAM GUARD DENNIS HARRAH.

TOM NEWBERRY

WIDE RECEIVER, DALLAS COWBOYS, 23. HIS LICENSE PLATE READS "PLAYMAKER," AND HIS 20.4-YARD RECEPTION AVERAGE IN '88 WAS THE HIGHEST FOR ANY COWBOY IN SEVEN SEASONS. "I WANT TO RUN A 4.5 40 IN THE FIRST QUARTER AND THE FOURTH QUARTER," HE SAYS. "THERE AREN'T MANY WHO CAN DO THAT."

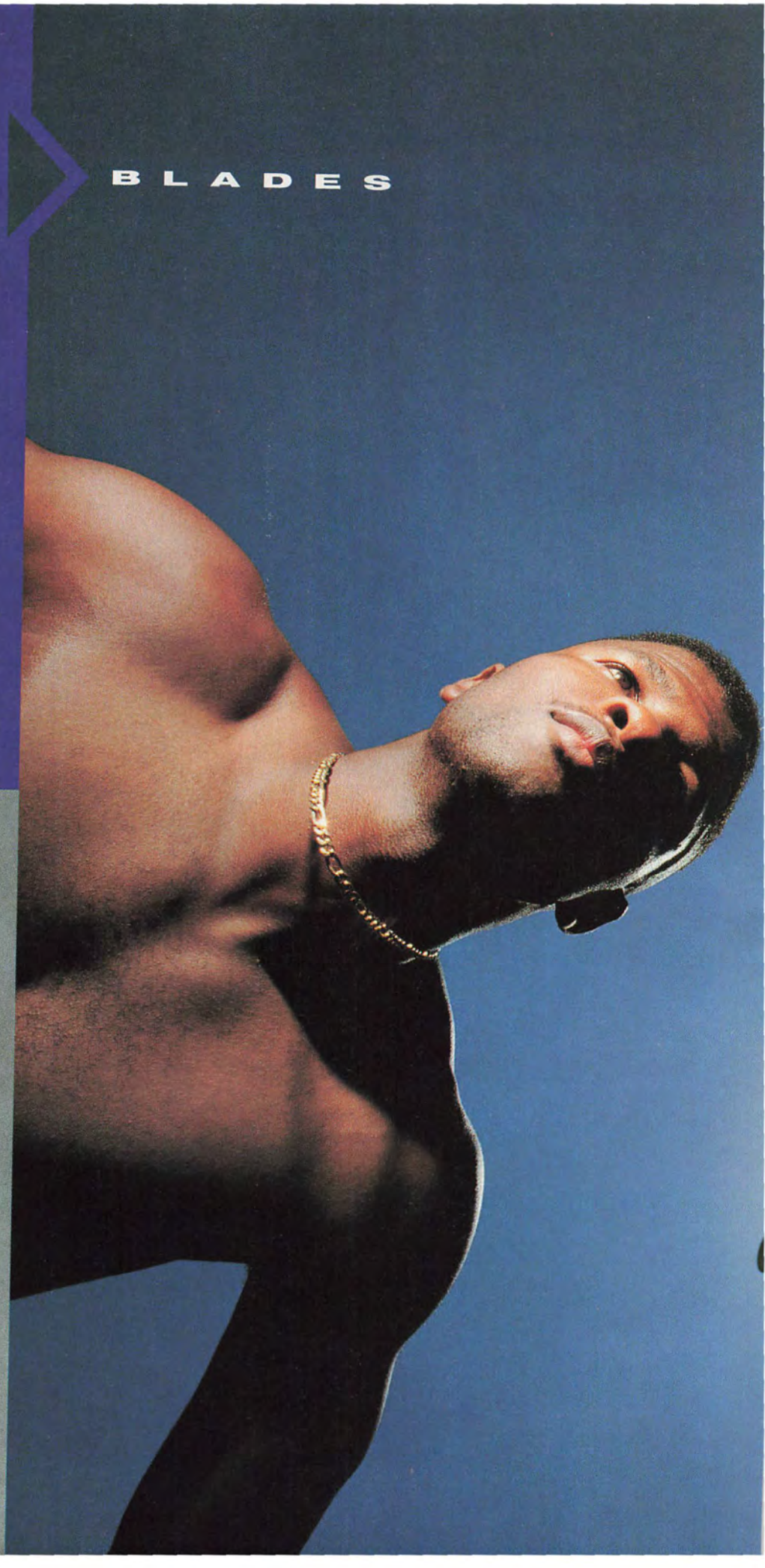
MICHAEL IRVIN





BRIAN BLADES

WIDEOUT, SEATTLE SEAHAWKS, 24. TOUGH SHORT OR DEEP, HE HAD EIGHT TDS ON 40 CATCHES IN '88. OBSCURED BY BROTHER BENNIE, BRIAN SAYS, "I FEEL LIKE COMING OUT OF THE SHADOWS."

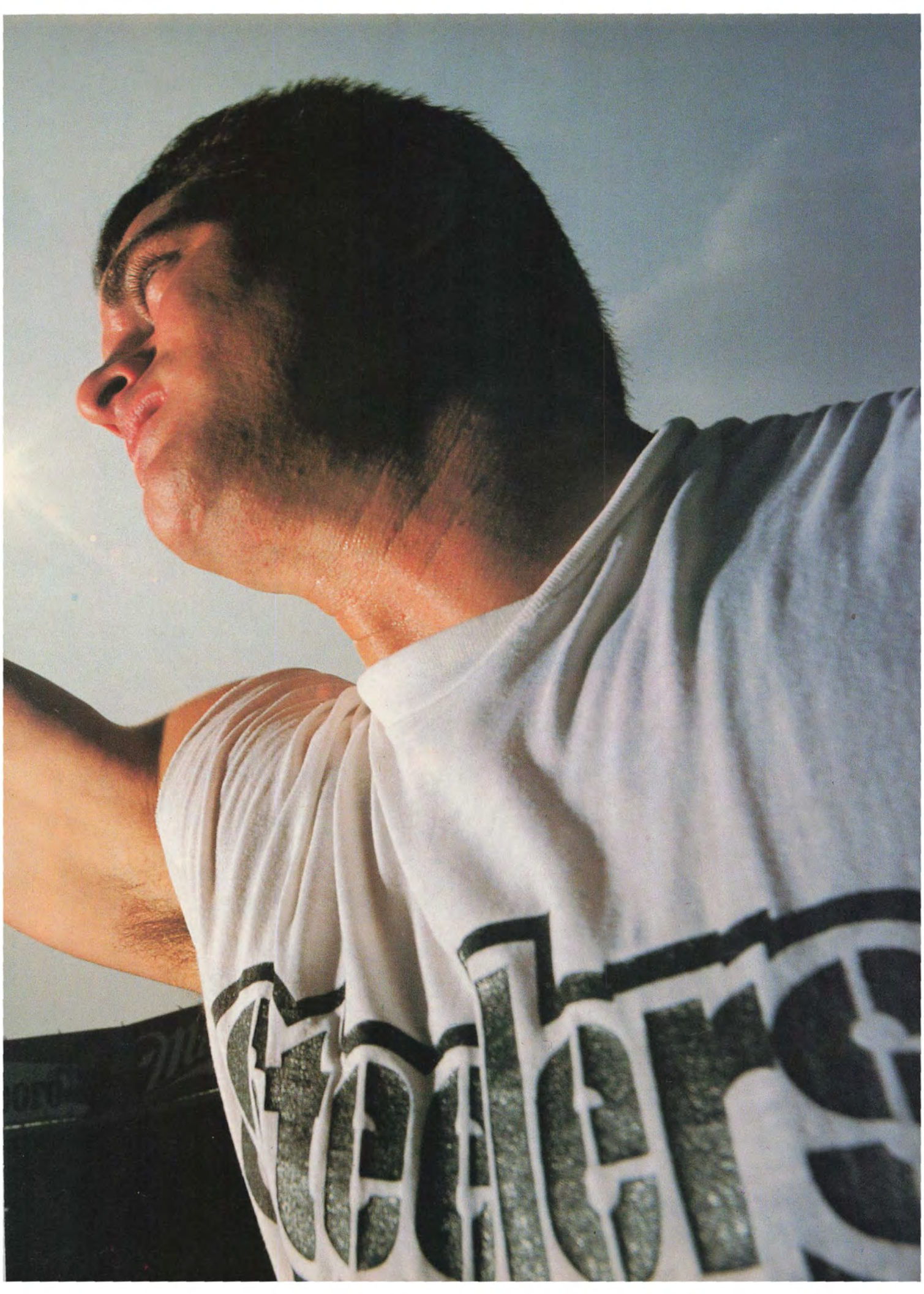


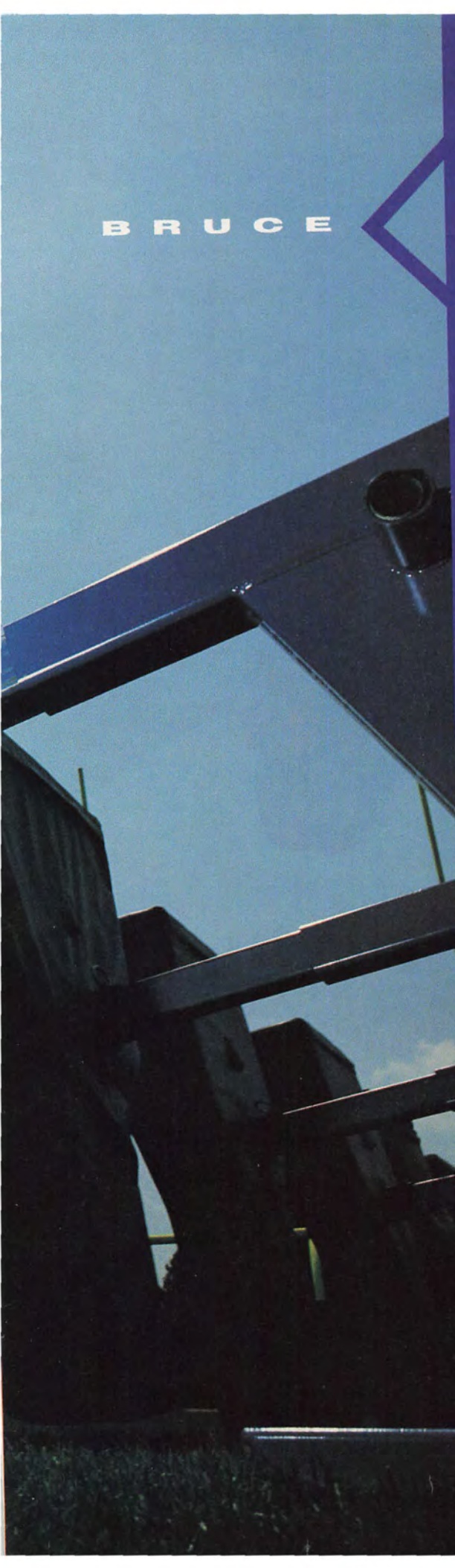
STRONG SAFETY, DETROIT LIONS, 23. AT 220 POUNDS, HE'S THE PROTOTYPE OF THE BIG SAFETY. HAS RARELY FACED BRIAN, BUT SAYS, "I TOLD HIM, ONE DAY IT'LL BE ME AND HIM, SUPER BOWL."

BENNIE BLADES

QUARTERBACK, PITTSBURGH STEELERS, 27. OILER DEFENSIVE END RAY CHILDRESS HAS CALLED HIM "AN ARROGANT LITTLE PUNK." BRISTER IS COCKY BUT NOT LITTLE (6′ 3″, 210), AND, WITH FIVE OF HIS 11 TD THROWS COVERING MORE THAN 65 YARDS LAST FALL, HE HAS BROUGHT THE BOMB BACK TO PITTSBURGH.

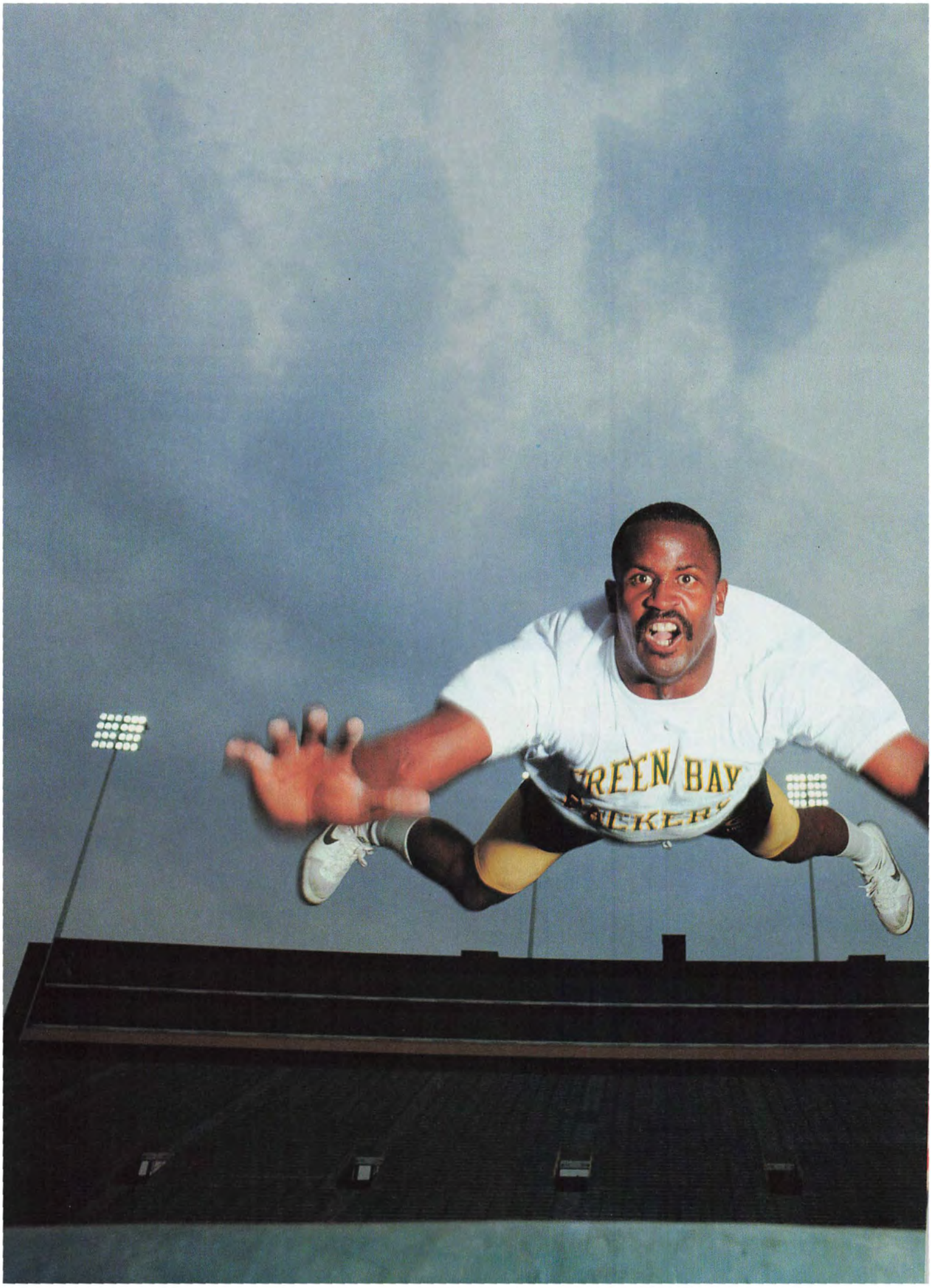
BUBBY BRISTER

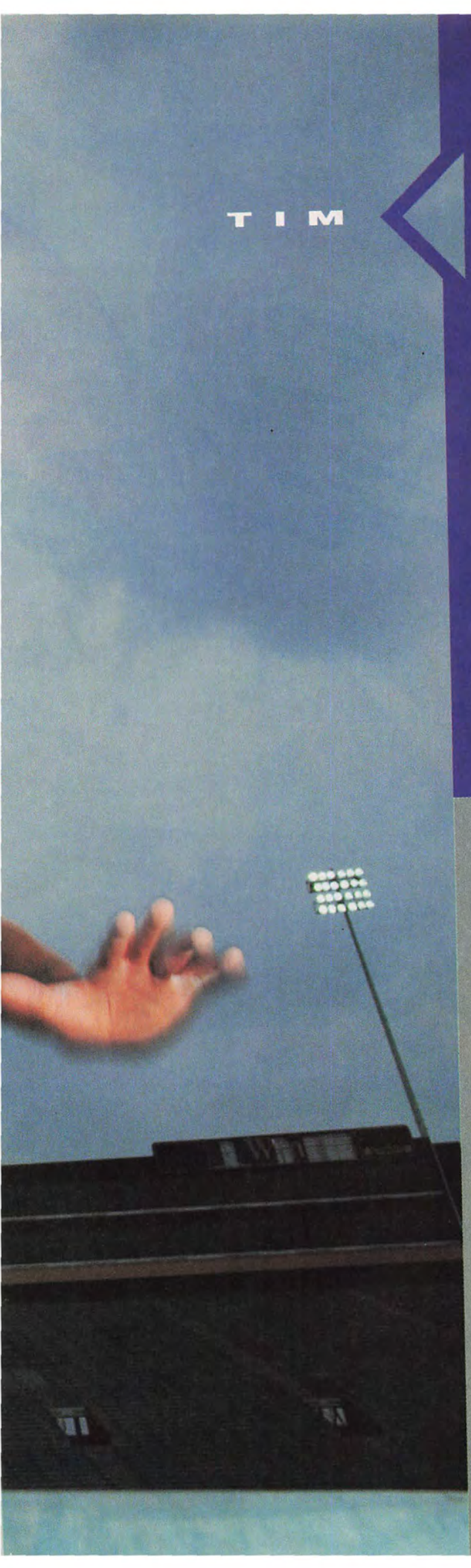




BRUCE ARMSTRONG

RIGHT TACKLE, NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS, 24. SMART, BIG (6′ 4″, 285) AND COMMANDING, HE IS HEIR TO JOHN HANNAH AS THE PREMIER LINEMAN ON THE PATS, WHO LED THE NFL IN RUSHING PLAYS IN '88, USUALLY TO THE RIGHT SIDE. IN SHORT YARDAGE HE EVEN PLAYS TIGHT END, HIS ORIGINAL POSITION AT LOUISVILLE.


REEN BAY



TIM HARRIS

OUTSIDE LINEBACKER, GREEN BAY PACKERS, 25. MOBILE, HYPER AND READY TO JOIN LAWRENCE TAYLOR AND CORNELIUS BENNETT AS THE GAME'S BEST OLBS. YAMMERS CONSTANTLY AND ONCE FIRED AN IMAGINARY SIX-SHOOTER AT A SACKED QUARTERBACK, ANTICS THAT MAY HAVE COST HIM A PRO BOWL.

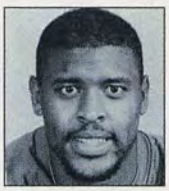
1995 ALL-

By Paul Zimmerman

Whatever else may change in the 1990s, speed, power, Reggie White and Cornelius Bennett will remain the same. Dr. Z offers this early line on the other players who will be among the NFL elite by mid-decade.

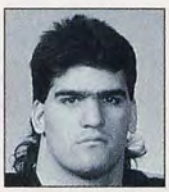
DEFENSE

BRUCE SMITH, DE
Buffalo Bills. Will dominate the position for years to come



REGGIE WHITE, DE
Philadelphia Eagles. The NFL's best defensive player last year

JEROME BROWN, DT
Philadelphia Eagles. A sleeping giant; by '95 he'll be awake

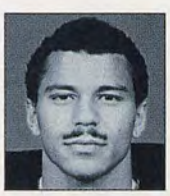


MARC SPINDLER, DT
Junior, University of Pittsburgh. Will be first lineman drafted in '91

TIM HARRIS, OLB
Green Bay Packers. Everyone is just now learning how good he is

CORNELIUS BENNETT, OLB
Buffalo Bills. The Lawrence Taylor of the '90s

PERCY SNOW, MLB
Senior, Michigan State. An old-style rock-'em, sock-'em middle linebacker



ROD WOODSON, CB
Pittsburgh Steelers. Speedster; with polish he'll be a star

ERIC THOMAS, CB
Cincinnati Bengals. One Pro Bowl already, with many more to come

BENNIE BLADES, SS
Detroit Lions. A hitter. Finesse will follow

MARK CARRIER, FS
Junior, Southern California. Great range, mobility and savvy

JOHN JINKS

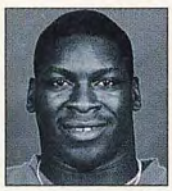
PRO TEAM

OFFENSE

MICHAEL IRVIN, WR
Dallas Cowboys. Speed and third-down toughness

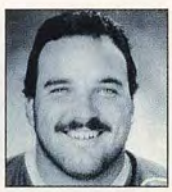
ANDRE HASTINGS, WR
Senior, Morrow (Ga.) High. Nation's top schoolboy receiver

DEREK BROWN, TE
Sophomore, Notre Dame. Unlimited potential; 6′ 7″, 235-pound speedster



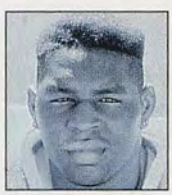
BRUCE ARMSTRONG, T
New England Patriots. Powerful drive-blocker

PAUL GRUBER, T
Tampa Bay Buccaneers. The finest line prospect the Bucs have ever had

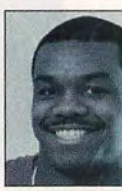


TOM NEWBERRY, G
Los Angeles Rams. In Jackie Slater—Dennis Harrah tradition

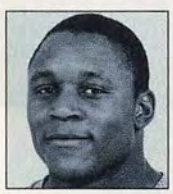
ED KING, G
Sophomore, Auburn. Best freshman offensive lineman in the country last year



BOB WHITFIELD, C
Freshman, Stanford. Goes 6′ 7″, 285 pounds; converted tackle

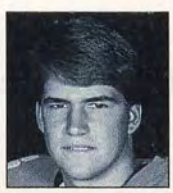


RANDALL CUNNINGHAM, QB
Philadelphia Eagles. Runs, throws, quickens the pulse



BARRY SANDERS, RB
Rookie, Detroit Lions. Assuming Lions put a line in front of him

RODNEY HAMPTON, RB
Junior, Georgia. More promise than former teammate Tim Worley, a No. 1 pick



CHRIS GARDOCKI, K-P
Sophomore, Clemson. A rare all-purpose punter and kicker

It looks like we're

The Accord LX 4-Door Sedan, as seen by other car makers

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being followed.

It seems as if we've developed quite a following. HONDA

By
Rick
Telander

BUILDING A BETTER MOUSETRAP

THE DETROIT LIONS, OF ALL TEAMS, HAVE HIRED RUN-AND-SHOOT GURU MOUSE DAVIS TO START A REVOLUTION

There is a motto for teams like the Detroit Lions, and it's not Restore the Roar! this season's catchy p.r. slogan for the meek ones from the Motor City. It's When you ain't got nothing, you got nothing to lose, and it explains why the Lions have committed an NFL heresy and wedded themselves to—are you sitting?—the run-and-shoot offense.

The run-and-shoot, as all pro football fans are aware, is a half-baked, backyard fire drill that features a wild-eyed, scrambling quarterback tossing the ball constantly to a gang of pygmy receivers scurrying over the turf like ants on a honey spill. The attack pops up occasionally in the lower reaches of the football world and flourishes there briefly like a fungus until its practitioners play decent teams or its coaches leave to become shoe reps. It's the kind of thing pro coaches talk about over a beer or two, the way they talk about hang-gliding or hair transplants, things that are intriguing to virile, aging men but which those men would never actually get involved with. After all, they will tell you, the run-and-shoot is not an NFL offense; it's a sideshow.

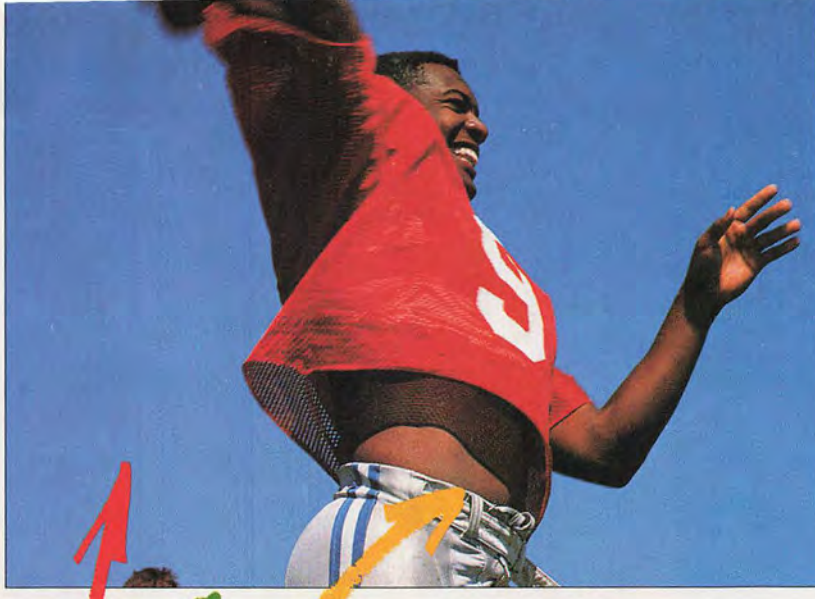
And yet, second-year Lion coach Wayne Fontes has committed himself to the thing, hiring its inventor, 57-year-old Darrel (Mouse) Davis, as his unofficial offensive coordinator and telling Davis to "just get it done." Fontes must be stark raving mad to utter such words to a man who describes his offensive theory as "using the pass to set up the run," who has never coached a down in the NFL, who has been out of coaching entirely for the last three years, who once devised an offense at Sunset High School in Beaverton, Ore., that was so confusing to *himself* that he had to scrap it. But that's what Fontes has done, and Lion fans can strap themselves in for a ride either to the top of the NFL mountain or to the pit of absurdity.

In truth, the Lions have been so bad for so long that even if the run-and-shoot—dubbed the Silver Stretch by Fontes—should fail horribly, fans may never notice. It couldn't be worse than the old self-limiting offense that roared for 60 net yards and three first downs in a game against the Minnesota Vikings last year; an offense that veteran receiver Jeff Chadwick, a dignified family man, has called "a piece of ——"; an offense that cranked out a grand total of 23 touchdowns in 1988, 16 fewer than Detroit's first-round draft choice, running back Barry Sanders, got by himself last season at Oklahoma State; an offense that averaged less yardage per pass last season (4.1) than nine NFL teams did on their *runs*.

The Lions finished with a 4–12 record in 1988, which dovetailed nicely with the 4–11 season from the previous year and the 5–11 from 1986. The Lions were hot in 1985, going 7–9. Over the last 31 seasons, they have finished first in their division exactly once, in 1983, when they were 9–7. A big offense in Detroit is the Ford Motor Company dropping the Taurus on the Japanese.

Enough was enough, Fontes decided. Enter the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BRAD TRENT



3-DEEP ZONE
THREE DOWNFIELD DEFENDERS

2-DEEP ZONE
SAFETIES DIVIDE DOWNFIELD ZONE

MAN UNDER
MAN-TO-MAN SHORT, ZONE DEEP

MAN-TO-MAN

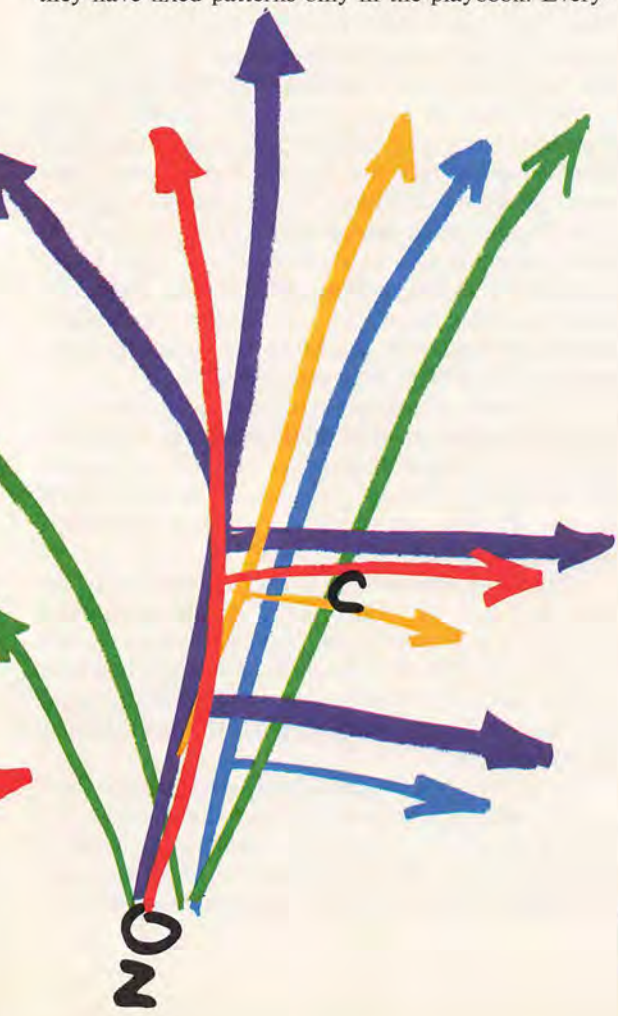
BLITZ

"THIS IS GONNA CAUSE PEOPLE SOME PROBLEMS," SAYS PEETE, WHO MAY HAVE BEEN THE STEAL OF THE DRAFT

LOCK AND LOAD

THE "SILVER STRETCH" OFFENSE FEATURES FOUR WIDE RECEIVERS, ONE RUNNING BACK AND NO TIGHT END. THE LIONS HAVE ONLY EIGHT PLAYS, BUT THE RECEIVERS HAVE DOZENS OF OPTIONS ON EACH, DEPENDING ON THE DEFENSE. AND EVERY PLAY INCLUDES AT LEAST ONE DEEP ROUTE. WE'VE ILLUSTRATED THE OPTIONS FOR ONE PLAY, LOAD 60 Z CHOICE, AGAINST FIVE COMMON DEFENSES. THE RECEIVERS (X, Y, Z AND WING, WITH Y IN MOTION AT THE SNAP) AND THE QUARTERBACK (WHO CAN ROLL LEFT OR RIGHT FOR FROM ONE TO NINE STEPS) MUST READ THE DEFENSE THE SAME WAY AND REACT WITH THE SAME OPTION—AT THE SAME TIME

Mouse-man and his loyal sidekick, quarterback and receiver coach June Jones, once a quarterback for Davis, later an assistant and now a defender of the man and his system. Davis and Jones, the evangelist and his apostle. They have brought with them an offense that everybody thinks of as a gimmick, but that, when properly manned and deployed, has never been stopped. Davis has taught the offense from high school to college to the CFL to the USFL, and in 27 years he has had just one losing season with it, going 5–6 in 1979 at Portland State. "We were only about eight points from being 8–3 that year," he says philosophically. What went wrong? "I guess I did a diddly job of coaching," says Davis. The run-and-shoot is not all that radical, really. After all, there is only so much anyone can do with 11 padded men on a 100-yard field. The principal differences between the run-and-shoot and the conventional drop-back, two-running back, power-I or H-back NFL offenses are that the shoot always employs four wideouts, a single running back and no tight end. In fact, Detroit has just one tight end on the roster. "We need one so our defense can practice against regular offenses," says running back coach Dave Levy. The quarterback usually rolls or sprints to one side or the other, throwing the ball on steps one through nine to the right or steps two through eight to the left. Occasionally, the quarterback will tuck the ball away and run, but passing is what this offense is all about. The biggest difference for the receivers is that they have fixed patterns only in the playbook. Everything they do afield—curl, fly, hook, drag, sprint, post, flag—is determined by the reaction of the defense. The receivers are labeled X, Y, Z and Wing, though, as Davis points out, they could be called Frick, Frack and the Doublemint Twins for all the difference the labels make. Why does Davis call one player "Wing" instead of "W"? The coach shrugs. "No reason," he says.



Davis is decidedly uninterested in taking credit for devising the shoot. "I didn't invent anything," he says cheerfully. "I just stole from every coach, quarterback and player I've ever been involved with. Dutch Meyer, at TCU 50 years ago, ran a double wing. That's all this is—a sophisticated double wing. There's an old guy named Tiger Ellison [a quarterback coach for Woody Hayes at Ohio State in the '60s], who wrote a book called *Run-and-Shoot: The Offense of the Future* [in 1965]. He called me when I was with the Denver Gold and said, 'Mouse, keep scoring touchdowns! Every time you do, I sell another book.' Here we're calling it the Silver Stretch, Wayne's idea, because it stretches the defense. I like that. I never cared much for the name run-and-shoot."

Whatever the attack is called, Davis is the man who understands it best. If he is not the offense's father, he is certainly its legal guardian. What attracted him was its possibilities. He showed up for his first day as coach at Milwaukie High School in Oregon, in 1962, and the zeal with which he began explaining his newfangled attack captivated football players, nonplaying students and even the faculty. "It was so scientific," recalls Mouse's first-ever run-and-shoot quarterback, Jerry Costanzo, then a Milwaukie High junior, now a poet and English professor at Carnegie-Mellon University. "It turns smash-mouth football into tennis." The offense turned Milwaukie High into a winner and Costanzo into a Mouse Maniac. "It just dumbfounds me that a genius is not at the top," says the outraged professor.

At Portland State University, where Davis was the coach from 1975 through 1980, his teams rewrote the NCAA Division I-AA record book, setting 20 offensive records and leading the nation in scoring three times. In Davis's final two years at PSU, quarterback Neil Lomax threw for 8,044 yards and 63 touchdowns. In 1980, Mouse's PSU team *averaged* 49.2 points per game. When Davis became offensive coordinator for the last-place Toronto Argonauts of the CFL in 1982, he installed the run-and-shoot and promptly led the team to back-to-back appearances in the Grey Cup, winning the CFL title in 1983. The possibilities in the Canadian game, with its wider field, 12-man teams and unlimited motion rules, nearly caused Davis's brain to explode with delight. "We just scratched the surface up there," he says. "You could do stuff on that field that would be unstoppable."

When he went to the USFL Houston Gamblers in 1984, Davis turned that team into an offensive powder keg. With quarterback Jim Kelly flinging and a pack of minireceivers (the Mousketeers) catching, the Gamblers played something resembling basketball on grass. In two years, Kelly threw for 83 touchdowns and Mouse

Club wideout Richard Johnson (5′ 6″, 185 pounds), who is now playing for the Lions, caught 218 passes. Davis worked a little more magic as head coach of the USFL Denver Gold in 1985, taking that 9–9 team to an 11–7 record and the playoffs, but he found himself out of a job when the league suspended play in 1986.

By that time a lot of people were interested in his views, but nobody in the NFL wanted him too close. The shoot, the big guys implied, just wasn't quite, ahem, manly enough for the rough-and-tumble NFL. In 1985, Buddy Ryan, now the Philadelphia Eagle head coach, said, "The run-and-shoot is no big deal. Will it work in the NFL? Sure, it might. For a weekend."

To pass the time after the USFL folded, Davis drove around the country in a mobile home with his wife, Beverly, and preached the glories of his offense to anybody who was interested. A few coaches listened, and colleges such as Holy Cross, Houston and South Carolina benefited from Mouse's crumbs of wisdom. Last season,

DAVIS AND JONES (LEFT) TEACH QUARTERBACKS PEETE, BOB GAGLIANO (14) AND LONG (16) TO SHOOT

Houston averaged 377.5 yards per game using the run-and-shoot; it also had two receivers who, for the first time in collegiate history, each caught more than 100 passes in a season. Both players—Jason Phillips, 5′ 7″, who was a 10th-round draft choice despite leading the nation in receiving for the last two years, and James Dixon, 5′ 8″, who signed on as a free agent—joined the Lions' roster at training camp this summer.

Houston head coach Jack Pardee, formerly a conservative coach on offense, became a convert when Davis served as his offensive coordinator with the Houston Gamblers in '84. "One of the nice things about this offense is that you don't have to recruit the same players as other teams," he says. "One of the hardest players to find in football is the all-purpose tight end, and you don't have to recruit one at all.

"If your receivers can run fast, they don't have to be big," says Pardee. "You use space, so you don't get beat up." The average height of the 13 wide receivers at the Lions' training camp this summer was 5′ 8″, two inches shorter than the average last year. "We're not prejudiced against big guys," says Davis, "we're prejudiced *for* speed. We'd love to have 6′ 2″, 200-pound guys who run 4.3 40s. But in America there just happen to be more little quick guys than big quick guys." Pardee makes another point about his experience with the run-and-shoot at Houston: "When you run, it's great." Indeed, the adjustments that defenses must make to battle the blitzkrieg—putting in five defensive backs, dropping players into deep zones quickly, removing big linebackers—soften up the defense for the run-and-shoot's traps, counters and draws. "People forget we had a thousand-yard rusher [Chuck Weatherspoon] last year," says Pardee. "He led the nation with an 8½-yards-per-carry average." Barry Sanders, are you listening?

While Davis was on the road proselytizing, Jones, who became a run-and-shoot convert while playing quarterback for Mouse at Portland State in the mid-'70s, hired on as the quarterback coach with the Houston Oilers. Jones installed the Oilers' "Red" offense, a selectively used run-and-shoot attack that helped pull the Oilers out of their offensive drudge and make Pro Bowl performers of quarterback Warren Moon and wideout Drew Hill. Coach Jerry Glanville liked the attack so much that by the end of last season the Oilers were using the Red formation on three quarters of their downs.

Meanwhile, the Lions, under coach Darryl Rogers, were continuing their time-honored march to the basement. Eleven games into the 1988 season, owner William Clay Ford fired Rogers. Ford and general manager Russ Thomas promoted defensive coordinator Fontes to head coach and gave him a three-year contract for an estimated $775,000. Fontes, an emotional, gregarious man who loves his players and assistant coaches and finishes his signature with a happy-face drawing, openly wept after he won his first game as head man.

To his credit, Fontes has assembled an all-star cast of assistant coaches, many of whom are former NFL head coaches or offensive or defensive coordinators, and he has allowed them to run their shows as they see fit. "If we win, there's credit for all," says Fontes. "If we lose, I'll take the blame."

Fontes's biggest move, of course, was turning the offense over to Davis. "A lot of teams use four wide receivers when time's running out or on third down," notes Fontes. "And they often succeed. As a defensive coach, I didn't like those things because I had to defense them. So, I figured, Why not have an offense that goes like that the whole game?"

Kelly, now the Buffalo Bills' quarterback, was dragged kicking and screaming into the offense when he first played for the Houston Gamblers in 1984. A year later, he was addicted to the shoot. "People are just too pansy to try it in the NFL," he says. "But I know it

Good morning, Europe.

And get ready.

Because in 1994,

we get to sleep late.

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will work in this league. Mouse should be a head NFL coach. After they're successful at Detroit, people will beat down the door to sign him."

After practice one day at training camp in Rochester, Mich., Davis explains that getting a head coaching job is not a big deal to him. "If I have input, I don't care about any title," he says. "I do care about the stuff that goes into the offense, though." Embroidered on the sleeve of his coach's shirt is MOUSE. He got his nickname, he says, because he was a short kid. He's now a full-bodied 5′ 9″. "I thought I'd lose it in the Navy," he says, looking at the inscription on his sleeve. Then he looks up with his usual easygoing smile. "This is an offense that continues to evolve," he goes on. "The questions people ask help me make it clearer. I know it looks like sandlot football, but in fact it takes more discipline than any other offense. The receivers and the quarterback have to make the same reads or you've got a hodgepodge." There are only eight plays in Davis's Silver Stretch attack, but each of them has dozens of options, depending on what the defense does *(diagram, page 68).* Mouse once dreamed up a formation he called the Ace, which he employed briefly when he was coaching at Sunset High in the mid-'60s. It was "a hell of an offense," he says. "But you could do so damn many things that I couldn't follow it. It was like being in a candy store where you can just eat it all. Well, the first thing you know, you're sick to your stomach!"

The vertigo caused by that glimpse of an unlimited weapon soon passed, and Davis is now content to tinker with his basic run-and-shoot. "Football has been so good to me," he says with a smile, "that I don't feel any need for revenge at all against the skeptics."

Not so for the apostle, Jones. "There has been a constant pounding over the years from people saying, 'That crap won't work,' " he says indignantly. "Mouse has heard it longer than anybody, and he's built up some defense against it. But not me. I want success for him. That's why I came up here from Houston to help, because I felt this was the last chance."

At the afternoon practice, rookie quarterback Rodney Peete runs the offense under Davis's patient eye. A sixth-round pick who could turn out to be the steal of the entire draft, Peete has the natural mobility, toughness and leadership qualities to run the shoot. "This is gonna cause some people some problems," Peete says.

Receiver Chadwick is thrilled with the new offense, though he is exhausted from the running necessary to make it hum. "Today was the hardest practice I've had in my entire career," he says outside the dormitory at the Oakland University training facility after dinner. "There are guys flying around in this offense. There are many opportunities to make big plays. There's always somebody going long. I'll tell you, we're a different team. We don't feel like losers anymore."

Levy, a coaching veteran who was an offensive assistant with the San Diego Chargers from 1980 through last season, says, "People ask, 'What if you're stuck on your own goal line, facing a 40-mile-per-hour wind. What then?' 'Well,' I tell them, 'we're screwed.' But who isn't? This is the best offensive theory I've ever seen." He shrugs. "Of course, if you don't have people, you don't have squat. People blow theories out the window."

The Lions are definitely a few people short of being able to duke it out with the Minnesota Vikings and the Chicago Bears in their division. But they have enthusiasm. "Things are going so good I can't believe it," says the ever-bubbling Fontes. "People call my name, they're lined up outside my door. I love my coaches, everybody loves everybody, life is great . . . and we haven't played a game yet! The best thing that could happen would be to have an NFL strike and call off the season."

In the debut of the Stretch—Detroit's first preseason game, against the Cleveland Browns on Aug. 12—the Silverdome fans gave the Lions a huge round of applause just for lining up on the first play with four wideouts. Behind Peete, the Lions rolled up 298 total yards—155 of it in the air—in the first half and took a 17–15 lead. That halftime yardage was more than Detroit amassed in 15 whole games last season and the team got a standing ovation when the half ended.

Of course, the Lions ended up losing to the Browns, 25–24, just like old times. And the rest of the preseason had its share of embarrassments, like a 35–3 loss to the Cincinnati Bengals in a game in which Peete didn't play. Still, there was a promise of better times to come. Running back Tony Paige, a reserve who gained 207 yards on 52 tries last season, carried the ball 13 times for 116 yards out of the Stretch formation in that first game, leading Fontes to note, "If he had some of those holes Tony had, Barry Sanders would still be running. By now, he'd be in Toledo."

Sanders, who sat out camp this summer while negotiating his contract, will get his chance to shine one of these days, and so too will Mouse and his men. As clearly befuddled Lion quarterback Chuck Long says of the whole program, "This should be interesting." If not a roaring success. ■

WHEN THE 6-FOOT FONTES (CENTER) JOINS DAVIS AND THE RECEIVING UNIT, HE'S ONE OF THE TALLEST MEN PRESENT

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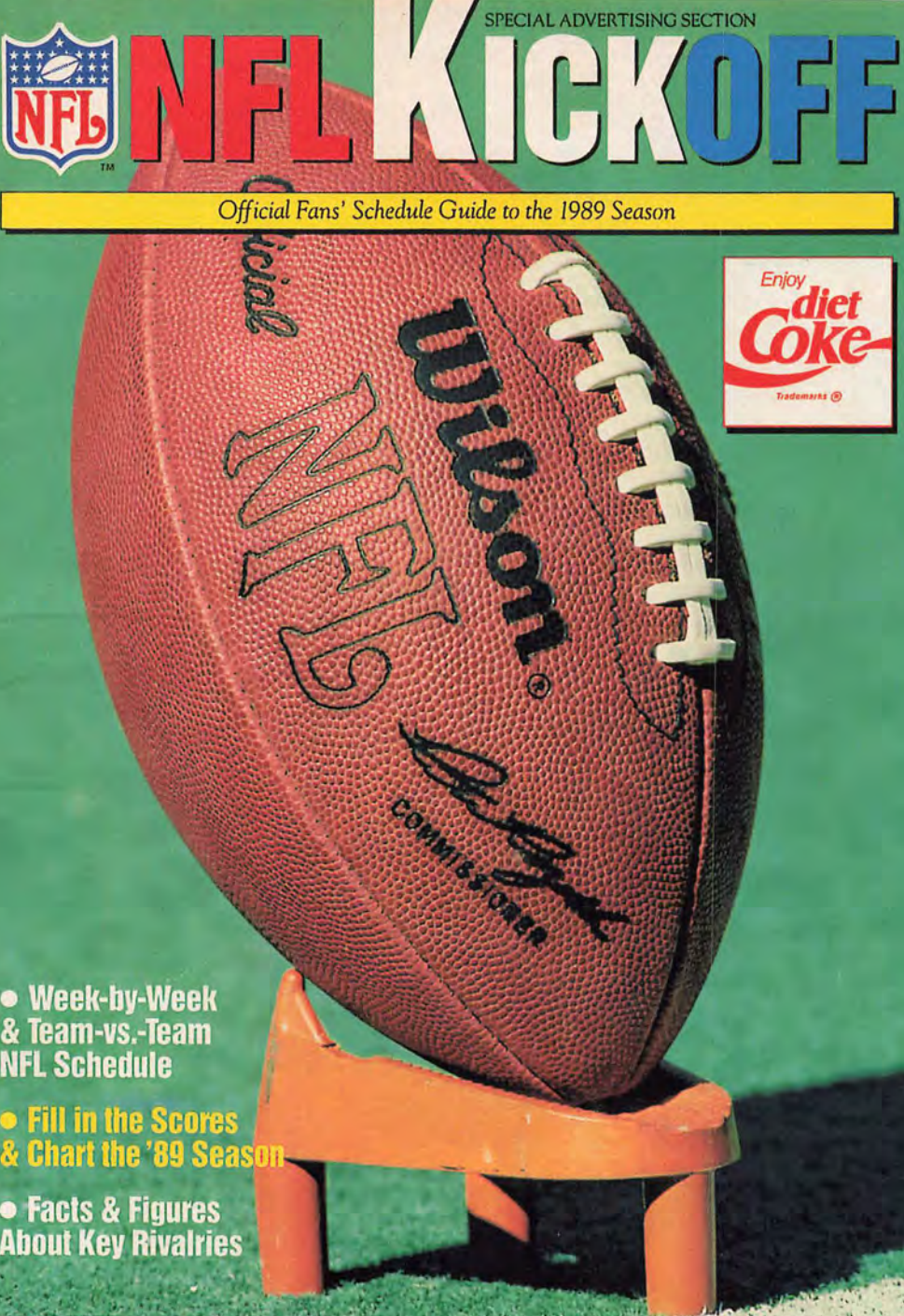
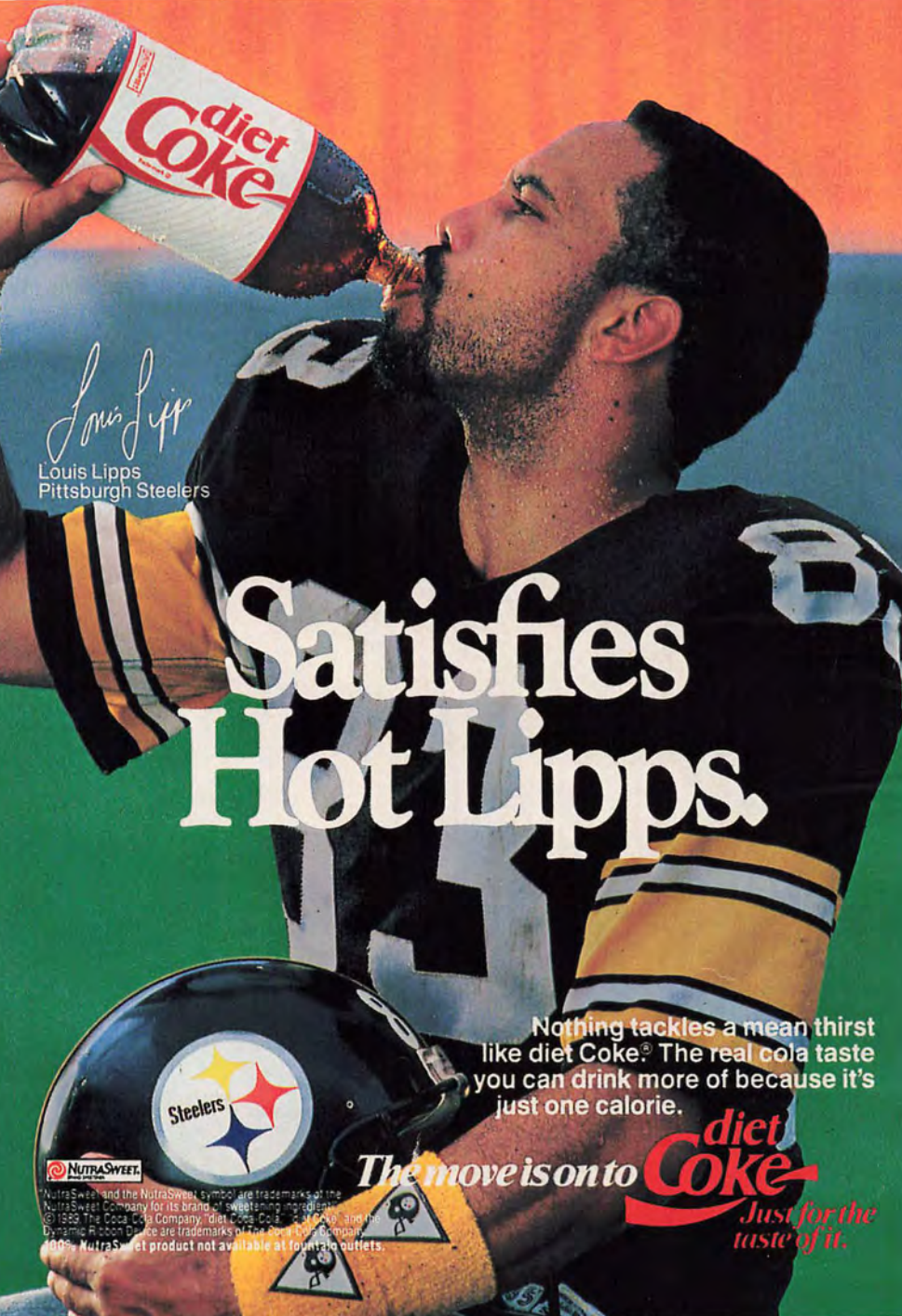


- Week-by-Week & Team-vs.-Team NFL Schedule
- Fill in the Scores & Chart the '89 Season
- Facts & Figures About Key Rivalries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NFL '89: Week by Week

CBS-TV and NBC-TV doubleheader games to be determined.

WEEK 1

Sept. 10
NBC-TV doubleheader

Buffalo ___ at Miami ___
Cincinnati ___ at Chicago ___
Cleveland ___ at Pittsburgh ___
Dallas ___ at New Orleans ___
Houston ___ at Minnesota ___
Kansas City ___ at Denver ___
L.A. Rams ___ at Atlanta ___
New England ___ at N.Y. Jets ___
Phoenix ___ at Detroit ___
San Diego ___ at L.A. Raiders ___
San Francisco ___ at Indianapolis ___
Seattle ___ at Philadelphia ___
Tampa Bay ___ at Green Bay ___
N.Y. Giants ___ at Washington (ABC) ___ (Mon.)

Peter Brouillet

Rams vs. 49ers: October 1, December 11.

WEEK 2

Sept. 17
CBS-TV doubleheader

Dallas ___ at Atlanta ___
Detroit ___ at N.Y. Giants ___
Houston ___ at San Diego ___
Indianapolis ___ at L.A. Rams ___
L.A. Raiders ___ at Kansas City ___
Miami ___ at New England ___
Minnesota ___ at Chicago ___
New Orleans ___ at Green Bay ___
N.Y. Jets ___ at Cleveland ___
Philadelphia ___ at Washington ___
Phoenix ___ at Seattle ___
Pittsburgh ___ at Cincinnati ___
San Francisco ___ at Tampa Bay ___
Denver ___ at Buffalo (ABC) ___ (Mon.)

WEEK 3

Sept. 24
NBC-TV doubleheader

Atlanta ___ at Indianapolis ___
Buffalo ___ at Houston ___
Chicago ___ at Detroit ___
Green Bay ___ at L.A. Rams ___
Kansas City ___ at San Diego ___
L.A. Raiders ___ at Denver ___
Minnesota ___ at Pittsburgh ___
New Orleans ___ at Tampa Bay ___
N.Y. Jets ___ at Miami ___
Phoenix ___ at N.Y. Giants ___
San Francisco ___ at Philadelphia ___
Seattle ___ at New England ___
Washington ___ at Dallas ___
Cleveland ___ at Cincinnati (ABC) ___ (Mon.)

WEEK 4

Oct. 1
CBS-TV doubleheader

Atlanta ___ vs. Green Bay at Milw. ___
Cincinnati ___ at Kansas City ___
Denver ___ at Cleveland ___
Indianapolis ___ at N.Y. Jets ___
L.A. Rams ___ at San Francisco ___
Miami ___ at Houston ___
New England ___ at Buffalo ___
N.Y. Giants ___ at Dallas ___
Pittsburgh ___ at Detroit ___
San Diego ___ at Phoenix ___
Seattle ___ at L.A. Raiders ___
Tampa Bay ___ at Minnesota ___
Washington ___ at New Orleans ___
Philadelphia ___ at Chicago (ABC) ___ (Mon.)

WEEK 5

Oct. 8
CBS-TV doubleheader

Atlanta ___ at L.A. Rams ___
Buffalo ___ at Indianapolis ___
Chicago ___ at Tampa Bay ___
Cincinnati ___ at Pittsburgh ___
Cleveland ___ at Miami ___
Dallas ___ at Green Bay ___
Detroit ___ at Minnesota ___
Houston ___ at New England ___
Kansas City ___ at Seattle ___
New Orleans ___ at San Francisco ___
N.Y. Giants ___ at Philadelphia ___
Phoenix ___ at Washington ___
San Diego ___ at Denver ___
L.A. Raiders ___ at N.Y. Jets (ABC) ___ (Mon.)

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NFL '89: Week by Week

WEEK 6

Oct. 15
NBC-TV doubleheader

Detroit ___ at Tampa Bay ___
Green Bay ___ at Minnesota ___
Houston ___ at Chicago ___
Indianapolis ___ at Denver ___
Kansas City ___ at L.A. Raiders ___
Miami ___ at Cincinnati ___
New England ___ at Atlanta ___
N.Y. Jets ___ at New Orleans ___
Philadelphia ___ at Phoenix ___
Pittsburgh ___ at Cleveland ___
San Francisco ___ at Dallas ___
Seattle ___ at San Diego ___
Washington ___ at N.Y. Giants ___
L.A. Rams ___ at Buffalo (ABC) ___ (Mon.)

WEEK 7

Oct. 22
NBC-TV doubleheader

Atlanta ___ at Phoenix ___
Dallas ___ at Kansas City ___
Denver ___ at Seattle ___
Green Bay ___ at Miami ___
Indianapolis ___ at Cincinnati ___
L.A. Raiders ___ at Philadelphia ___
Minnesota ___ at Detroit ___
New England ___ at San Francisco ___
New Orleans ___ at L.A. Rams ___
N.Y. Giants ___ at San Diego ___
N.Y. Jets ___ at Buffalo ___
Pittsburgh ___ at Houston ___
Tampa Bay ___ at Washington ___
Chicago ___ at Cleveland (ABC) ___ (Mon.)

WEEK 8

Oct. 29
CBS-TV doubleheader

Atlanta ___ at New Orleans ___
Detroit ___ vs. Green Bay at Milw. ___
Houston ___ at Cleveland ___
Kansas City ___ at Pittsburgh ___
L.A. Rams ___ at Chicago ___
Miami ___ at Buffalo ___
New England ___ at Indianapolis ___
Philadelphia ___ at Denver ___
Phoenix ___ at Dallas ___
San Diego ___ at Seattle ___
San Francisco ___ at N.Y. Jets ___
Tampa Bay ___ at Cincinnati ___
Washington ___ at L.A. Raiders ___
Minnesota ___ at N.Y. Giants (ABC) ___ (Mon.)

WEEK 9

Nov. 5
NBC-TV doubleheader

Buffalo ___ at Atlanta ___
Chicago ___ at Green Bay ___
Cincinnati ___ at L.A. Raiders ___
Cleveland ___ at Tampa Bay ___
Detroit ___ at Houston ___
Indianapolis ___ at Miami ___
L.A. Rams ___ at Minnesota ___
N.Y. Giants ___ at Phoenix ___
N.Y. Jets ___ at New England ___
Philadelphia ___ at San Diego ___
Pittsburgh ___ at Denver ___
Seattle ___ at Kansas City ___
Dallas ___ at Washington (ESPN) ___
San Francisco ___ at New Orleans (ABC) ___ (Mon.)

WEEK 10

Nov. 12
CBS-TV doubleheader

Atlanta ___ at San Francisco ___
Chicago ___ at Pittsburgh ___
Cleveland ___ at Seattle ___
Dallas ___ at Phoenix ___
Denver ___ at Kansas City ___
Green Bay ___ at Detroit ___
Indianapolis ___ at Buffalo ___
Miami ___ at N.Y. Jets ___
Minnesota ___ at Tampa Bay ___
New Orleans ___ at New England ___
N.Y. Giants ___ at L.A. Rams ___
Washington ___ at Philadelphia ___
L.A. Raiders ___ at San Diego (ESPN) ___
Cincinnati ___ at Houston (ABC) ___ (Mon.)

WEEK 11

Nov. 19
NBC-TV doubleheader

Buffalo ___ at New England ___
Detroit ___ at Cincinnati ___
Green Bay ___ at San Francisco ___
Kansas City ___ at Cleveland ___
L.A. Raiders ___ at Houston ___
Miami ___ at Dallas ___
Minnesota ___ at Philadelphia ___
New Orleans ___ at Atlanta ___
Phoenix ___ at L.A. Rams ___
San Diego ___ at Pittsburgh ___
Seattle ___ at N.Y. Giants ___
Tampa Bay ___ at Chicago ___
N.Y. Jets ___ at Indianapolis (ESPN) ___
Denver ___ at Washington (ABC) ___ (Mon.)

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NFL '89: Week by Week

WEEK 12

Nov. 23
CBS-TV doubleheader

Cleveland ___ at Detroit (NBC) ___ (Thurs.)
Philadelphia ___ at Dallas (CBS) ___ (Thurs.)
Atlanta ___ at N.Y. Jets ___
Chicago ___ at Washington ___
Cincinnati ___ at Buffalo ___
Houston ___ at Kansas City ___
Minnesota ___ vs. Green Bay at Milw. ___
New England ___ at L.A. Raiders ___
Pittsburgh ___ at Miami ___
San Diego ___ at Indianapolis ___
Seattle ___ at Denver ___
Tampa Bay ___ at Phoenix ___
L.A. Rams ___ at New Orleans (ESPN) ___
N.Y. Giants ___ at San Francisco (ABC) ___ (Mon.)

George Rose

Broncos vs. Raiders: September 24, December 3.

WEEK 13

Dec. 3
NBC-TV doubleheader

Cincinnati ___ at Cleveland ___
Denver ___ at L.A. Raiders ___
Green Bay ___ at Tampa Bay ___
Houston ___ at Pittsburgh ___
Indianapolis ___ at New England ___
L.A. Rams ___ at Dallas ___
Miami ___ at Kansas City ___
New Orleans ___ at Detroit ___
N.Y. Jets ___ at San Diego ___
Philadelphia ___ at N.Y. Giants ___
San Francisco ___ at Atlanta ___
Washington ___ at Phoenix ___
Chicago ___ at Minnesota (ESPN) ___
Buffalo ___ at Seattle (ABC) ___ (Mon.)

WEEK 14

Dec. 10
CBS-TV doubleheader

Atlanta ___ at Minnesota ___
Cleveland ___ at Indianapolis ___
Dallas ___ at Philadelphia ___
Detroit ___ at Chicago ___
Kansas City ___ at Green Bay ___
New Orleans ___ at Buffalo ___
N.Y. Giants ___ at Denver ___
Phoenix ___ at L.A. Raiders ___
Pittsburgh ___ at N.Y. Jets ___
San Diego ___ at Washington ___
Seattle ___ at Cincinnati ___
Tampa Bay ___ at Houston ___
New England ___ at Miami (ESPN) ___
San Francisco ___ at L.A. Rams (ABC) ___ (Mon.)

WEEK 15

Dec. 16
NBC-TV doubleheader

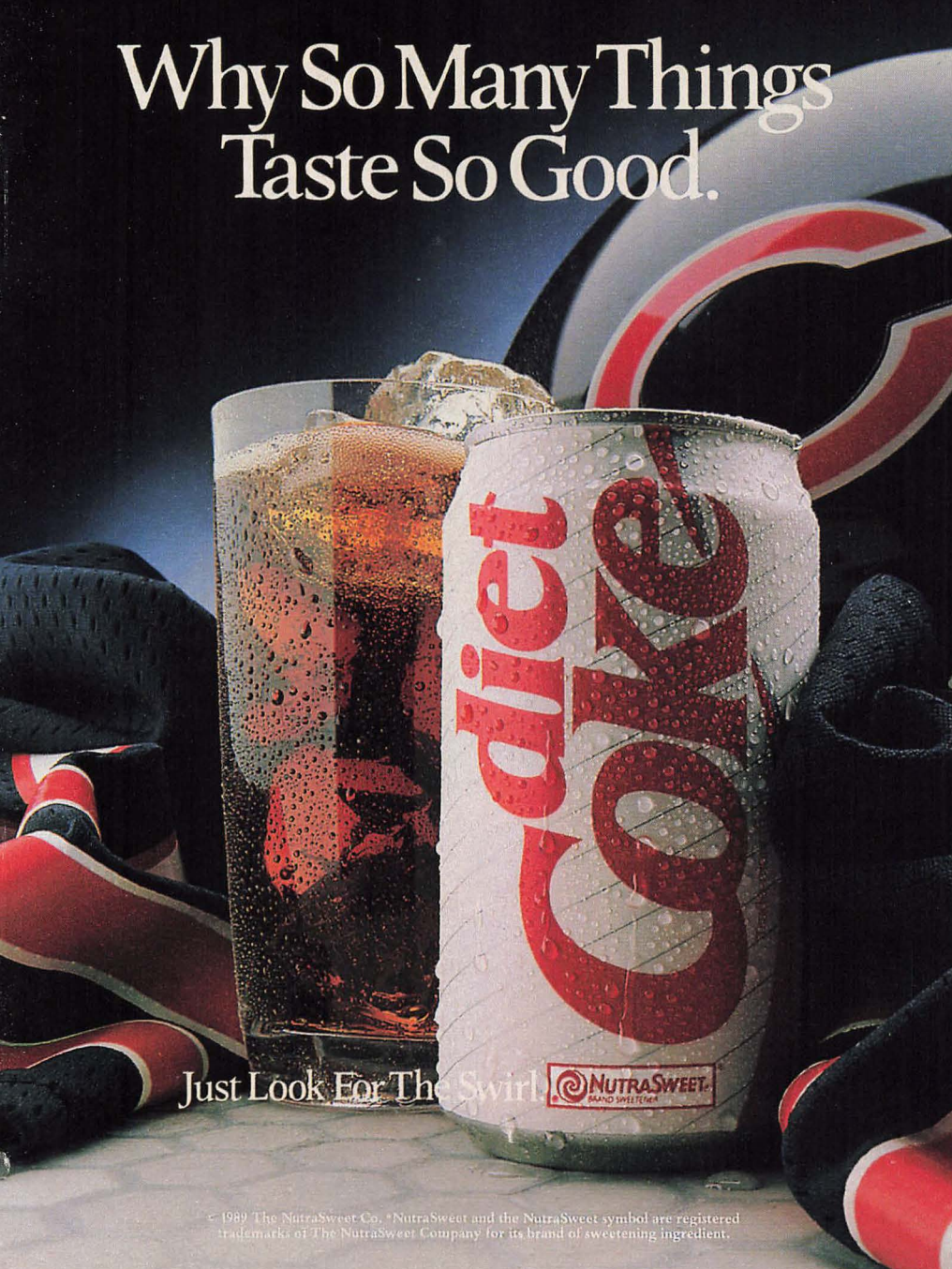
Dallas ___ at N.Y. Giants (CBS) ___ (Sat.)
Denver ___ at Phoenix (NBC) ___ (Sat.)
Buffalo ___ at San Francisco ___
Green Bay ___ at Chicago ___
Houston ___ at Cincinnati ___
Miami ___ at Indianapolis ___
Minnesota ___ at Cleveland ___
New England ___ at Pittsburgh ___
N.Y. Jets ___ at L.A. Rams ___
San Diego ___ at Kansas City ___
Tampa Bay ___ at Detroit ___
Washington ___ at Atlanta ___
L.A. Raiders ___ at Seattle (ESPN) ___
Philadelphia ___ at New Orleans (ABC) ___

WEEK 16

Dec. 23
CBS-TV doubleheader

Buffalo ___ at N.Y. Jets (NBC) ___ (Sat.)
Washington ___ at Seattle (CBS) ___ (Sat.)
Cleveland ___ at Houston (ESPN) ___ (Sat.)
Chicago ___ at San Francisco ___
Denver ___ at San Diego ___
Detroit ___ at Atlanta ___
Green Bay ___ at Dallas ___
Indianapolis ___ at New Orleans ___
Kansas City ___ at Miami ___
L.A. Raiders ___ at N.Y. Giants ___
L.A. Rams ___ at New England ___
Phoenix ___ at Philadelphia ___
Pittsburgh ___ at Tampa Bay ___
Cincinnati ___ at Minnesota (ABC) ___ (Mon.)

Why So Many Things Taste So Good.



Just Look For The Swirl.

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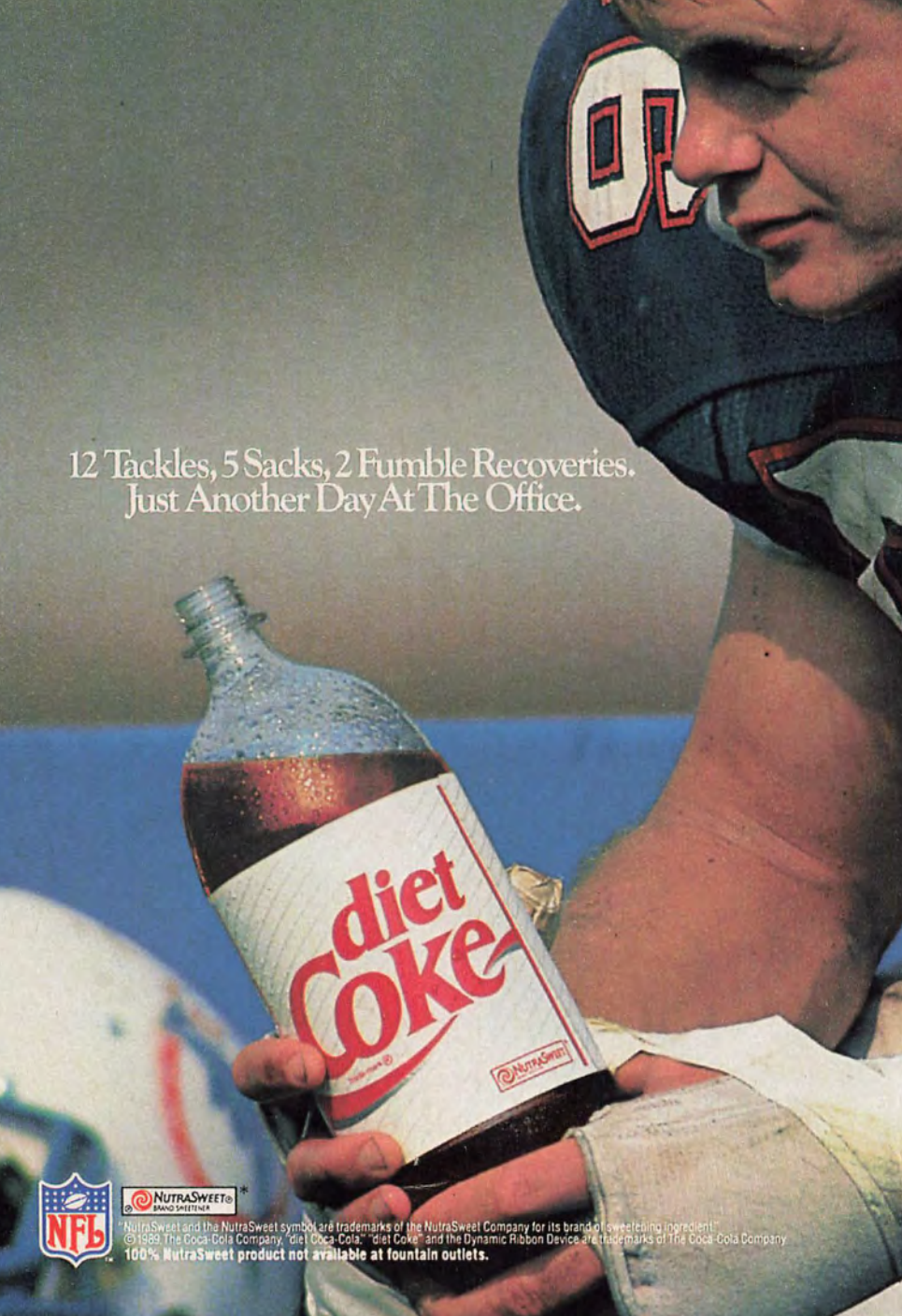

NFL

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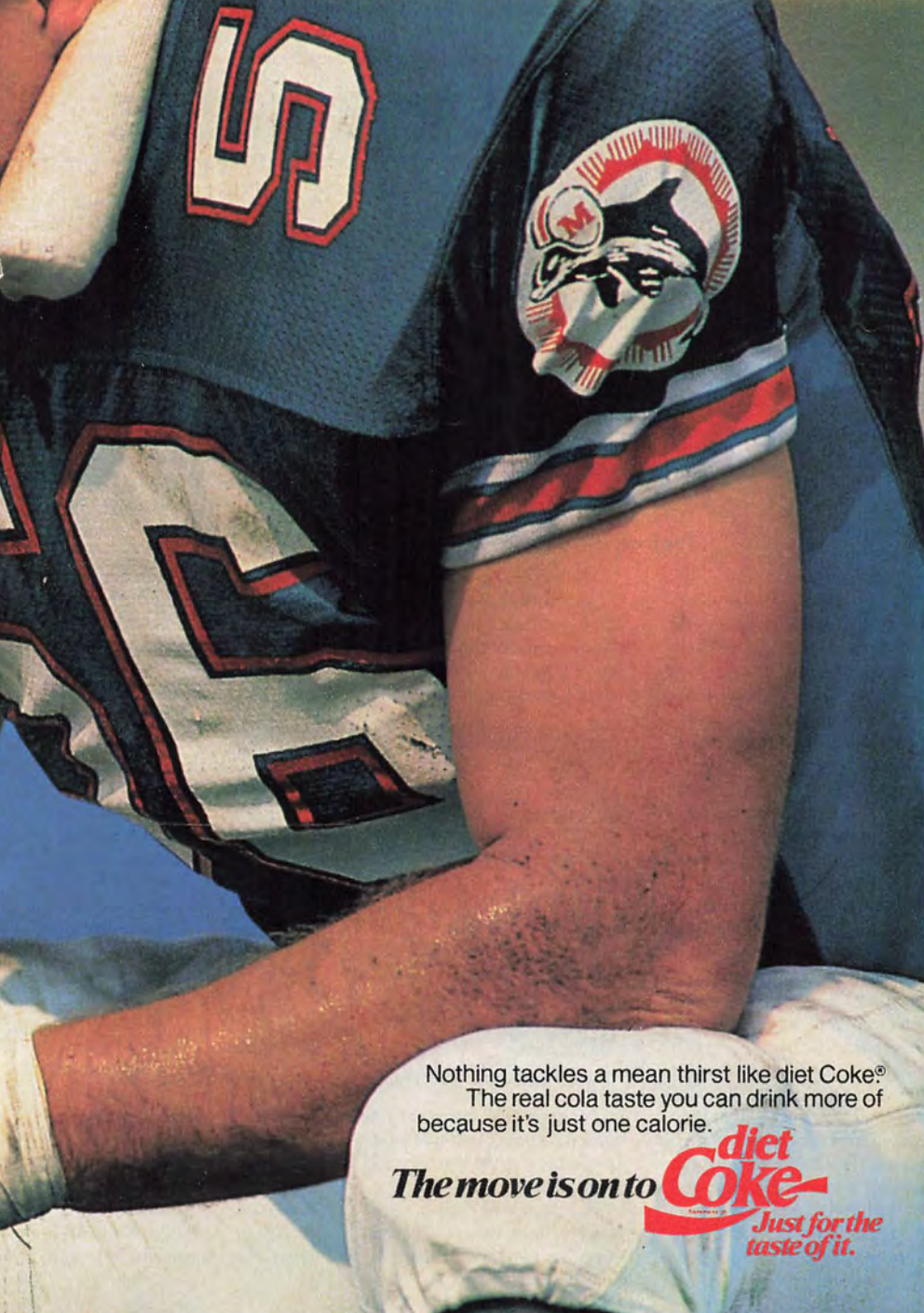
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The real cola taste you can drink more of
because it's just one calorie.
The move is on to diet Coke
Just for the taste of it.

A Guide for Big-Game Hunters

"A man cannot be too careful in the choice of his enemies."
—Oscar Wilde
"I still get sick to my stomach every time I see those horned helmets."
—Former 49ers quarterback and head coach Frankie Albert's thoughts on the Rams, his favorite enemies.

The Rams left Albert in ill spirits.

■ Cincinnati and Buffalo both went 8-0 at home last year, and both finished 12-4. It was the Bengals, however, who secured the home-field advantage for the AFC Championship Game by virtue of a 35-21 victory over the Bills in a regular-season game. Should a similar scenario unfold in 1989, the AFC title game might move to Buffalo—it is the Bills who play host to the Bengals this time, November 26.

■ The Raiders kept an odd phenomenon alive in 1988 by beating Denver twice. The division rivals continue to take turns sweeping one another—they haven't split their annual two-game series since 1977.

■ *"I hated the Cowboys organization. The biggest mistake Dallas ever made was that highlight film, America's Team. That irritated us no end. We would watch that film the night before the Dallas game."*
—Former Redskins defensive tackle Diron Talbert (The teams play this year on September 24, November 5)

■ Something has to give when the Bengals face the Vikings in the last game of the regular season, a Christmas Monday night affair. Cincinnati had the best offense in the NFL last year (378.6 yards per game), while Minnesota boasted the top defense (255.7 yards allowed).

Talbert gave America's Team two thumbs down.

■ The Bears and Packers have faced off more times (137) than any other two NFL teams. The series with the next-most installments are Bears-Lions (118), Lions-Packers (117), Giants-Redskins (114), and Giants-Eagles (109).

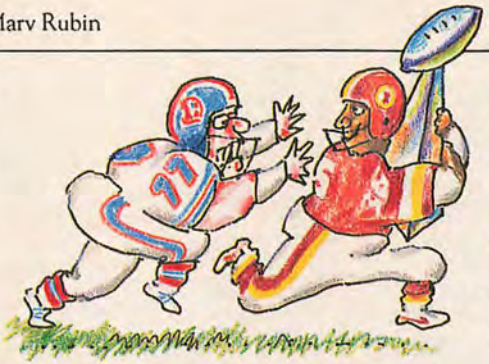
■ *"I didn't plan it for them, but that's where I wanted it. There was a little bit of, 'Here, take this,' involved."*
—Chicago head coach Mike Ditka after William (Refrigerator) Perry's sole career touchdown catch, against Green Bay in 1988 (November 5, December 17)

■ Green Bay beat Detroit in 10 consecutive meetings between 1940 and 1945, but the Lions returned the favor, downing the Packers 11 times in a row from 1949 to 1954. The old nemeses play October 29 and November 12 this year.

■ *"There are so many people living in south Florida from New York and New Jersey, it creates a natural rivalry. I think the players and coaches get caught up in this. It can get pretty intense."*
—Charley Winner, ex-Jets coach, now Dolphins director of pro scouting (September 24, November 12)

■ What can Dan Marino possibly do to beat the New York Jets this year? In the first Dolphins-Jets game of 1988, the Miami quarterback passed for 521 yards,

Illustrations by Marv Rubin



Denver remembers that 35-point second quarter.

the second most-productive passing day in NFL history. In the teams' second battle, he threw five touchdown passes. And—you got it—the Dolphins lost both games.

■ The Broncos will get their first shot at redemption for their Super Bowl XXII loss when they play at Washington on Monday, November 20.

■ November 19 is circled in red on Marty Schottenheimer's calendar. That's the day the head coach's new team, the Kansas City Chiefs, plays host to his old team, the Cleveland Browns. Schottenheimer led the Browns to four playoff appearances in four years before resigning last January.

■ *"We always double our contingent when Cleveland is in town."*

—A veteran security officer at Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium (September 10)

■ When the Falcons travel to Indianapolis September 24, they'll be looking to accomplish a franchise first: a win against the Colts, who have dismissed Atlanta in all of the teams' nine previous meetings.

■ Green Bay is another team with a monkey—or a Dolphin—on its back. The Packers take an 0-5 series record into Joe Robbie Stadium October 22.

■ *"This series [Raiders-Broncos], it's going to remain special, no matter the players. The Orange runs out, sees the Silver and Black, and everybody knows what kind of game it's going to be. Those two teams might be out there till dark, and they'll still be fighting."*

—Former Denver linebacker and current ESPN studio analyst Tom Jackson (September 24, December 3)

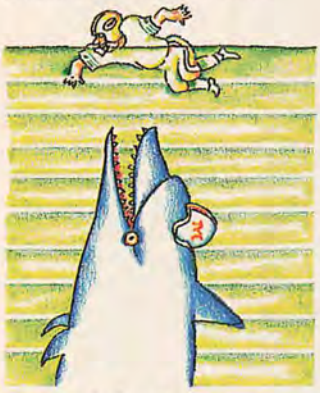
■ The Indianapolis Colts will be settling some even scores this October. Their 11-11 series record against the Jets will be on the line October 1; the following week they confront Buffalo, against whom they are 17-17-1; and on October 22 they play at Cincinnati with a 5-5 record in the balance.

■ Some other series standings will be tipped one way or the other in 1989, tie games notwithstanding: Chicago-San Francisco (25-25-1), December 4; Dallas-L.A. Rams (11-11), December 3; Houston-Miami (10-10), October 1; and Dallas-San Francisco (8-8-1), October 15.

■ *"We had a saying: 'God lives in Minnesota.' We always thought they were lucky, lucky, lucky because we never saw a team win with blocked punts and field goals so many times. Lucky, bull."*

—Former Bears linebacker Doug Buffone (September 17, December 3)

Atlanta has been feeling a bit run-down.



The Packers in deep water.

NFL '89: Team vs. Team

Atlanta Falcons

Sept. 10 L.A. Rams
Sept. 17 DALLAS
Sept. 24 at Indianapolis
Oct. 1 vs. Green Bay at Milw.
Oct. 8 at L.A. Rams
Oct. 15 NEW ENGLAND
Oct. 22 at Phoenix
Oct. 29 at New Orleans
Nov. 5 BUFFALO
Nov. 12 at San Francisco
Nov. 19 NEW ORLEANS
Nov. 26 at N.Y. Jets
Dec. 3 SAN FRANCISCO
Dec. 10 at Minnesota
Dec. 17 WASHINGTON
Dec. 24 DETROIT

Buffalo Bills

Sept. 10 at Miami
Sept. 18 DENVER (Mon.)
Sept. 24 at Houston
Oct. 1 NEW ENGLAND
Oct. 8 at Indianapolis
Oct. 16 L.A. RAMS (Mon.)
Oct. 22 N.Y. JETS
Oct. 29 MIAMI
Nov. 5 at Atlanta
Nov. 12 INDIANAPOLIS
Nov. 19 at New England
Nov. 26 CINCINNATI
Dec. 4 at Seattle (Mon.)
Dec. 10 NEW ORLEANS
Dec. 17 at San Francisco
Dec. 23 at N.Y. Jets (Sat.)

Chicago Bears

Sept. 10 CINCINNATI
Sept. 17 MINNESOTA
Sept. 24 at Detroit
Oct. 2 PHILADELPHIA (Mon.)
Oct. 8 at Tampa Bay
Oct. 15 HOUSTON
Oct. 23 at Cleveland (Mon.)
Oct. 29 L.A. RAMS
Nov. 5 at Green Bay
Nov. 12 at Pittsburgh
Nov. 19 TAMPA BAY
Nov. 26 at Washington
Dec. 3 at Minnesota
Dec. 10 DETROIT
Dec. 17 GREEN BAY
Dec. 24 at San Francisco

Cincinnati Bengals

Sept. 10 at Chicago
Sept. 17 PITTSBURGH
Sept. 25 CLEVELAND (Mon.)
Oct. 1 at Kansas City
Oct. 8 at Pittsburgh
Oct. 15 MIAMI
Oct. 22 INDIANAPOLIS
Oct. 29 TAMPA BAY
Nov. 5 at L.A. Raiders
Nov. 13 at Houston (Mon.)
Nov. 19 DETROIT
Nov. 26 at Buffalo
Dec. 3 at Cleveland
Dec. 10 SEATTLE
Dec. 17 HOUSTON
Dec. 25 at Minnesota (Mon.)

Cleveland Browns

Sept. 10 at Pittsburgh
Sept. 17 N.Y. JETS
Sept. 25 at Cincinnati (Mon.)
Oct. 1 DENVER
Oct. 8 at Miami
Oct. 15 PITTSBURGH
Oct. 23 CHICAGO (Mon.)
Oct. 29 HOUSTON
Nov. 5 at Tampa Bay
Nov. 12 at Seattle
Nov. 19 KANSAS CITY
Nov. 23 at Detroit (Thanks.)
Dec. 3 CINCINNATI
Dec. 10 at Indianapolis
Dec. 17 MINNESOTA
Dec. 23 at Houston (Sat.)

Dallas Cowboys

Sept. 10 at New Orleans
Sept. 17 at Atlanta
Sept. 24 WASHINGTON
Oct. 1 N.Y. GIANTS
Oct. 8 at Green Bay
Oct. 15 SAN FRANCISCO
Oct. 22 at Kansas City
Oct. 29 PHOENIX
Nov. 5 at Washington
Nov. 12 at Phoenix
Nov. 19 MIAMI
Nov. 23 PHILADELPHIA (Thanks.)
Dec. 3 L.A. RAMS
Dec. 10 at Philadelphia
Dec. 16 at N.Y. Giants (Sat.)
Dec. 24 GREEN BAY

Denver Broncos

Sept. 10 KANSAS CITY
Sept. 18 at Buffalo (Mon.)
Sept. 24 L.A. RAIDERS
Oct. 1 at Cleveland
Oct. 8 SAN DIEGO
Oct. 15 INDIANAPOLIS
Oct. 22 at Seattle
Oct. 29 PHILADELPHIA
Nov. 5 PITTSBURGH
Nov. 12 at Kansas City
Nov. 20 at Washington (Mon.)

Tony Tomsic

Bengals vs. Browns: September 25, December 3.

Nov. 26 SEATTLE
Dec. 3 at L.A. Raiders
Dec. 10 N.Y. GIANTS
Dec. 16 at Phoenix (Sat.)
Dec. 24 at San Diego

Detroit Lions

Sept. 10 PHOENIX
Sept. 17 at N.Y. Giants
Sept. 24 CHICAGO
Oct. 1 PITTSBURGH
Oct. 8 at Minnesota
Oct. 15 at Tampa Bay
Oct. 22 MINNESOTA
Oct. 29 vs. Green Bay at Milw.
Nov. 5 at Houston
Nov. 12 GREEN BAY
Nov. 19 at Cincinnati
Nov. 23 CLEVELAND (Thanks.)
Dec. 3 NEW ORLEANS
Dec. 10 at Chicago
Dec. 17 TAMPA BAY
Dec. 24 at Atlanta

Green Bay Packers

Sept. 10 TAMPA BAY
Sept. 17 NEW ORLEANS
Sept. 24 at L.A. Rams
Oct. 1 ATLANTA at Milw.
Oct. 8 DALLAS
Oct. 15 at Minnesota
Oct. 22 at Miami
Oct. 29 DETROIT at Milw.
Nov. 5 CHICAGO
Nov. 12 at Detroit
Nov. 19 at San Francisco
Nov. 26 MINNESOTA at Milw.
Dec. 3 at Tampa Bay
Dec. 10 KANSAS CITY
Dec. 17 at Chicago
Dec. 24 at Dallas

Houston Oilers

Sept. 10 at Minnesota
Sept. 17 at San Diego
Sept. 24 BUFFALO
Oct. 1 MIAMI
Oct. 8 at New England
Oct. 15 at Chicago
Oct. 22 PITTSBURGH
Oct. 29 at Cleveland
Nov. 5 DETROIT
Nov. 13 CINCINNATI (Mon.)
Nov. 19 L.A. RAIDERS
Nov. 26 at Kansas City
Dec. 3 at Pittsburgh
Dec. 10 TAMPA BAY
Dec. 17 at Cincinnati
Dec. 23 CLEVELAND (Sat.)

Scott Cunningham

Cowboys vs. Redskins: September 24, November 5.

Indianapolis Colts

Sept. 10 SAN FRANCISCO
Sept. 17 at L.A. Rams
Sept. 24 ATLANTA
Oct. 1 at N.Y. Jets
Oct. 8 BUFFALO
Oct. 15 at Denver
Oct. 22 at Cincinnati
Oct. 29 NEW ENGLAND
Nov. 5 at Miami
Nov. 12 at Buffalo
Nov. 19 N.Y. JETS
Nov. 26 SAN DIEGO
Dec. 3 at New England
Dec. 10 CLEVELAND
Dec. 17 MIAMI
Dec. 24 at New Orleans

Kansas City Chiefs

Sept. 10 at Denver
Sept. 17 L.A. RAIDERS
Sept. 24 at San Diego
Oct. 1 CINCINNATI
Oct. 8 at Seattle
Oct. 15 at L.A. Raiders
Oct. 22 DALLAS
Oct. 29 at Pittsburgh
Nov. 5 SEATTLE
Nov. 12 DENVER
Nov. 19 at Cleveland
Nov. 26 HOUSTON
Dec. 3 MIAMI
Dec. 10 at Green Bay
Dec. 17 SAN DIEGO
Dec. 24 at Miami

Los Angeles Raiders

Sept. 10 SAN DIEGO
Sept. 17 at Kansas City
Sept. 24 at Denver
Oct. 1 SEATTLE
Oct. 9 at N.Y. Jets (Mon.)
Oct. 15 KANSAS CITY
Oct. 22 at Philadelphia
Oct. 29 WASHINGTON
Nov. 5 CINCINNATI
Nov. 12 at San Diego
Nov. 19 at Houston
Nov. 26 NEW ENGLAND
Dec. 3 DENVER
Dec. 10 PHOENIX
Dec. 17 at Seattle
Dec. 24 at N.Y. Jets

Los Angeles Rams

Sept. 10 at Atlanta
Sept. 17 INDIANAPOLIS
Sept. 24 GREEN BAY
Oct. 1 at San Francisco
Oct. 8 ATLANTA
Oct. 16 at Buffalo (Mon.)
Oct. 22 NEW ORLEANS
Oct. 29 at Chicago
Nov. 5 at Minnesota
Nov. 12 N.Y. GIANTS
Nov. 19 PHOENIX
Nov. 26 at New Orleans
Dec. 3 at Dallas
Dec. 11 SAN FRANCISCO (Mon.)
Dec. 17 N.Y. JETS
Dec. 24 at New England

Miami Dolphins

Sept. 10 BUFFALO
Sept. 17 at New England
Sept. 24 N.Y. JETS
Oct. 1 at Houston
Oct. 8 CLEVELAND
Oct. 15 at Cincinnati
Oct. 22 GREEN BAY
Oct. 29 at Buffalo
Nov. 5 INDIANAPOLIS
Nov. 12 at N.Y. Jets
Nov. 19 at Dallas
Nov. 26 PITTSBURGH
Dec. 3 at Kansas City
Dec. 10 NEW ENGLAND
Dec. 17 at Indianapolis
Dec. 24 KANSAS CITY

New England Patriots

Sept. 10 at N.Y. Jets
Sept. 17 MIAMI
Sept. 24 SEATTLE
Oct. 1 at Buffalo
Oct. 8 HOUSTON
Oct. 15 at Atlanta
Oct. 22 at San Francisco
Oct. 29 at Indianapolis
Nov. 5 N.Y. JETS
Nov. 12 NEW ORLEANS
Nov. 19 BUFFALO
Nov. 26 at L.A. Raiders
Dec. 3 INDIANAPOLIS
Dec. 10 at Miami
Dec. 17 at Pittsburgh
Dec. 24 L.A. RAMS

Bruce Dierdorff

Bears vs. Vikings: September 17, December 3.

Minnesota Vikings

Sept. 10 HOUSTON
Sept. 17 at Chicago
Sept. 24 at Pittsburgh
Oct. 1 TAMPA BAY
Oct. 8 DETROIT
Oct. 15 GREEN BAY
Oct. 22 at Detroit
Oct. 30 at N.Y. Giants (Mon.)
Nov. 5 L.A. RAMS
Nov. 12 at Tampa Bay
Nov. 19 at Philadelphia
Nov. 26 vs. Green Bay at Milw.
Dec. 3 CHICAGO
Dec. 10 ATLANTA
Dec. 17 at Cleveland
Dec. 25 CINCINNATI (Mon.)

New Orleans Saints

Sept. 10 DALLAS
Sept. 17 at Green Bay
Sept. 24 at Tampa Bay
Oct. 1 WASHINGTON
Oct. 8 at San Francisco
Oct. 15 N.Y. JETS
Oct. 22 at L.A. Rams
Oct. 29 ATLANTA
Nov. 6 SAN FRANCISCO (Mon.)
Nov. 12 at New England
Nov. 19 at Atlanta
Nov. 26 L.A. RAMS
Dec. 3 at Detroit
Dec. 10 at Buffalo
Dec. 18 PHILADELPHIA (Mon.)
Dec. 24 INDIANAPOLIS

NFL '89: Team vs. Team

New York Giants

Sept. 11 at Washington (Mon.)
Sept. 17 DETROIT
Sept. 24 PHOENIX
Oct. 1 at Dallas
Oct. 8 at Philadelphia
Oct. 15 WASHINGTON
Oct. 22 at San Diego
Oct. 30 MINNESOTA (Mon.)
Nov. 5 at Phoenix
Nov. 12 at L.A. Rams
Nov. 19 SEATTLE
Nov. 27 at San Francisco (Mon.)
Dec. 3 PHILADELPHIA
Dec. 10 at Denver
Dec. 16 DALLAS (Sat.)
Dec. 24 L.A. RAIDERS

New York Jets

Sept. 10 NEW ENGLAND
Sept. 17 at Cleveland
Sept. 24 at Miami
Oct. 1 INDIANAPOLIS
Oct. 9 L.A. RAIDERS (Mon.)
Oct. 15 at New Orleans
Oct. 22 at Buffalo
Oct. 29 SAN FRANCISCO
Nov. 5 at New England
Nov. 12 MIAMI
Nov. 19 at Indianapolis
Nov. 26 ATLANTA
Dec. 3 at San Diego
Dec. 10 PITTSBURGH
Dec. 17 at L.A. Rams
Dec. 23 BUFFALO (Sat.)

Philadelphia Eagles

Sept. 11 SEATTLE
Sept. 17 at Washington
Sept. 24 SAN FRANCISCO
Oct. 2 at Chicago (Mon.)
Oct. 8 N.Y. GIANTS
Oct. 15 at Phoenix
Oct. 22 L.A. RAIDERS
Oct. 29 at Denver
Nov. 5 at San Diego
Nov. 12 WASHINGTON
Nov. 19 MINNESOTA
Nov. 23 at Dallas (Thanks.)
Dec. 3 at N.Y. Giants
Dec. 10 DALLAS
Dec. 18 at New Orleans (Mon.)
Dec. 24 PHOENIX

Phoenix Cardinals

Sept. 10 at Detroit
Sept. 17 at Seattle
Sept. 24 at N.Y. Giants
Oct. 1 SAN DIEGO
Oct. 8 at Washington
Oct. 15 PHILADELPHIA
Oct. 22 ATLANTA
Oct. 29 at Dallas
Nov. 5 N.Y. GIANTS
Nov. 12 DALLAS
Nov. 19 at L.A. Rams
Nov. 26 TAMPA BAY
Dec. 3 WASHINGTON
Dec. 10 at L.A. Raiders
Dec. 16 DENVER (Sat.)
Dec. 24 at Philadelphia

San Diego Chargers

Sept. 10 at L.A. Raiders
Sept. 17 HOUSTON
Sept. 24 KANSAS CITY
Oct. 1 at Phoenix
Oct. 8 at Denver
Oct. 15 SEATTLE
Oct. 22 N.Y. GIANTS
Oct. 29 at Seattle
Nov. 5 PHILADELPHIA
Nov. 12 L.A. RAIDERS
Nov. 19 at Pittsburgh

Al Messerschmidt

Jets vs. Dolphins: September 24, November 12.

Pittsburgh Steelers

Sept. 10 CLEVELAND
Sept. 17 at Cincinnati
Sept. 24 MINNESOTA
Oct. 1 at Detroit
Oct. 8 CINCINNATI
Oct. 15 at Cleveland
Oct. 22 at Houston
Oct. 29 KANSAS CITY
Nov. 5 at Denver
Nov. 12 CHICAGO
Nov. 19 SAN DIEGO
Nov. 26 at Miami
Dec. 3 HOUSTON
Dec. 10 at N.Y. Jets
Dec. 17 NEW ENGLAND
Dec. 24 at Tampa Bay
Nov. 26 at Indianapolis
Dec. 3 N.Y. JETS
Dec. 10 at Washington
Dec. 17 at Kansas City
Dec. 24 DENVER

San Francisco 49ers

Sept. 10 at Indianapolis
Sept. 17 at Tampa Bay
Sept. 24 at Philadelphia
Oct. 1 L.A. RAMS
Oct. 8 NEW ORLEANS
Oct. 15 at Dallas
Oct. 22 NEW ENGLAND
Oct. 29 at N.Y. Jets
Nov. 6 at New Orleans (Mon.)
Nov. 12 ATLANTA
Nov. 19 GREEN BAY
Nov. 27 N.Y. GIANTS (Mon.)
Dec. 3 at Atlanta
Dec. 11 at L.A. Rams (Mon.)
Dec. 17 BUFFALO
Dec. 24 CHICAGO

Seattle Seahawks

Sept. 10 at Philadelphia
Sept. 17 PHOENIX
Sept. 24 at New England
Oct. 1 at L.A. Raiders
Oct. 8 KANSAS CITY
Oct. 15 at San Diego
Oct. 22 DENVER
Oct. 29 SAN DIEGO
Nov. 5 at Kansas City
Nov. 12 CLEVELAND
Nov. 19 at N.Y. Giants
Nov. 26 at Denver
Dec. 4 BUFFALO (Mon.)
Dec. 10 at Cincinnati
Dec. 17 L.A. RAIDERS
Dec. 23 WASHINGTON (Sat.)

Tampa Bay Buccaneers

Sept. 10 at Green Bay
Sept. 17 SAN FRANCISCO
Sept. 24 NEW ORLEANS
Oct. 1 at Minnesota
Oct. 8 CHICAGO
Oct. 15 DETROIT
Oct. 22 at Washington
Oct. 29 at Cincinnati
Nov. 5 CLEVELAND
Nov. 12 MINNESOTA
Nov. 19 at Chicago
Nov. 26 at Phoenix
Dec. 3 GREEN BAY
Dec. 10 at Houston
Dec. 17 at Detroit
Dec. 24 PITTSBURGH

Washington Redskins

Sept. 11 N.Y. GIANTS (Mon.)
Sept. 17 PHILADELPHIA
Sept. 24 at Dallas
Oct. 1 at New Orleans
Oct. 8 PHOENIX
Oct. 15 at N.Y. Giants
Oct. 22 TAMPA BAY
Oct. 29 at L.A. Raiders
Nov. 5 DALLAS
Nov. 12 at Philadelphia
Nov. 20 DENVER (Mon.)
Nov. 26 CHICAGO
Dec. 3 at Phoenix
Dec. 10 SAN DIEGO
Dec. 17 at Atlanta
Dec. 23 at Seattle (Sat.)

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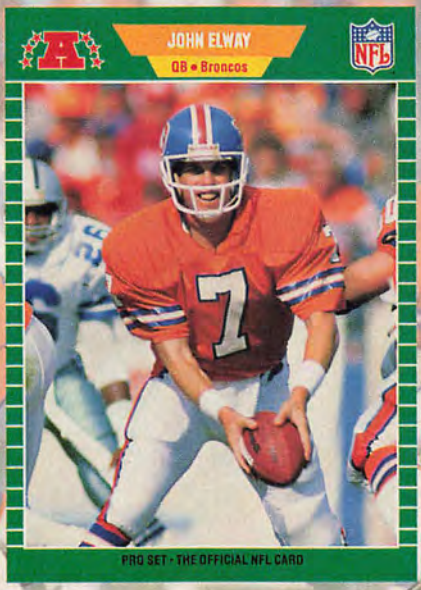

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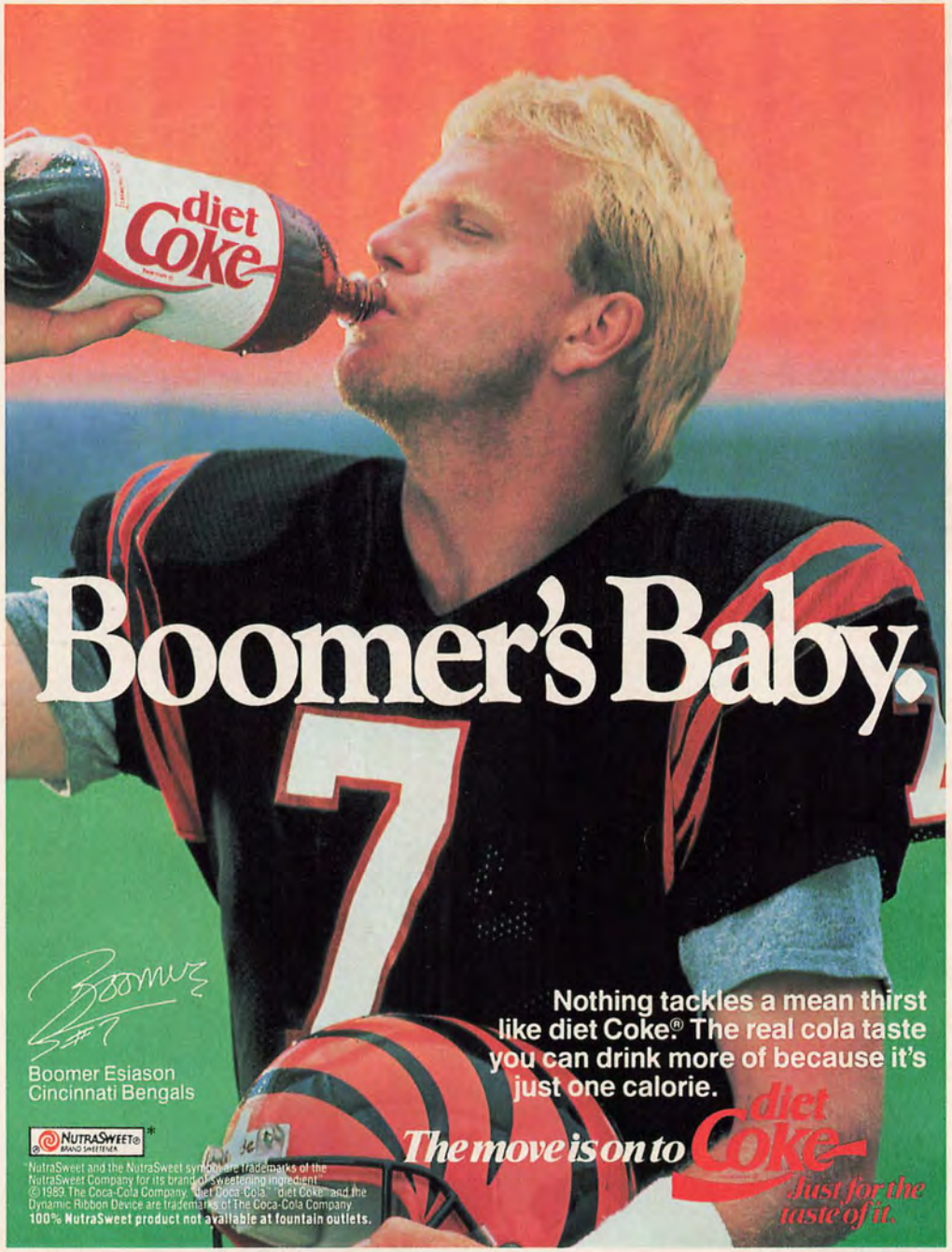
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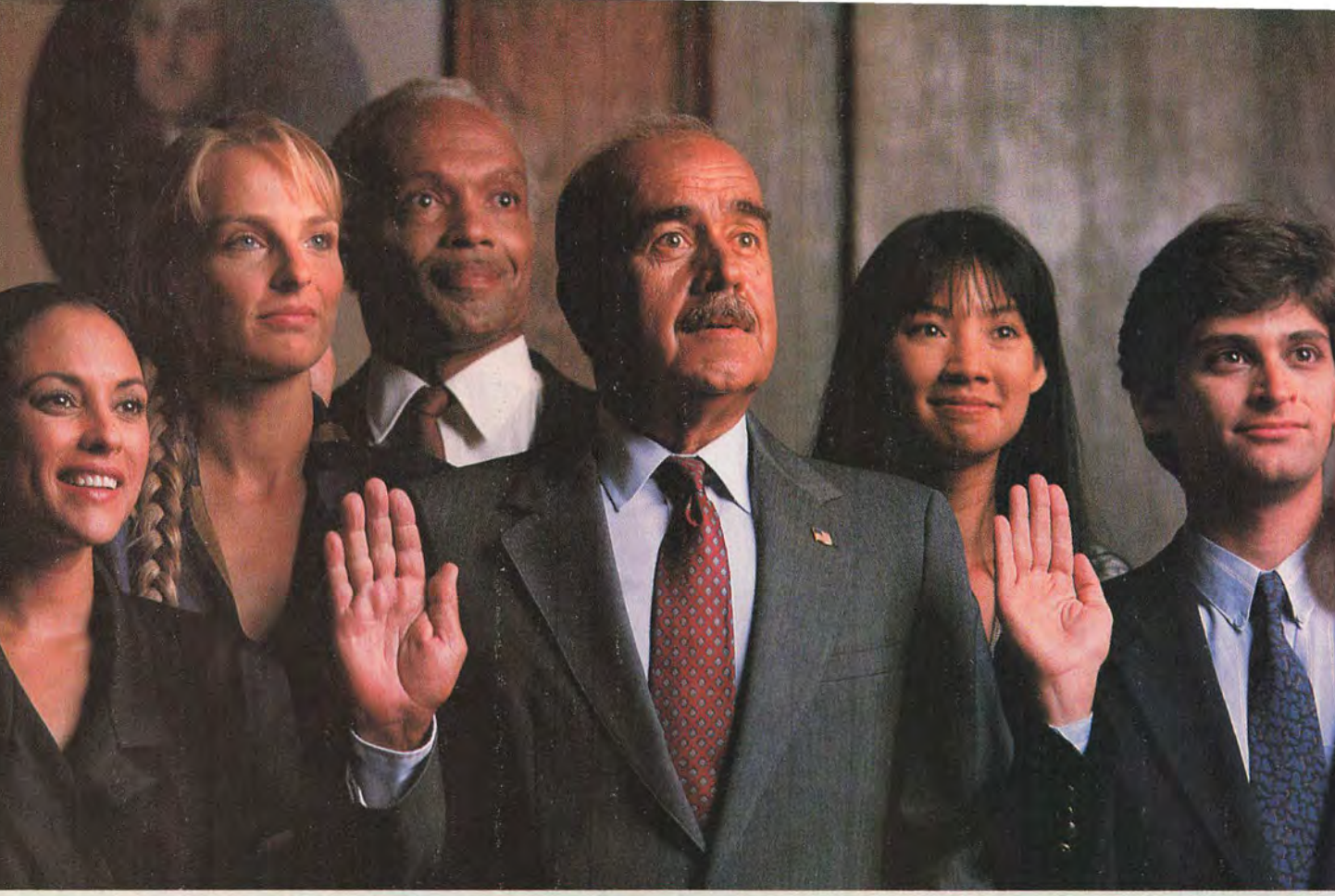

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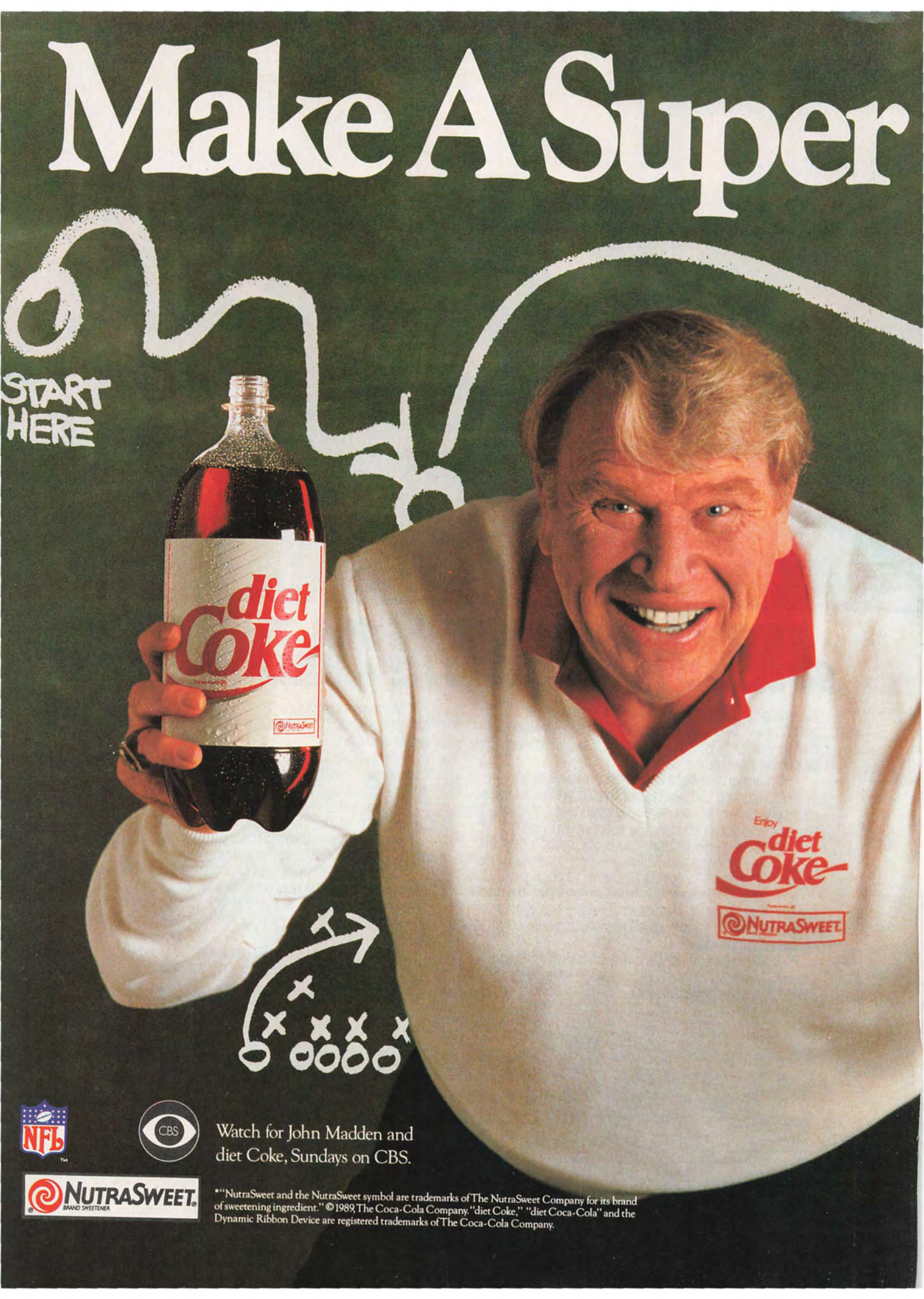
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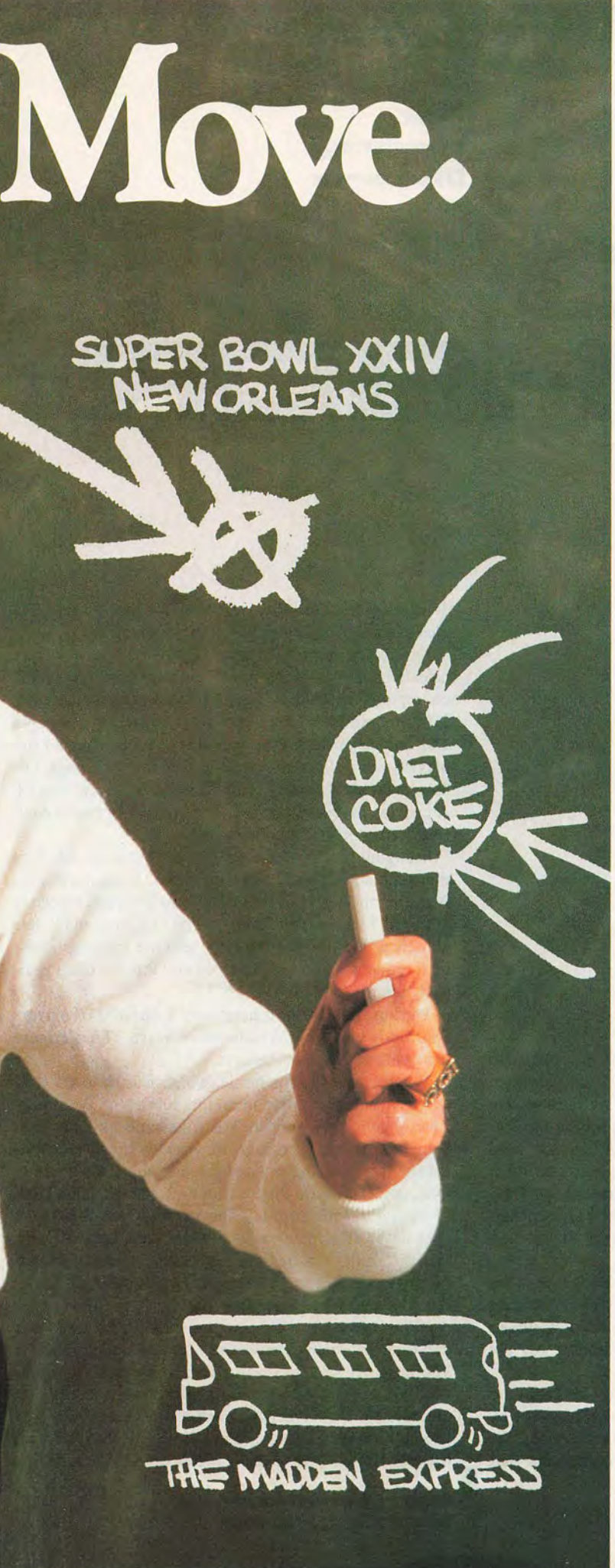

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By Kenny Moore

GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM

COACH SAM WYCHE IS A BIG MAN IN CINCINNATI, BUT HE HASN'T FORGOTTEN THE LITTLE GUY

Sam Wyche guides his Chevrolet with the garbage in the trunk through blocks of dreary urban warehouses. He snakes around the crumbling foundations of an elevated highway and swings left, and, boom, he is staring at an unexpected expanse of emerald turf, neatly framed by a cedar hedge. The hop from suffocating inner city to sanctuary is so abrupt that it is almost disorienting.

This is Spinney Field, the Cincinnati Bengal practice facility, and Wyche enjoys the jolt with which it reveals itself. "A great pulpit out there," he says, acknowledging football's hold on millions of imaginations. "All the world's heartache and excitement."

He pops the trunk, lifts out the family garbage and drops it into the Bengals' dumpster. "I don't know why we can't use our neighborhood garbage service," he says. The chore seems evidence of his contention that delegating responsibility isn't easy for him: "I love the idea of something physically completed, by me."

On this summer Saturday the Cincinnati players have been invited to Spinney Field to pick up their AFC championship rings. A hearty Jostens man is arranging $200,000 worth of diamond rings, watches, pendants and framed posters. Wyche is early, convinced that the players will be lined up. None is. The rings are huge. Offensive tackle Anthony Munoz's is the largest, at size 18: A quarter passes through it. The engraving inside each ring reads FINISH EVERYTHING.

Studying his, Wyche says, "Doesn't it seem, uh, like there should be two *N*'s in Cincinnati? I mean a double *N* in the middle. Isn't that odd? You live here for years and still you aren't sure." The Jostens man has blanched. He peers at the ring, sees the spelling is correct, reddens with relief and looks up into Wyche's radiantly bland poker face.

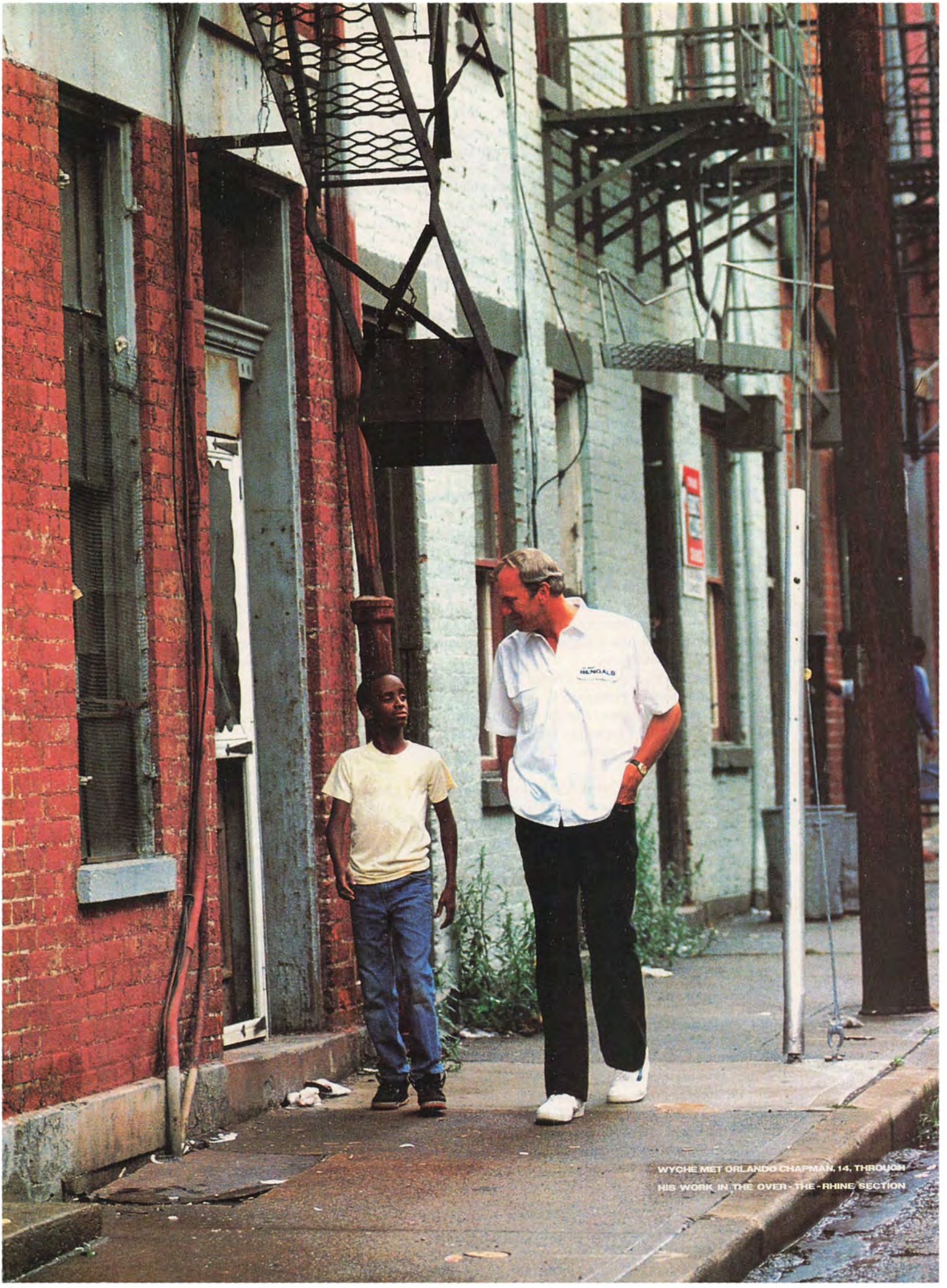
During the next half hour only a handful of players and a dog come by. Wyche takes heart. "They're sure not living in the past," he says.

Wyche drives to his home, which is a restored 1895 carriage house in the Cincinnati suburb of Wyoming. The lot is heavily wooded. His wife, Jane, explains that Sam has to ferry garbage to work because raccoons spread it across the lawn if it's left out. Cats abound. One, named Ghetto Swinger, or G.S. or Gus, has a past. "I took the kids through the town's Over-the-Rhine area so they'd appreciate what they have," says Wyche. His son, Zak, is a freshman defensive end at Carson-Newman College in Tennessee. Daughter Kerry is a junior cheerleader at Wyoming High.

"They always apologize to their friends for how their dad is taking them through the worst part of town," says Wyche. "Anyway, we saw a boy spinning a cat by its tail. We stopped and the kid gladly gave it up, all wet and hissing. Now everyone leaves stray cats here."

Wyche is equally, sometimes famously, protective on the job. He has turned away a process server pounding

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MODRA



WYCHE MET ORLANDO CHAPMAN, 14, THROUGH HIS WORK IN THE OVER-THE-RHINE SECTION

on the locker-room door before a game. Another time, he took the side of a player found to have a gun in his car. "I said something that wasn't complimentary to the police, about whether there was real reason for them to search, and had a nice visit from the police chief. I get myself into these things. My frankness overtakes tact."

But he does not lash himself over it. "You reflect," he says. "You wish you could have handled a situation differently. Then you find yourself in the same one, and you're behaving the same as the first time. Don't people pretty well have fixed personalities?"

If we judge by Wyche himself, personality does seem to crystallize early. He settles into a seat on his cool, screened side porch and recalls growing up in Atlanta, the son of a salesman and a secretary. "My younger brother Bubba and I competed at everything," he says. "Bubba made all-state in football, basketball and baseball." By significant contrast, Sam matured late and rose no higher than third-string quarterback for North Fulton High. "I was just kind of a guy on the club," he says. "A worker, a classic overachiever."

His dogged nature kept him at sports until his body finally came around. In the fall of 1962 he was a walk-on at Furman. He was the starting quarterback by the end of his sophomore year. "I was big and far from good," says Wyche, who usually includes a few sandbags among his self-assessments. "The coach was Bob King. I remember him saying, 'Work, and you'll play in the pros,' but that was far from my mind while sitting in the Poteat Hall stairwell practicing my Spanish sentences, worrying about flunking out."

WYCHE IS MASTER OF ALL HE SURVEYS AT SPINNEY FIELD, AN EMERALD OASIS IN A DEPRESSED AREA

As a freshman he met Jane, a junior at the time. She later taught school in Pickens, S.C., while waiting for him to graduate. "We were to be married in December 1965," says Sam. "But I broke my back against The Citadel. Margaret, Jane's mother, said, 'I'll wheel him down the aisle.'

"I made it on my own," says Wyche, "with a brace."

Because of the fractured vertabra, Wyche was shunned in the NFL draft. After graduating in 1966, he played during the summer with the Wheeling (W.Va.) Ironmen of the Continental Football League. "He played safety. "Billy Canty [a former Furman star] got me the tryout."

Coaches often slip into soft-eyed reverie when listing the schools and jobs that led them toward the primal roar of the big arena. Wyche cannot retrace his path without also delivering up the name of every man who passed him along, hand-to-hand, like a bucket on the way to a fire. Listen to the constant lapping of names:

"I went to business school at South Carolina, where I was a graduate assistant to Paul Dietzel. Jackie Powers got me that. I worked the scout team with Lou Holtz. I'd be the opposing quarterback. When pro scouts would visit, I'd jump in front of them and say, 'Look, I'll hit that phone pole.' And I would. Holtz knew Rick Forzano on the Bengal staff. He finagled a quarterback tryout for me. I made the cab squad."

Wyche looks up. "It's all a spider's web," he says, "all contacts, connections."

Wyche thus acknowledges football's matrix of acquaintanceship through which athletes, coaches and even writers inextricably swing and crawl, everybody making the wires hum with the names of the brave, the quick, the possessed. "I was 20 for 25 in the first game I ever played for the Bengals, against Houston in 1968," he says. "Then Nick Buoniconti broke my ankle in Miami, and that was that year. We drafted Greg Cook in 1969, and I was backup."

The sound of football names grows comforting, like a creek through a yard: "My third year we had Virgil Carter. I was backup. We won our last seven and the division. Bill Walsh, who was the quarterback coach, had Jane and me over for dinner. 'By the way,' said Bill, 'there's a good chance we're going to draft this kid out of Augustana.' "

The kid was Ken Anderson. "I was off to Washington," says Wyche, "in the big Sam Wyche–for–Henry Dyer trade."

As Wyche remembers the Redskins, the creek rises. "It was 1971, George Allen's first year," he says. "He'd brought together the Over The Hill Gang: Ron McDole, Bill Kilmer, Speedy Duncan, Diron Talbert, Jack Pardee. Great locker-room lies. It was only two years after Vince Lombardi had died there. We went to the playoffs the first season, and the next, to Super Bowl VII. We lost to the undefeated Miami team, but I held for extra points. I got to play in the Super Bowl. I got my knee dirty.

"My fourth year with the Redskins was 1974. We got Joe Theismann. It was a strike year. I was on the picket line with a NO FREEDOM, NO FOOTBALL T-shirt. Joe was in practicing."

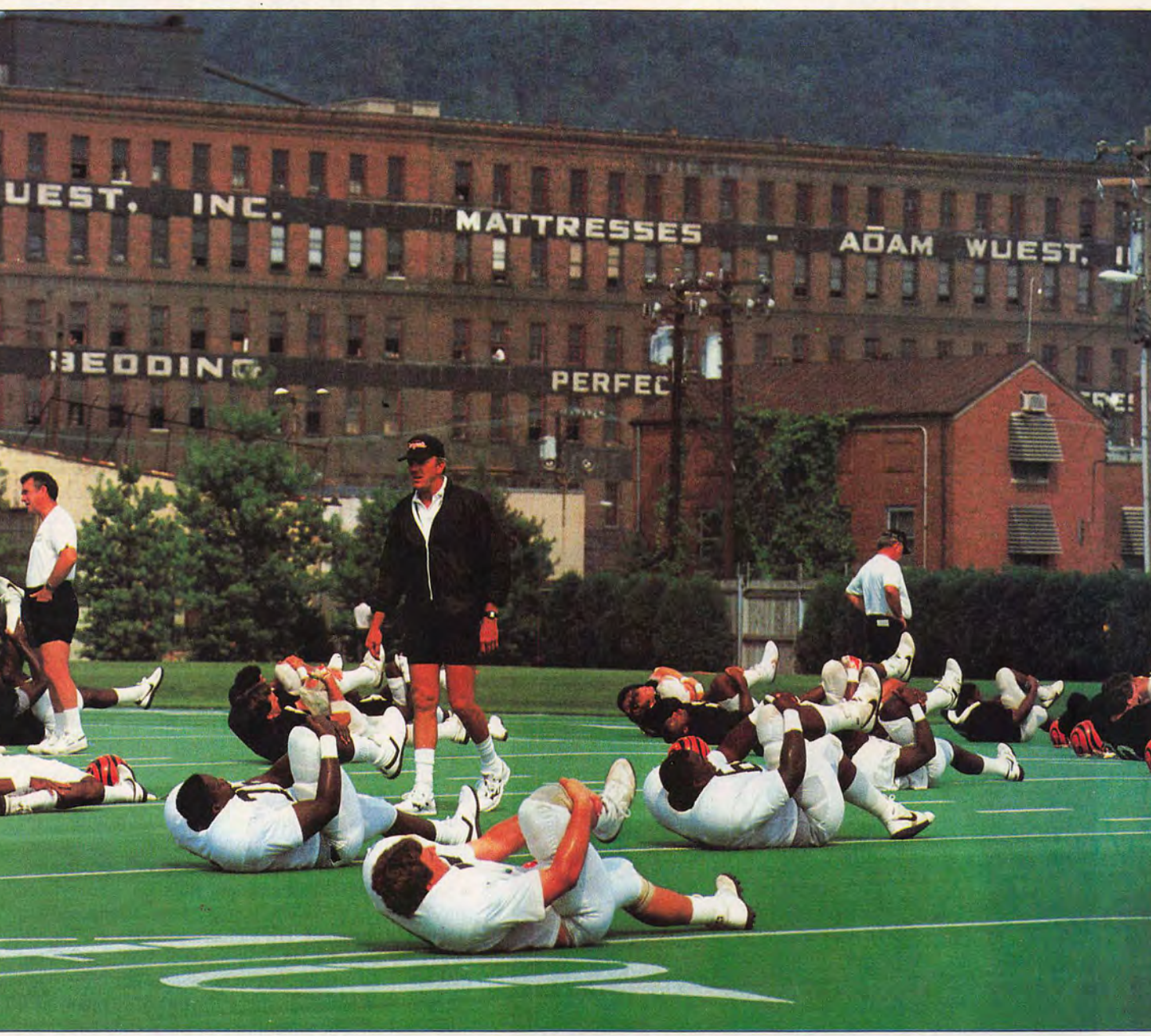
Wyche was immediately shipped to Detroit. "In the long view, it was fortunate I got bounced around," he says. "I met a lot of the great players and coaches, like

Ray Berry at Detroit. I saw a lot of methods. Later I could pick and choose."

The Lions released Wyche in 1975. He then hooked on for half the 1976 season with St. Louis. "Don Coryell, Joe Gibbs, Jim Hanifan," says Wyche of the Cardinals coaching staff then. "We played the Chargers in Tokyo. I sat in the lobby of the New Otani Hotel with Bill Walsh, who was a San Diego assistant at the time, talking about ultimately getting together."

His playing days done, Wyche went back to Greenville, S.C., and ran a sporting-goods company he had helped start with his '73 Super Bowl money. The business succeeded, but when Walsh took over the 49ers in 1979, he found Wyche looking for a high school coaching job. "I'd written to two schools," says Wyche. "The day Bill called, I'd received a letter from one saying I wasn't qualified to coach there."

Walsh hired him as his quarterback coach. Wyche worked with Joe Montana from 1979 through the '82 season, as San Francisco improved from 2–14 in '79 to 16–3 in '81, when it won the Super Bowl. "He has a great intuition for football," says Walsh. "He's a touch impetuous; he's always looking for new thresholds."



The cobweb of connections would always come through for him. In this delicately poised football matrix, coaches are lifted high or cast down according to the esteem of football men. Bengal owner Paul Brown is the essential football man. Eleven of the 23 Super Bowls have been won by coaches who either played for Brown or coached under him.

SAM WYCHE

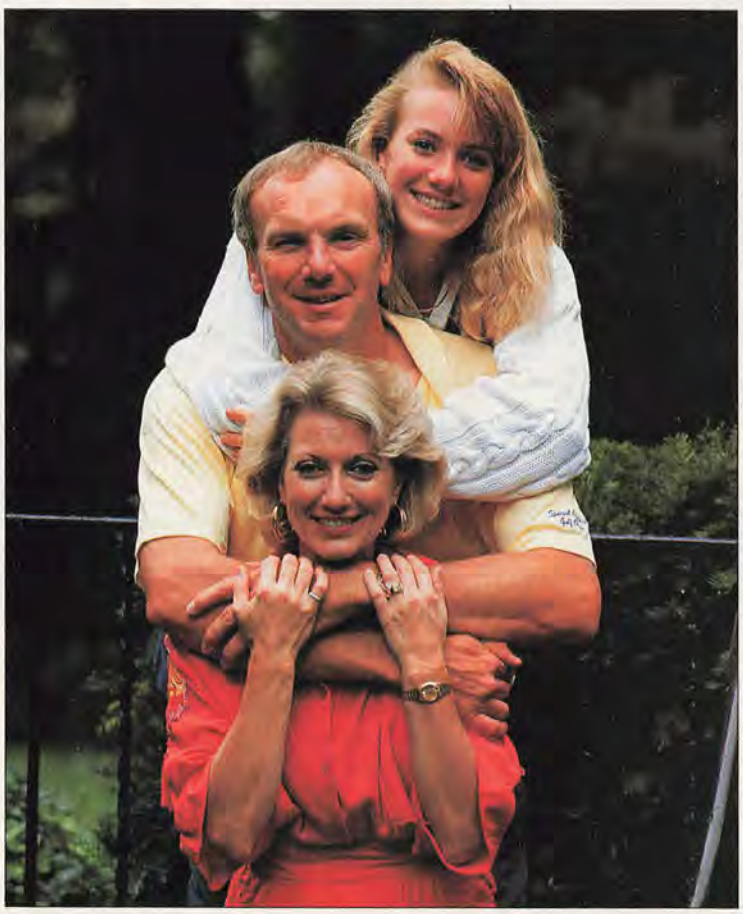
"As a player, Sam was courageous," says the 81-year-old Brown with courtly affection. "He stayed in the pocket until it froze over. He scored extremely high in intelligence on the testing we do. And he was a student of everything. All players had to keep their playbooks neat. Sam's asides, the little things you write, were done as a coach would do them. Every year I kept the best one. I kept Sam's."

Brown also kept an eye on Sam. "He went to coach in San Francisco and got his start with a guy who was good with passing offense," says Brown. "The philosophy there was essentially mine, because Walsh had been here for nine years.

"Then Sam went to Indiana [he was hired as the Hoosier coach in '83]. Now, I knew no one was going to do well doing *that*. They just didn't have the players. Then in 1984, Green Bay asked us for Forrest Gregg [who was then coaching the Bengals]. Forrest wanted to go. Returning to Green Bay, where he had played, was the ultimate for him, he thought at the time. So we had to find a coach. The first man who came to mind was Sam. I felt at ease with him."

SAM HAS EXPOSED KERRY TO HARSH REALITIES; JANE TRIED TO SHIELD HER HUSBAND FROM REALITY IN 1987

But Wyche was reluctant. He liked Indiana. "He wasn't sure he'd been fair to them, after only one year," says Brown. "I pointed out that professional football is the pure science of football, not a recruiting war." The matrix, having done him so many favors, would not hear of Wyche declining his due. At Wyche's introductory press conference, Brown ceremoniously returned the new coach's old playbook.



Cincinnati's records in Wyche's first two seasons were 8–8 and 7–9, respectively. In 1986, with Boomer Esiason leading the offense, the Bengals went 10–6. "We had a good team coming," says Wyche. That made 1987 all the more galling. Cincinnati lost early and memorably. In the second game of the season, Wyche called a sweep to run out the clock on fourth down with six seconds to play while leading San Francisco 26–20. Defensive end Kevin Fagan, who was unblocked, shot into the Bengal backfield and tackled running back James Brooks with two seconds to go. Montana used them to connect with Jerry Rice for a 25-yard touchdown to give the 49ers an astounding 27–26 victory.

Walsh and Montana called Wyche to commiserate. Walsh publicly defended Wyche's strategy, which rejected the time-honored options of punting or taking a safety. But the play inflamed Cincinnati. A local paper called him "a social leper." Visible in much of the furor was resentment of his innovative nature. Suddenly he was Wicky Wacky Wyche, and 61% of the callers to WLW radio wanted him fired.

Finally, during the players' strike, which began the next week, the team—with a strong union element and a strong nonunion element—nearly disintegrated. "We were one comment, one incident away from coming apart at the seams," says Wyche. After the four-week strike, the Bengals were a spooked, snakebitten assemblage. They repeatedly outgained opponents but were killed by late-game fades. Injuries cut them to pieces. "It is just steady, excruciating suffering," said Wyche at one point. "My insides are eroding."

Now he says, "The worst part was the knowledge of being so near to winning. Our focus had been split by the strike. The all-out assault on the head coach on the talk shows was a constant distraction. I wasn't affected, but the players were. When you're always being asked about your coach, it hurts preparation."

The dynamics of any team are almost impenetrably complex. At most, a few dozen men had enough knowledge of the Bengals' situation to offer an informed opinion on Wyche's performance. One was strength coach Kim Wood, an intensely voluble sandstone of a man who has worked among the bellows and grunts in the team's cramped weight room since 1975.

"This is a wild-dog culture," says Wood. "Pro football is not a business for nice people. But Sam is honest and sincere, a man who treats you as a man, as opposed to a child, or a regiment. He followed a tough act. Forrest Gregg is a powerful 'leadership' coach. Sam is smart, but the romance of a charismatic leader is not there. He's not a savior; he simply does his job. He'll plan, he'll make decisions, he'll facilitate learning. He'll be honest, and that puts a lot of responsibility on the players.

"Sam kept his objectivity," Wood continues. "We weren't winning, but the program did not spin out of control. We had a chance in every game. He never wavered from his judgment that we were a good team, and that kept the players' faith in their ability."

Brown had promised Wyche that the strike season was not to be held against the coaches, but he couldn't

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speak for all of Cincinnati. "I didn't see the news much in those days," says Wyche. "Jane would read the paper, clear the debris and leave me the weather report."

The team finished 4–11, and Mike Dodd of *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, among others, abandoned hope. "Wyche's chameleon nature is partially responsible [for the poor play]," he wrote. Dodd also thought the offense was too complex. "Do the benefits of the no-huddle offense outweigh the busted assignments it causes? You can give a football player too much to think about."

Nonetheless, Wyche was retained for the fifth year of his five-year contract. "The Brown family did it," he says. "They knew why games were won and lost, and the losses weren't the coaches' fault."

WHETHER EVADING ALEX KARRAS (71) OR HOLDING FOR CURT KNIGHT, WYCHE MADE THE MOST OF HIS LIMITED ABILITY

WALTER IOOSS JR.

Paul Brown professes to have been worried only about Wyche's health. "Sam was so eager to do right," he says, "that he was knocking himself out. So he came back in 1988 under the proviso that he get his rest."

Wyche also shifted some roommates around in training camp so they would get to know one another better. "When it's fourth-and-one and I know what's in your life," he says, "your family, your injury, your neighborhood, and I see the look in your eyes, there will be a degree of loyalty there."

"Even now he couldn't get those guys to charge a machine gun," says Wood. "But he freed them to play good football."

Cincinnati started fast in 1988. The defense, formerly the team's weakness, now had anchors in nosetackle Tim Krumrie and strong safety David Fulcher. "And the no-huddle offense was paying dividends," says Wyche, "and making a lot of people mad."

By skipping the huddle and calling plays at the line, the Bengals not only broke the rhythm of opponents' work and rest—"They were sucking canal water," says guard Max Montoya—but also kept defenses from shuttling in defensive backs and linebackers as the situation demanded. Occasionally, when teams hurriedly tried to substitute, the snap caught them with 13 or 14 men on the field. "It picks up the pace and it drives people crazy," says Esiason. "That's what I live for."

JOHN IACONO

Wyche didn't invent the no-huddle offense, but he had faith in it. "I'm a believer in the coaching tree," he says. "It's important to know where ideas started."

Indeed, this is how the football web reaches through time. "People had used the no-huddle *some* for years, in the two-minute drill," Wyche says. "Once Hank Stram and I were talking and he said, 'I wonder why teams don't just go ahead and *do* it?' That kicked me in."

Wyche's is a mind that walks on soft pads, downwind, plotting ambush. "You can't go into every game saying, 'We'll just damn well outplay you,' " he says. "You're looking for the two-percent edge, the surprise of a safety blitz, the surprise of having fourth-and-12 on your own 25 and going for it. These things are *sound*. They work." They are also sniffed at in league meetings as "popcorn football" by those whom they have burned.

After a 6–0 start in '88, there was no more talk of firing the coach. "We were a *resilient* team," says Wyche. "We never lost two in a row, and after three of the losses we blew away the next opponent." They finished the regular season 12–4.

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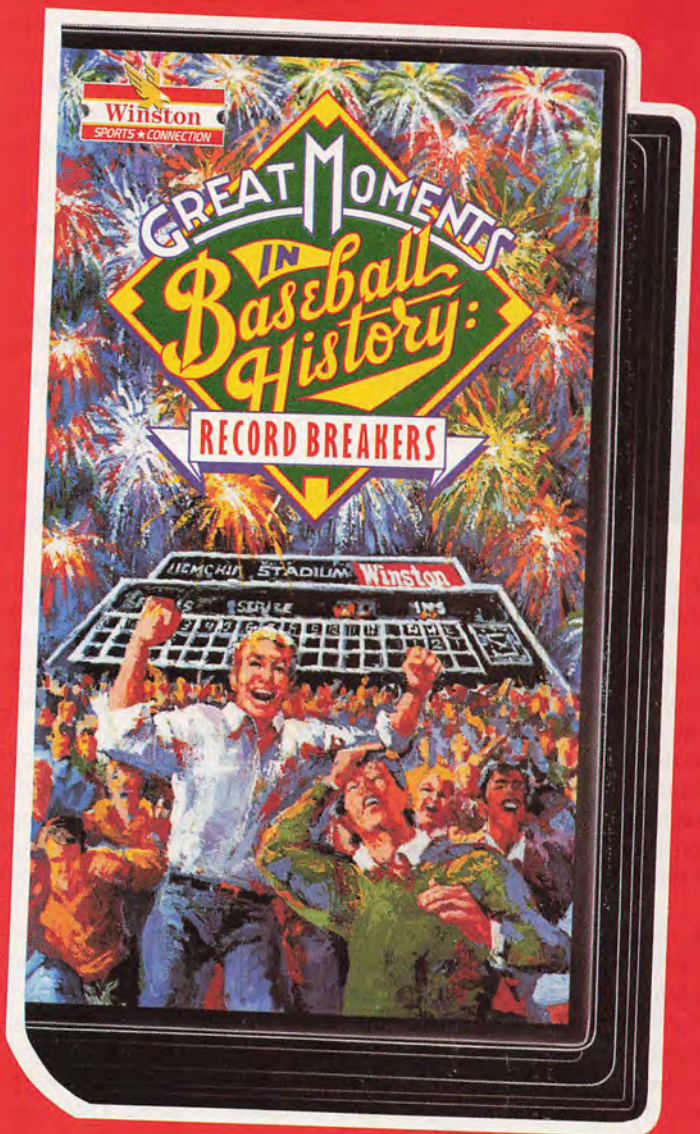

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SAM WYCHE

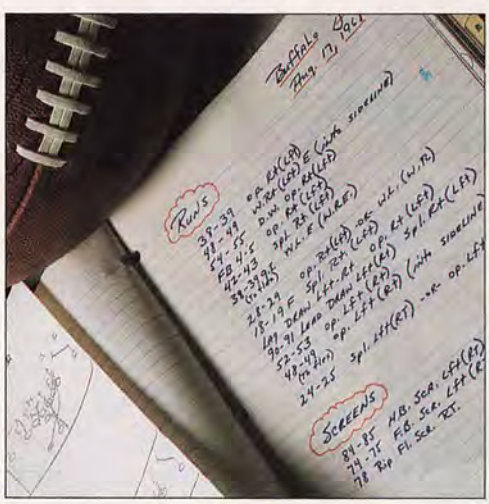
MICKEY PFLEGER

WYCHE (RIGHT) WAS LOOKING FOR A HIGH SCHOOL JOB WHEN WALSH ASKED HIM TO JOIN THE 49ER STAFF

The city's backing was now as lusty as its ire had been. "The electricity in that stadium exceeded anything I've felt in D.C. or San Francisco," says Wyche of Riverfront Stadium last season.

In the midst of all this winning, Sam and Jane raised a glass to his having proved 1987 a fluke. Then they toasted his leaving football. "I was exhausted at the time," says Wyche. "Everybody has a time like that, right? When you ask yourself, What do I really want to do now? Do I want to go into combat again? At that one point, the answer was no. But as we closed in on the world championship, we realized that all the bad times are worth it, worth the moment at the top."

BROWN ADMIRED THE PLAYBOOK WYCHE KEPT BACK IN '88



He falls quiet, then says, "We'll probably go through another evening like that. If you're not constantly evaluating your position, you ought to be evaluating why you're not evaluating your position. Then, too, I don't remember 1988 as being all that exciting. Coaches can't enjoy a good year. We're too worried that the whole thing will collapse at the end." It did, of course, but not without passionate, poignant battle on many fronts. In the divisional playoff, Seattle Seahawk nosetackles Joe Nash and Ken Clarke repeatedly faked injury to stop the clock and allow their team to make defensive substitutions against the Bengals' no-huddle attack. Cincinnati still won 21–13.

When Buffalo Bills coach Marv Levy vowed to do the same in the AFC Championship Game, the NFL office shamelessly caved in and instructed the referees to nullify any Cincinnati play that in their judgment began with the intent of catching Buffalo with too many men on the field. "Can you imagine what the NFL would have gone through if we'd *lost* the Buffalo game?" says Wyche. "The style of play that got us there was outlawed not because it was against the rules but because the other team threatened to make the game a farce. We were penalized for the actions of others. To which I said, 'Hey, arrest the *crook*.'

"The no-huddle had been complimented as fun and interesting by league officials," he continues. "People let you wander around in mediocrity as long as you want. But at the top of the hill, enemies await."

Cincinnati defeated Buffalo 21–10 to reach the Super Bowl against—bittersweet fate—San Francisco. Before the game, the league reversed its position, and Cincinnati's no-huddle weapon was permitted. Wyche says he has yet to use it in its most dramatic form: "I'd love to send all the receivers long, then have them step off the field. Here come fresh ones with no huddle, and *they* go long. Then in come more new ones. . . . Boy, would people raise Cain over that."

Wyche is not haunted by the 1989 Super Bowl, despite having good reasons to be. "The night before the game we lost Stanley Wilson to drugs," he says. "On the second series of downs we lost Tim Krumrie to a terrible broken leg. And we still were playing to win with 34 seconds left."

By then, though, the Bengals had been eviscerated by Montana's historic 92-yard touchdown drive. Cincinnati fell 20–16. "The hollow feeling, walking away from losing the Super Bowl," says Wyche, "is that you can have a better team, a better record next year, but you may never get back."

There were other hollow feelings. Wyche has often thought of the unexpectedness of Wilson's descent into cocaine use, of how he found Wilson stuporous and unresponsive in his hotel room that long night before the game. "All week he had had good practices," says Wyche. "He'd had his young son with him. He'd flown in his parents and had a limousine for them. There was no warning. None."

Wyche will always be haunted by the vision of Wilson before him that night, sweating, staring with unfocused eyes, apparently unable to answer any questions. Says Wyche, "Finally I said, 'Stanley, do you realize what you've done? That there will be no more football? That we'll help you find treatment, and a job if we can, but that everything you've built your life around is gone?' At first he gave no sign. Then he began to say, 'I'm

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HONORS	Dean's List
ACTIVITIES	Varsity Soccer Intramural Softball
REFERENCES	Available Upon Request

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285 Maple Street
Justin, Oklahoma 10075

CAREER OBJECTIVE	An entry level position in an Electrical Engineering research or design firm.
EDUCATION	Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering, May 1987, Williamstown University; Justin, Oklahoma U.S. Army Signal Corps Officer Basic Course, September 1987
EXPERIENCE	**Training and Operations Officer,** U.S. Army Reserve Officers' Training Corps, Williamstown University Planned, organized, and executed training for battalion of 110 cadets. **Communications Platoon Leader,** Headquarters Troop, 1-17 Cavalry, 82nd Airborne Division, Fort Bragg, NC Responsible for the training, discipline and welfare of a forty-man platoon.
HONORS	Dean's List Distinguished Military Graduate Commandant's List, Officer Basic Course
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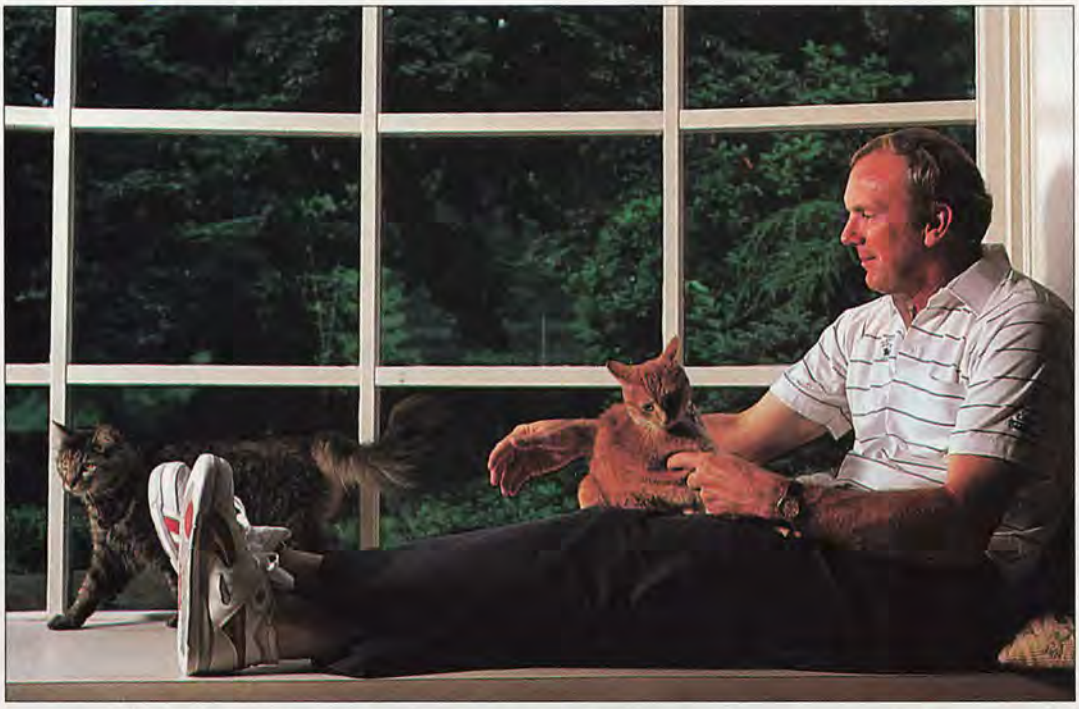
sorry. I'm sorry,' as if some part of him knew.

"I told him I had to call his parents, that they shouldn't have to read about this in the papers. He asked me not to, maybe to give himself some time to pull himself together before he saw them. But I couldn't do that. I did call them. It was a terribly difficult call."

It is late. Moist night smells of honeysuckle and sawdust are infiltrating the porch screens. A cat named Rusty is shedding red hair all over Wyche's dark-green slacks and white sweater. "The clichés about commitment and dedication seemed to fit the game better years ago," he says. "I'm not blaming modern players. They have people wanting a piece of them. It's a lot of money and a short window in which they can earn it. They think they can handle it. Zip off to New York for a TV commercial in mid-season. They're young. They can get away with it. That becomes the cultural setting. You can survive losing a night's sleep. But in that setting, what's to oppose the feeling that you can survive an encounter with drugs? The distasteful part of football is watching wonderful potential dissipate. We're talking about a minority of the players, I think. But that does worry me."

WHEN WYCHE SEES CATS OR BENGALS IN TROUBLE, HE DISPLAYS A FIERCE INSTINCT TO PROTECT



This and much else Wyche has pondered. "He carries no protective devices," says Walsh.

It was perhaps inevitable that Wyche would recognize that the matrix of connections in which he moved involved more than football. It is, simply, the web of life. Thus, driving in the chill dawn of game days through the Over-the-Rhine area not far from Spinney Field, Wyche began to see, as he lightly puts it, "people starting the day who hadn't had too good an evening. I was touched by the elderly, the young fending for themselves. I was drawn to them. It almost borders on being unfair. It's not *their* fault that they have to grow up with no books, no folks or being mentally handicapped."

After last season Wyche announced he would charge $5,000 a speaking engagement, all of which would go to help the homeless in Cincinnati. In the off-season he raised $80,000, and he played his and the Bengals' connections for all they were worth. "The players won $32,000 on *Family Feud*," he says. "We took some of that to Kroger and said we want real food—meat and vegetables—and we want you to stretch it out with your own gifts. By now it's tripled or more."

A friend of Wyche's, Bob Stix, is a senior vice-president of U.S. Shoe in Cincinnati. Wyche asked him what happened to the leftover food in his cafeteria. The company started shipping it to the homeless. "You don't find underwear in discarded clothes bins," says Wyche. "We got 2,000 dozen pair of socks at a super price. We're getting 200 dozen pair of underwear. If our government could only operate as efficiently."

Wyche spent so much time at these projects that defensive-line coach Chuck Studley, for one, was concerned. "I told him I don't remember Vince Lombardi or Don Shula getting so involved," he says. "They'd lend their names to causes, but not give all the time Sam does. I told him it's not helping us win games."

That said, Studley leans back and allows that he isn't surprised. "There's no ulterior motive with Sam," he says. "That's not true of most things in my business."

Wyche takes a visitor on a short drive past 12th Street, where CASH/CREDIT signs thicken. The open windows of the dirty brick buildings seem as black as caves. He points out Mary Magdalen House. "They have little rooms for people to shower and shave," says Wyche. "St. John [Social Service Center] there is for clothes."

He stops beside the St. Mary's Catholic Church. White paint peels from its brick exterior. He leads the way inside. Boom, you are staggering back, gaping at magnificent stained-glass windows. They might be in Rome. The moment has all the force of discovering Spinney Field. At the far end of the immense sanctuary, a priest is saying mass for perhaps five parishioners. "I'm not Catholic," Wyche says as he backs out into the street. "I don't know whether the windows are great art, but I feel good that this is here."

Wyche climbs back into his car and drives happily off, a man in a web, spinning ever more surprises. ■

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Before *After*

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BEEF

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ROUND TIP
*6.4 gms total fat**
(2.3 gms sat. fat)
162 calories

TOP LOIN
*7.6 gms total fat**
(3.0 gms sat. fat)
172 calories

TOP ROUND
*5.3 gms total fat**
(1.8 gms sat. fat)
162 calories

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Source: U.S.D.A. Handbook No. 8-13

EYE OF ROUND
*5.5 gms total fat**
(2.1 gms sat. fat)
155 calories

TENDERLOIN
*7.9 gms total fat**
(3.1 gms sat. fat)
174 calories

SIRLOIN
*7.4 gms total fat**
(3.0 gms sat. fat)
177 calories

47
49ERS

SCOUTING REPORTS

BY PAUL ZIMMERMAN

COACH JOE GIBBS OF THE WASHINGTON REDSKINS SUFFERED THE FIRST LOSING SEASON OF HIS CAREER LAST YEAR. THE DEFENSE WAS HIT BY INJURIES. SO WERE THE quarterbacks. The offensive line was in disarray. There was no big, pounding back in the John Riggins tradition. The heavy-duty running attack, which is the heart and soul of Gibbs's football philosophy, was a memory. The Skins wound up 25th in the league in rushing, averaging fewer than 100 yards a game.

Player acquisitions that were supposed to send Washington back to the Super Bowl turned sour. Linebacker Wilber Marshall was lost in the Redskins' scheme, which called on him to play closer to the combat zone than he had with the Bears. Tackle Jim Lachey, who had come from the Raiders, was nothing special. And after the season Bobby Beathard, the high-powered general manager, quit.

Gibbs has reshaped the '89 Skins in his own image. He has not one but two big, thumping backs—Gerald Riggs from Atlanta and Earnest Byner from Cleveland. The line—with Lachey back on the left side, tackle Joe Jacoby on the right, and Russ Grimm, who had been on injured reserve for two years, back at guard—appears to be set.

Washington has excellent receivers. Art Monk and Gary Clark are former Pro Bowlers, and the third wideout, Ricky Sanders, had a better year in '88 than either of them. But who's going to get them the ball? Doug Williams is out for at least two months after back surgery. Mark Rypien has six NFL starts; Stan Humphries has none.

Both cornerbacks, Darrell Green and Barry Wilburn, played hurt last year, and teams picked on them. Now they're healthy, and Wilburn will back up at free safety. Strong safety Alvin Walton is a super hitter who has led the team in tackles for the last two seasons.

Washington traded its first- and second-round picks, but the draft yielded a pair of 12th-round discoveries, tailback Joe Mickles and tight end Jimmie Johnson, who wowed 'em in the exhibitions. Beathard found them. Call them his going-away presents.

NEW YORK GIANTS coach Bill Parcells would like to title his 1989 highlight film *The Beast That Ate the NFL.* For the second straight year he used his first two draft choices to land massive offensive linemen. Brian Williams, who's 6′ 5″, 300 pounds, and Bob Kratch (6′ 3″, 288) will join last year's first two picks, Eric Moore (6′ 5″, 290) and Jumbo Elliott (6′ 7″, 305).

Parcells picked up hitting types for the secondary: safety Greg Jackson, who was a third-rounder, and 223-pound safety Greg Cox, a Plan B acquisition from San Francisco. Parcells traded with Dallas to get 248-pound Steve DeOssie to man an inside linebacking post. In the sixth round Parcells drafted 6′ 5″, 245-pound Howard Cross, a tight end who blocks much better than he catches, and in the fourth round he picked up a slashing, punishing runner named Lewis Tillman. No wonder quarterback Phil Simms spent the off-season in the weight room. The locker room is no place for skinny bodies.

Tailback Joe Morris has to erase the memories of the power sweep and concentrate on finding daylight behind a butt-to-butt offensive line. Three defensive leaders—linebacker Harry Carson, end George Martin and nosetackle Jim Burt—have to be replaced.

One defensive play in the final game last season cost the Giants the division title. The Jets, who trailed by a point, faced third-and-four on the Giants' five-yard line with 37 seconds remaining. For some reason the Giants went into a goal-line defense, leaving a backup safety to cover 6′ 4″ wideout Al Toon. Toon caught a fade pass in the end zone, and the Giants' season was history.

What really lost the game, though, was the failure of the offensive line to keep Simms, who was sacked eight times, upright. The current group looks imposing, but can it pass-block? Elliott, for instance, had trouble with speed rushers from his right tackle spot in '88. He has been shifted to the left, the sacking side. Next to him is William Roberts, who has had five undistinguished NFL seasons. But at 280 pounds, he's big. That seems to matter these days.

Take away two players and the **PHILADELPHIA EAGLES** are a sub-.500 team. Despite a mediocre line, quarterback Randall Cunningham had a magical year, practically willing his team into the end zone. End Reggie White was the best defensive player in football. But White missed much of training camp in a contract holdout, and the Eagles were on their way to nowheresville.

When he returned in late August, White said that if Buddy Ryan were not coach, he would never have played for Philadelphia again. The players win for Buddy, not for the Eagles. Owners don't like that kind of thinking.

Philly has some noticeable holes. Ryan keeps talking about a heavy running game, but that's all it has been, talk. Even with White's NFL-leading 18 sacks last year, the Eagles ended up last in pass defense, giving up the most yards ever by an NFC team. Philadelphia plays on high emotion. Last year it could

NFC EAST	'89 FORECAST	'88 RECORD
1 WASHINGTON	11–5	7–9
2 GIANTS	10–6	10–6
3 PHILADELPHIA	9–7	10–6
4 PHOENIX	7–9	7–9
5 DALLAS	5–11	3–13

HEINZ KLUETMEIER

ANTHONY TONEY AND THE OTHER EAGLE RUNNERS MUST TAKE THE HEAT OFF CUNNINGHAM

beat anybody, but it could go in the dumper against anyone too. It will be another nail-biting season in '89.

Coach Gene Stallings's job is said to be on the line this season, but the **PHOENIX CARDINALS** have never really given him a chance. He is kept out of the draft, and the team never signed quarterback Kelly Stouffer, its first-round pick in '87, who could have addressed the team's most pressing need.

Until Phoenix finds a quarterback—Neil Lomax is on injured reserve for the season with an arthritic hip, Gary Hogeboom is injury-prone, Tom Tupa is raw, and Timm Rosenbach isn't even defrosted yet—nothing will fall into place. Even with Lomax performing superbly in '88, the Cards floundered, losing their final five games. They have some promising players in top draft choices Eric Hill, a linebacker, and Joe Wolf, a guard; the running tandem of Stump Mitchell and Tony Jordan; a first-rate receiving corps; and third-year strong safety Tim McDonald. But it all starts with the man who takes the snaps.

Jimmy Johnson is an interesting and complex character. Much has been made of the go-go attitude he has brought to the **DALLAS COWBOYS**, but it doesn't mean much. The old cold-eyed style produced five trips to the Super Bowl. What intrigues me about Johnson, who had been exclusively a college coach, is his ability to think like a sophisticated NFL boss.

Take the way he stockpiled his quarterbacks, Troy Aikman and Steve Walsh. Never in history has a team had two quarterbacks who were drafted No. 1 in the same year. Why pick up Walsh in the supplemental draft when you already have Aikman? The answer, as Johnson explains it, is value. The quarterbacks who will be coming out of college in the next two years don't impress him. Walsh is a stock you keep. He can only go up in value—trade value.

Only one thing could mess up the plan. What if Walsh turns out to be better than Aikman? Aikman is big and poised with an outstanding arm. But Walsh has a kind of sneaky, inspirational quality; he makes you feel that somehow he'll get the team into the end zone. Down by six in the fourth quarter, bad weather, line can't hold—maybe he's the guy you want in there.

I like the way Johnson made it clear right away that he was in charge. Guys who were unhappy—defensive tackle Kevin Brooks, quarterback Steve Pelluer—were erased from his plans. You don't come back from 3–13 overnight, but Dallas bears careful scrutiny. ■

SUPER BOWL PREDICTION: CHICAGO BEARS 20, BUFFALO BILLS 17. LAST YEAR, THE BEARS WON THE DIVISION, AND—WITH 20 DRAFT PICKS THIS YEAR, INCLUDING TWO No. 1's—they are still on the way up.

Jim McMahon is gone, and those who say his feuding with coach Mike Ditka did him in don't understand this team very well. Ditka would have put up with the feud forever. McMahon, however, had lost his team. The tough guys, the ones who used to bang helmets with him, had switched allegiance to Mike Tomczak, who came back from a separated shoulder after three weeks last year and played in pain while McMahon was out with a bad knee. The players may have treated McMahon unfairly—he certainly has played hurt—but it's a hard-eyed world. In trading McMahon to San Diego, Ditka was reading the mood of his veterans.

Tomczak, who will be backed up by young Jim Harbaugh, will have all sorts of weapons to work with. Running back Neal Anderson is coming off a Pro Bowl year. Amazingly, the offensive line remains intact from the Super Bowl season of '85. It's a throwback unit—quick-footed and adept at trapping and pulling out for sweeps—which means less pressure on Tomczak to throw all the time.

Chicago lost All-Pro linebackers Wilber Marshall (to the Redskins as a free agent) and Otis Wilson (because of a knee injury) before last season, and right end Richard Dent broke a leg late in the year. Still, the defense finished second in the NFL. Now the Bears might even have a linebacker who can go into a down-end position for the pass rush. He's John Roper, a second-round rookie who showed exceptional quickness in camp. Both first-round draft choices, defensive end Trace Armstrong and cornerback Donnell Woolford, were late signees, but if they come through, the defense should be something to see.

They are sound, tough and deep. The Bears have the look of a Super Bowl champion.

General manager Mike Lynn appears to have almost exclusive control of the **MINNESOTA VIKINGS**. He makes all final player-personnel decisions. He also keeps salaries low, which further solidifies his control—and causes holdouts. Nine veterans, including five Pro Bowlers from last season and three other starters, held out for at least part of training camp. Five of them missed most or all of it.

Holdouts can either crumble and return to the fold unhappy, as wideout Anthony Carter did, or they can stay out for an entire season, as the newest Viking, linebacker Mike Merriweather, did at Pittsburgh last year. When postmortems for the team are held, people point to "disruptions." What makes people edgy in Minnesota is that the Vikes paid big bucks—reportedly $3.4 million over four years—to get Merriweather. The guys who have been around awhile want some of that money too.

One player Minnesota finally took care of is quarterback Wade Wilson, who had a contract that called for him to earn $250,000 this season and would have made him the league's 57th-highest-paid quarterback. But after he made the Pro Bowl, the Vikes quadrupled that number. So the club does shell out on occasion.

In the end, the Vikes have too much talent, on both sides of the ball, to miss making the playoffs—unless some of those key holdouts stay mad.

Interesting statistic: Last season the **DETROIT LIONS**, who finished 4–12, held opponents to four first-quarter touchdowns all year. Only one outfit did better than that: the Other Guys. The enemy held Detroit to three first-quarter touchdowns.

Here's a typical Lions game from last year. Defense starts tough. Fans get excited. Linebackers and defensive backs trade high fives on the sideline. Then the Detroit offense goes three downs and out: two runs, an incomplete pass and a punt or, for variety, an incompletion, a run, a sack and a punt. The defense's high fives get lower. Chests heave. Tongues hang out. At last the D collapses, betrayed by an offense that ran fewer plays than anyone else in the NFL last season.

Now the Lions have brought in Mouse Davis *(page 66)* and his run-and-shoot offense. It'll be called the Silver Stretch: four wideouts, no tight end and an S-back—or single back—on every down. The quarterback will roll out and zip the ball to a bunch of darty little guys running breakoff patterns.

The concept is great; the personnel, well, we'll see. Barry Sanders, the best runner in college last year, was penciled in as the S-back, but he wants more money than the Lions are willing to pay. The receivers? The top one, wideout Pete Mandley, finished 49th in the league in catches last year. Detroit needed new ones. How about second-round pick John Ford? Or Richard Johnson, a free-agent signee who caught 115 passes for Davis's Houston Gamblers of the USFL?

How about the quarterback, who must be nimble of foot? Rodney Peete, Detroit's sixth-round choice, looks destined for the spot, with Bob Gagliano behind him. Given some time to breathe, the defense—with stalwarts like nose-

NFC CENTRAL

		'89 FORECAST	'88 RECORD
1	CHICAGO	13–3	12–4
2	MINNESOTA	10–6	11–5
3	DETROIT	5–11	4–12
4	GREEN BAY	5–11	4–12
5	TAMPA BAY	4–12	5–11

tackle Jerry Ball, linebackers Mike Cofer and Chris Spielman, and strong safety Bennie Blades—could be formidable. Look for lots of excitement in the Silverdome this season, but the Lions, Stretch or no Stretch, are a year away.

Good secondary, good linebackers and one of football's most underrated defensive players, rightside linebacker Tim Harris. That combination gave the **GREEN BAY PACKERS** the fifth-best pass defense and seventh-best overall D in the NFL last year—unusual achievements for a 4–12 team. Now we've covered almost everything good there is to say about the Pack.

Except for one thing: They've signed all their veterans. Which leads to something else: Their No. 1 draft pick, Tony Mandarich, who can get down in a three-point stance and drive-block an 18-wheeler off the highway. But Mandarich expressed deep regret about the seven digits the Pack was offering and spent the summer preparing to challenge Hercules to two out of three falls.

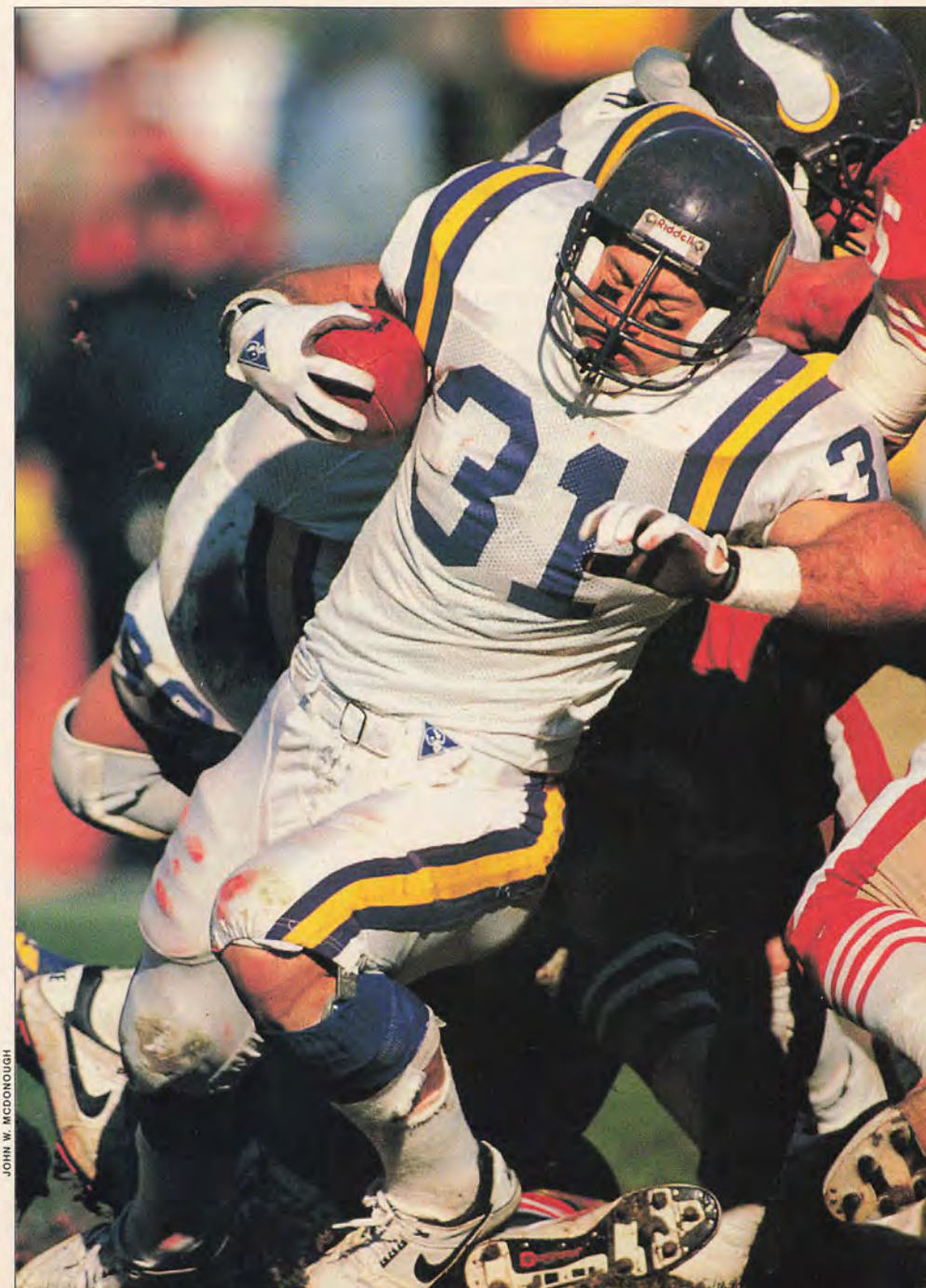
Last year Green Bay finished with its lowest-ever rushing average per game, and we're talking about the dawn of history here, back some 60 years to when NFL statistics were first kept. Yeah, I know, Brent Fullwood is running better, but the Packers need Mandarich to make the attack come together. Let's say that Mandarich eventually starts at a tackle. The other tackle would be Ken Ruettgers, and he's good. Keith Uecker, who will miss the first three games because he tested positive for steroids, would move from tackle to run-blocking guard, for which he's better suited. Left guard Rich Moran is good. These are the makings of a real offensive line, one that could keep Don Majkowski or Randy Wright or Anthony Dilweg from having to face so many third-and-eights.

From 1979 through '82 the **TAMPA BAY BUCCANEERS** went to the playoffs three times. In the six subsequent years they have been the worst team in the NFL, with 21 wins and 74 defeats. The Bucs' closest competitor, Atlanta, has gone 30-64-1 since 1983. In August, Tampa Bay owner Hugh Culverhouse said the '79 team—the best of the three playoff teams—was tainted by drugs, which undermined the franchise for years thereafter.

That, folks, is what's known as a cop-out. No team has been more poorly managed in the '80s than the Bucs have been. Employees were fired at all levels, and the best quarterback Tampa Bay ever had, Doug Williams, was allowed to slip away because he wanted a decent wage. Culverhouse is a beauty, all right. In June he announced he might move three home games to Orlando to broaden the fan base. Attendance had gone down, and Culverhouse said he wasn't sure that winning would reverse the trend. Fans were incensed. A billboard on one Tampa highway reads HUGH CULVERHOUSE, and it has a giant screw through it. Culverhouse backed down from his plan to play in Orlando.

Amid this madness, two dedicated people are trying to survive. Ray Perkins, the coach, hopes to get Vinny Testaverde, the quarterback, to cut his league-high 35 interceptions in half. That's a start. The Bucs play sound football. A few of the players, like wideout Bruce Hill and tackle Paul Gruber, are among the league's best at their positions. But you can't expect to move out of the division cellar when eight of your first 11 games are against teams that had 10 or more wins last year. ■

VIKES LIKE GRITTY RUNNER RICK FENNEY MUST BEAR DOWN IF THEY'RE TO OVERTAKE CHICAGO



JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

SCOUTING REPORTS NFC

REPORT FROM SUPER BOWL COUNTRY: BILL WALSH IS IN THE TV BOOTH, GEORGE SEIFERT IS MANNING THE SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS' HEADPHONES, EIGHT VETS STAGED

holdouts, Joe Montana is sharp, Roger Craig says that he is in the best shape of his life, and Jerry Rice is 12 pounds lighter.

Players have been heard mumbling about the pressure being off now that Walsh is gone. "Darth Vader . . . always watching you," one player said of Walsh. Some on the club mentioned that having Walsh around as executive vice-president of football operations—a job he briefly held after resigning as coach and before joining NBC—wouldn't have been so hot, either. He would have been looking over everyone's shoulder and all. Fellas, the man won three Super Bowls in 10 years, and he'll be in the Hall of Fame while you're still buying tickets, so cool it.

Seifert, the former defensive coordinator, is cerebral, low-key and modest, but he *has* mentioned that he will take a role in the offensive operation. He believes that all those years of studying offenses in an effort to design defenses to stop them has given him a feel for the other side of the ball. With offensive coordinator Mike Holmgren, he plans to write out the first 15 plays of each game beforehand. Walsh would have had 25.

Seifert's defense has been one of the best of the 1980s, both in concept and in its use of personnel. That part of the Niner package will not change, and it will make the team formidable again. Montana, who has had an excellent preseason, will not be under the pressure of a quick hook—as he was at the beginning of last season, when Walsh talked about bringing in Steve Young to relieve him—though Montana says, "You never know; it could happen again."

It seems the only thing that can hold back the 49ers is the traditional post-superbowlitis, because, on paper at least, they have the look of a dynasty. They're young. New talent keeps surfacing—for example, third-year running backs Terrence Flagler and Harry Sydney, who both looked terrific in the preseason, and second-year defensive tackle Pierce Holt. Look for tight end Wesley Walls, a second-round draft pick from Mississippi, to start in place of John Frank, who retired in the off-season. The 49ers haven't seen what their No. 1 choice, cornerback Keith Delong, can do, because he has been hobbled by an injured hamstring.

Some of the holdouts were low-priced guys who resented the bonus money paid to Plan B pickups. The club has a policy of no signing bonuses for veterans already with the team, but that can change. Owner Eddie DeBartolo has never been stingy with a buck. Look for a San Francisco–Chicago NFC Championship Game, just like last year.

I'll give you the name of a key player on the **LOS ANGELES RAMS**, and I'll bet it's someone you've never heard of: Fred Strickland. His position is another head-scratcher: nosebacker. A nosebacker is a guy who lines up over the center, either in the down position, as a noseguard, or standing up, a yard or so back, as a linebacker. The nosebacker is the key to defensive coordinator Fritz Shurmer's two-lineman, five-linebacker alignment called the Eagle, which was so effective in situational use last year that Shurmer plans to employ it almost exclusively this season.

In the 6′ 2″, 250-pound Strickland, a second-rounder out of Purdue in 1988, Shurmer thinks he has the ideal nosebacker. "He never sits in one position," says fellow linebacker Mel Owens of Strickland. "He's always taking a side or a gap, always moving, sometimes dropping into coverage, and he's great at it."

He also has been injured. Cartilage was removed from Strickland's right knee on Aug. 9, but he should miss only one regular-season game. His recovery

ANDY HAYT

RECEIVERS LIKE DAMONE JOHNSON GIVE L.A. AN EDGE OVER SAM MILLS & CO. IN NEW ORLEANS

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NFC WEST

NFC WEST	'89 FORECAST	'88 RECORD
1 SAN FRANCISCO	13–3	10–6
2 RAMS	10–6	10–6
3 NEW ORLEANS	10–6	10–6
4 ATLANTA	2–14	5–11

is vital. The Rams use no defensive ends in the Eagle formation. The two down linemen are tackles, and they're not pass rushers. That job goes to outside linebackers Mike Wilcher and Kevin Greene, a sack maniac who had 4½ in one game against the Niners last year.

As in the old days, when the defense set the tone, this defense could dictate the outcome of games. Owens, who was hurt most of last year, has returned, and he's one of the best in the game at jamming tight ends.

Jim Everett, who is ever willing to learn, is a coach's dream. He led all NFC quarterbacks in passing yardage last year, and now he has more weapons to work with. In '88, L.A. had a fine receiving corps, led by Henry Ellard, who had the best season of any receiver in the NFL (1,414 yards and 10 touchdowns). This year there's a mob at tailback—Greg Bell; Robert Delpino, who also plays fullback; last year's top draft pick, Gaston Green; and this year's No. 1, Cleveland Gary, a prolonged holdout. Said coach John Robinson during the preseason, "Sometimes it's better to split up the work and do it by committee rather than rely on one guy, like we did with Eric Dickerson."

"Yeah," someone told him, "and if you still had Dickerson, you'd be saying, 'It's better to do it with one guy than by committee.' "

"Damn right I would," Robinson said.

For the Rams to make a serious run at the Super Bowl, Strickland must make a full recovery, Gary must join the team in time to be functional, and the passing game must move up a notch—to the 49ers' level.

You might have read recently about **NEW ORLEANS SAINTS** coach Jim Mora's blast at sportswriters who "don't know . . . will never know" anything when they think they know something. It was prompted by a local reporter's reference to a falloff in team sacks, from 47 in '87, when the Saints went to the playoffs, to 31 last year. The reporter also mentioned that linemen accounted for only 10 of those 1988 sacks. That's what got Mora ticked. O.K., sacks are sacks, no matter who gets them, and we're not going to get the guy mad at us for making too much of the Saints' sacks—except to say that they've got to find more of them.

Mora's anger had been piqued earlier in the preseason when someone mentioned his fullback, Craig (Ironhead) Heyward, who despite slimming down from 298 pounds to 265, reported to camp in less than terrific condition. This is what is known as misplaced anger. Heyward is the one Mora should have been mad at. The point is that the mood is testy in New Orleans.

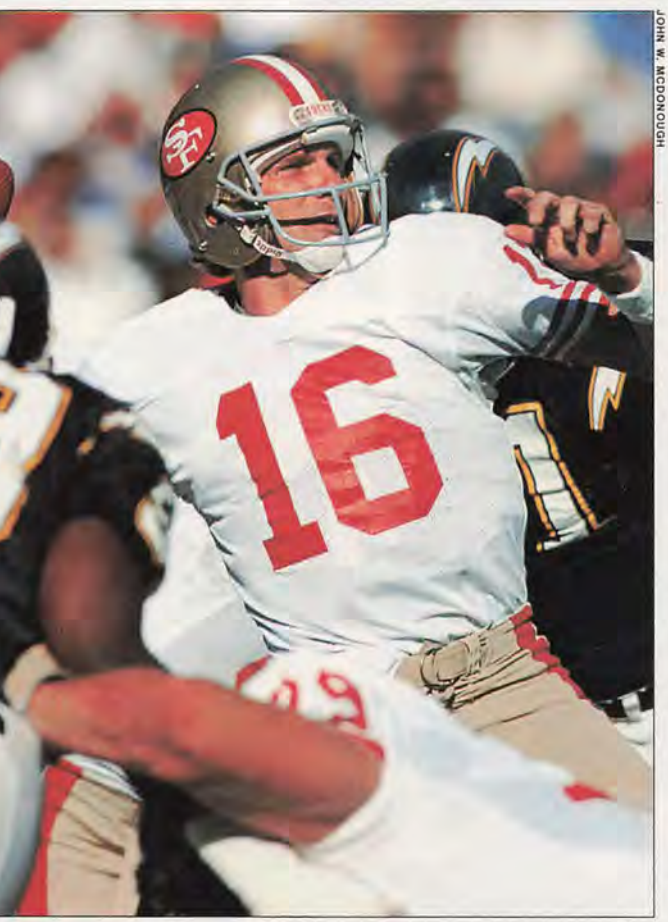
The Saints got everyone in a Who Dat? frenzy by going 12–3 in '87, but after they went 10–6 and missed the playoffs last year, everyone calmed down. True, New Orleans lost four games by a total of only seven points, but the Saints also got blown out a couple of times in December, which is what really kept them out of postseason play. Tired legs, according to Mora. So this year he lightened up on his boot-camp approach to training.

What I like about Mora is that in his three years with the Saints he has made only one change among his assistant coaches. What I like about the organization is that the general manager, Jim Finks, is good enough to be considered for NFL commissioner. A little more zip from the defense, which slumped from fourth in '87 to 12th last year, and the Saints will contend again.

There's no hope for the **ATLANTA FALCONS** this year. The division is too tough. That doesn't mean that the future is entirely grim. Ken Herock is a fine player personnel director; 11 of his 12 draft choices made the team last year, which is what usually happens with weak clubs. O.K., the team's top draft choice this year, cornerback Deion Sanders, was playing minor league baseball when the rest of the Falcons were bloodying their noses in camp. But Sanders was too good a prospect to pass up. Their next six picks were offensive players, and at least three of them, wide receiver Shawn Collins, tackle Ralph Norwood and tailback Keith Jones, should be in a position to help soon.

My favorite Falcon is John Settle, the 24-year-old free-agent tailback who was a backup in camp a year ago, and then rushed for 1,024 yards and went to the Pro Bowl. Trouble is, he plays too tough for his 5′ 9″, 210-pound body. Herock had better get him some help. Without Settle, Atlanta might not win a game. It has been six years since the Falcons finished in the top half of the league in total offense.

Chris Miller, the young third-year quarterback, has talent. At 6′ 2″, 207 pounds, Collins is a bigger and stronger target than Atlanta's shrimpy wideouts of the past. Someday, maybe. . . . ■



JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

WITH MONTANA FIT AND SHARP, THE 49ERS CAN WIN IT ALL AGAIN

Good news travels faster.

Introducing the New V6 Hyundai Sonata.

Since the day it was introduced, the midsize Sonata from Hyundai has been generating the kind of press most cars simply dream about.

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SCOUTING REPORTS AFC

LOOK AT THE BUFFALO BILLS' 1988 SEASON THIS WAY: IF DEFENSIVE END BRUCE SMITH HADN'T HURT HIS THIGH IN THE FIRST QUARTER OF THE AFC CHAMPIONSHIP GAME, IF cornerback Derrick Burroughs hadn't been thrown out of that game, and if linebacker Shane Conlan hadn't been hampered by a sprained right foot, Buffalo would have been in the Super Bowl. Yeah, I know, if wishes were fishes. . . . The point is that the Bills are on the way up, and this year they'll go all the way to the Super Bowl.

Two of the league's most unassuming people, coach Marv Levy and general manager Bill Polian, have made all the right moves. For next to nothing last year, they got defensive end Art Still from Kansas City and strong safety Leonard Smith from Phoenix; both players became vital parts of the machine. How do Levy and Polian top that? After all, this year's first two draft choices were traded in the '87 deal for linebacker Cornelius Bennett, who made the Pro Bowl last season.

The answer came early in the exhibition season. Two running backs, Kenneth Davis and 256-pound Larry Kinnebrew, castoffs from Green Bay and Cincy, respectively, ran like maniacs. They should supply the last touches to a running game that began to emerge in '88. The already formidable offensive line has been bulked up by 300-pound Howard Ballard, a second-year guard.

The Bills make noises about having installed a long-passing game, but Levy and Polian know that the surest route to the Super Bowl is relentless running and a crushing defense. The defense is already in place. The ground game will be.

Jim Kelly's 15-touchdown, 17-interception season in '88 produced a few nasty letters to *The Buffalo News*, but Levy immediately rushed to Kelly's defense. "Give me the choice of any quarterback in this league," he said, "and I'll take Jim Kelly."

Buffalo's receivers are competent; the one weakness has been the lack of a deep threat. Enter Don Beebe, a third-round draft choice from NAIA Chadron State in Nebraska. A small, boyish-looking guy with blazing speed, Beebe could be the final piece.

Only two active NFL coaches have always had winning seasons. Make that winning full seasons. One of them is Jerry Burns of the Vikings. Raymond Berry of the **NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS** is the other. But in his four seasons with the Pats, they have never been considered serious contenders. Even when New England won the AFC title in '85, it made the playoffs as a wild card and then got buried by the Bears in the Super Bowl.

Once again New England will be decent, perhaps even playoff-caliber, but that's all. As long as Dick Steinberg is the director of player development, the Pats will have more than their share of talent. In the first round of this year's draft, he landed Hart Lee Dykes, a big (6′ 4″, 218 pounds), gifted wideout. Last year's standout rookie was tailback John Stephens. The year before, Steinberg got a pair of star rookie tackles, Danny Villa and Bruce Armstrong. Before that came defensive end Garin Veris, linebacker Johnny Rembert, and cornerback Ronnie Lippett. Still, the Pats keep running in place.

Last season New England finished next to last in the league in both total offense and passing. Four quarterbacks are on the roster, and all are flawed. Tony Eason is injury-plagued. Ditto for Steve Grogan, who's also 36 years old. Doug Flutie is undersized. Marc Wilson is a Raider castoff who has had his chance. Moreover, two offensive assistants, offensive coordinator Rod Humenuik and passing-game coordinator Les Steckel, were fired after last season. Flanker Irving Fryar stayed away from camp in a contract dispute.

The schedule is not murderous, but with serious injuries in the final preseason game to Lippett, Veris and linebacker Andre Tippett, it's hard to see this club going far.

A week before the draft, Michigan State wideout Andre Rison, a fast, heady ball hawk, was projected to be one of the first dozen players selected. Then his sun started setting. He refused to work out for teams. Scouts gossiped. Word got around: bad attitude, tough to deal with. Rison was taken by the **INDIANAPOLIS COLTS** as the 22nd pick. Nine days later Rison became the first first-round draft pick to sign, getting an eye-popping $2,557,500 over five years. That was Top 10 money. General managers around the league groaned. A new salary level had been created, from the bottom up. Curses were muttered about the Indy operation.

The Colts' attitude? Gee, that's tough. Come and get us. We want our No. 1 guy in early to learn the system. We want a big league passing game to go with Eric Dickerson's legs. We're making a run for it.

We'll see. We've heard lots of rah-rah talk before from the Irsays and coach Ron Meyer. Meyer didn't win a lot of friends around the league when he fired six assistants at the end of last season. Says Joe Collier, himself a casualty at Denver, where he had been defensive coordinator: "He fired six coaches in order to take the pressure off himself."

AFC EAST		'89 FORECAST	'88 RECORD
1	BUFFALO	12-4	12-4
2	NEW ENGLAND	9-7	9-7
3	INDIANAPOLIS	7-9	9-7
4	JETS	6-10	8-7-1
5	MIAMI	6-10	6-10

JOHN BIEVER

DESPITE A NUCLEUS OF PLAYERS LIKE STEPHENS, THE PATRIOTS KEEP RUNNING IN PLACE

So a lot of people have it in for the Colts. Here's what Indy has going for it: a good offensive line, improving quarterback Chris Chandler and a good defense led by Pro Bowl linebacker Duane Bickett. Here's what Indy has going against it: a wicked schedule that includes the Bills (twice), 49ers, Browns, Saints, Bengals, Broncos and Rams. A championship-level team could handle that, but the Colts can't.

The bad news is that Bud Carson, who did magic tricks as defensive coordinator of the **NEW YORK JETS**, has gone to Cleveland to be head coach. The good news is that the Jets still own the trade rights to Mark Gastineau—if anybody's interested.

The '88 season ended on a happy note as the Jet defense rose in a sacking frenzy to knock the Giants out of the playoffs, thus giving the Jets an 8-7-1 record in a season that many people, including yours truly, had predicted would be a disaster.

The hunt continues for defense. The Jets passed up many offensive stars in the draft to pick Jeff Lageman, an inside linebacker whom they planned to move outside. That project ended when Lageman held out for 33 days. But the Jets got lucky with a pair of defensive ends: Ron Stallworth, a fourth-rounder who has been installed as the starter on the right side (Marty Lyons will move to the left), and sixth-rounder Marvin Washington, who will be a spot pass rusher.

The offense isn't as sound. For years suspicion abounded that something was wrong with Ken O'Brien's throwing arm, and now he has been diagnosed as having chronic tendinitis of the shoulder. His arm might hold up, it might not. Both wideouts, Al Toon and Wesley Walker, were holdouts. The line is in disarray. I'm penciling in a 6–10 record for the Jets, but last year I picked them to go 5–11, and look how they surprised us.

Finally, the fans have become disenchanted with the all-pass, no-run, no-defense **MIAMI DOLPHINS**. Two years ago Miami sold 53,000 season tickets to brand-new Joe Robbie Stadium. Last season the number was 44,000.

The fans who did show up in '88 practiced their booing. They booed Dan Marino, who has been the franchise for six years, when he looked downfield, saw no open receivers and threw the ball away. They booed Marino again when wide receiver Mark Duper turned in one of his patented downfield stunts—pulling up short on a pattern and waving at the ball as it went by. They booed the defense, which gave up more rushing yards than any other Miami team in history, and they booed the ground attack, which set another club record—fewest yards gained. Finally, they booed the worst record of Don Shula's career.

What's to be done? The Dolphins keep drafting for defense, but nothing happens. Promising players, like linebacker John Offerdahl, end John Bosa and pass-rush specialist Eric Kumerow, get hurt or wear down. Others, like inside linebacker Jackie Shipp, don't pan out. Miami drafts runners, like Troy Stradford in '87 and Ron Davenport and Lorenzo Hampton in '85, but they take a beating and end up being just ordinary backs. This year the Dolphins used two first-round picks to get a big, flashy runner, Sammie Smith, and an oversized free safety, Louis Oliver. Oliver became an instant starter, and Smith became an extended holdout. That's one for two.

When the exhibition season opened, the Bears ran at will against the Dolphin defenders, who gasped for breath in the 28–20 Chicago victory. After that the Oilers, Redskins and Eagles piled up 26, 35 and 20 points, respectively, in beating Miami. On the plus side, a big (6′ 3″, 210 pounds), fast wideout named Andre Brown has played better than anyone could expect of a free agent. Maybe he will wake up Duper. But it will take more than that before the Dolphins are up and at 'em again. ■

SCOUTING REPORTS AFC

central

JOE MONTANA'S HEROICS FOR THE 49ERS KILLED WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN A GOOD SUPER BOWL STORY ON THE CINCINNATI BENGALS. JUST LOOK WHAT THEY HAD TO

overcome. Lost Stanley Wilson, their best short-yardage runner, to drugs the night before the game. Lost Tim Krumrie, their best defensive player, on the second series. Entered the game with a sore-armed quarterback. Still, Cincinnati came within 34 seconds of victory.

The Bengals made few believers, though. Everyone seems to be jumping on the Houston bandwagon—and watching the condition of Boomer Esiason's shoulder. Esiason wasn't right as the 1988 season wore down, but if there's one thing a team doesn't want to announce, it's that its quarterback has an ailing arm. So the Bengals' weak passing attack—it averaged 225 yards a game from September through November but 118 thereafter, including the postseason—was chalked up to Esiason's sore ankle and sprained finger, anything but his you know what.

Will his arm hold up? We'll find out in November or December, when the weather turns cold. In any case, Cincy can call on the league's best ground game. Ickey Woods and James Brooks each averaged more than five yards a shot last year. The Bengals always seem to have an abundance of massive, hulking offensive linemen. Tackle Anthony Munoz, guard Max Montoya, center Bruce Riemers, guard Bruce Kozerski, tackle Brian Blados and second-year guard Paul Jetton all weigh 275 pounds or more. Now comes rookie guard Freddie Childress, the biggest of the bunch at about 340. Right tackle Joe Walter was on his way to a Pro Bowl season when he tore up a knee in December, so the Bengals plugged in Blados, who weighs less than 300 pounds for the first time in his career despite the fact that he helped his girlfriend run a fudge shop in the off-season. *That's* dedication.

Childress and running back Eric Ball were the second-round draft choices. For years the Bengals' hot round has been No. 2. First-rounders came and went, but for the last six seasons Cincinnati's second-round selections have become solid first-stringers, and two of them, Esiason and cornerback Eric Thomas, have made the Pro Bowl. This year the Bengals dealt their first pick and had two second-round choices.

Thomas and 228-pound strong safety David Fulcher anchor one of the league's best secondaries. Defensive ends Jim Skow and Jason Buck are relentless pass rushers, and Krumrie, who swears the leg he broke in the Super Bowl won't keep him out of the lineup, is the best nosetackle around.

Nope, Cincinnati has too much talent and depth to be dismissed. Division champion—yes. Super Bowl repeater? That might come down to Esiason and his iffy left wing.

Some **HOUSTON OILERS** grumbled in the off-season about coach Jerry Glanville's stealing so much publicity with his colorful antics. The offensive guys wish all that House of Pain stuff had never gotten started. "Who does it come back to hurt?" says quarterback Warren Moon. "Us, the offense. It just gets the other team's defense fired up." In the old days the Oilers could steal games by sneaking up on people. Not anymore. This year the enemy will enter games with red eyeballs. It's time for strong men to stand up and be counted.

If the Oilers aren't strong men, they're certainly rich ones. Moon signed a five-year, $10 million, fully guaranteed contract that will pay him $4 million in 1993, when he will turn 37. Wideout Ernest Givins got a healthy raise by renegotiating his contract. Pro Bowl defensive end Ray Childress, whose contract expired last season, received a five-year, $4.75 million offer from the Bears, and Houston matched it without a peep.

The 1988 Oilers were capable of great highs (the 41–6 laugher over the Bengals) and dismal lows (the 45–3 loss to the Jets). The Steelers drove 80 yards for a touchdown in the last minute and a half to beat them in a crunch game in December. Houston knows how to win, but not how to win consistently.

The talent is sound in all departments, particularly on the offensive line and at running back. The draft brought backup help and possibly one starter, strong safety Bubba McDowell. The Oilers' show-stopping number has been the four-wideout run-and-shoot offense, which they've mixed with their normal attack. But they have hired a new quarterback coach, Kevin Gilbride—the fifth one Moon will have played for in six seasons.

If Cincy falters, the Oilers will be there to mop up. If Houston has to do it on its own, well. . . .

New **CLEVELAND BROWNS** coach Bud Carson is the Johnny Sain of football. Sain was a great pitching coach. The players loved him and the fans loved him. Managers, however, found him tough to handle, and he drifted from team to team. Carson developed the great Steeler Super Bowl defenses of the '70s. He was just as effective with the Super Bowl Rams of 1980, but he was axed when coach Ray Malavasi got rid of most of his assistants in '82.

After that, Carson didn't hit it off with Frank Kush in Baltimore or John Mackovic in Kansas City. Joe Walton knew enough not to mess with him on

AFC CENTRAL

		'89 FORECAST	'88 RECORD
1	CINCINNATI	11–5	12–4
2	HOUSTON	9–7	10–6
3	CLEVELAND	8–8	10–6
4	PITTSBURGH	7–9	5–11

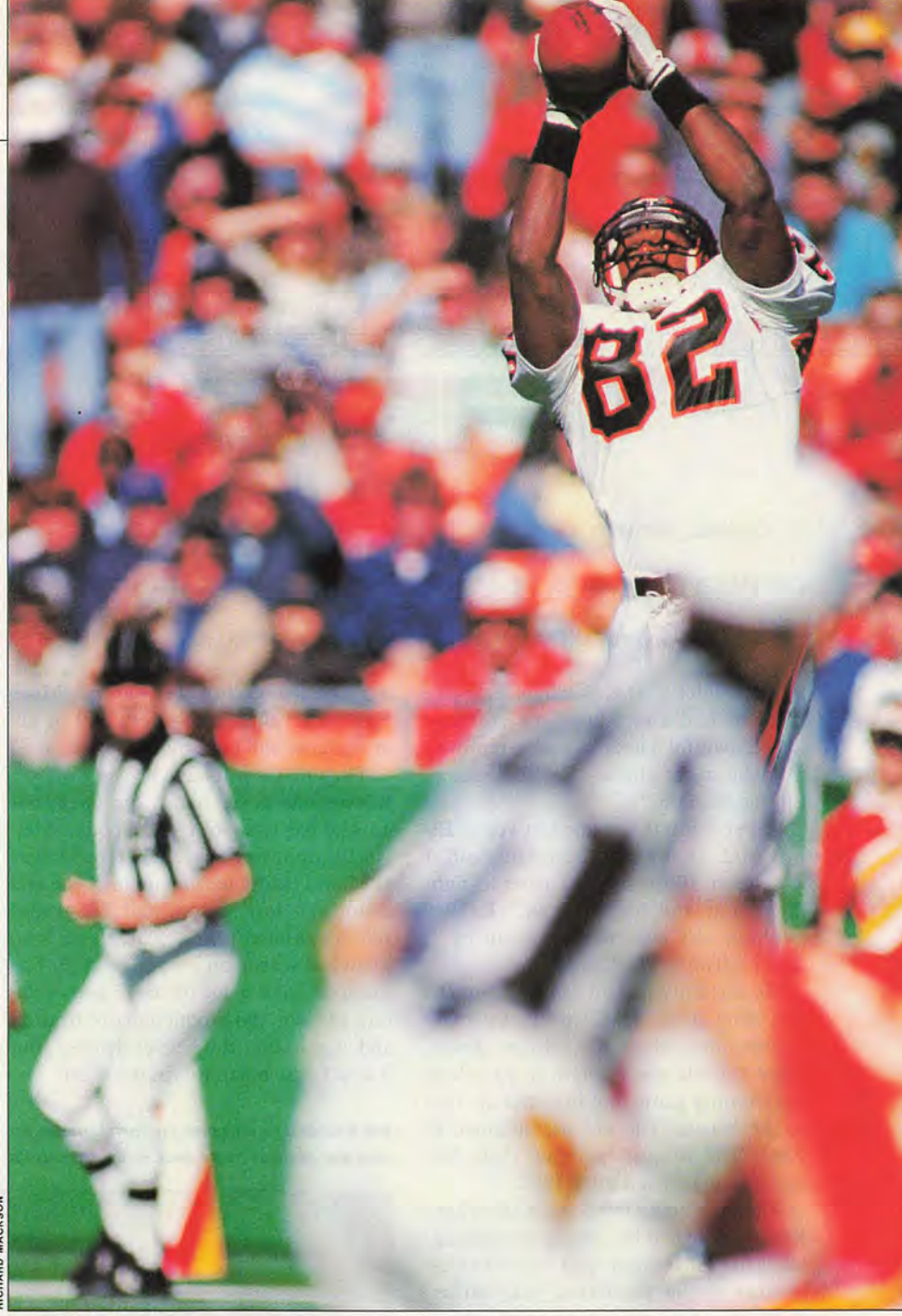
the Jets, whom he joined as defensive coordinator in '85, and he did wonders for them. But by the end of the 1988 season he was 57 and bitter, having watched less qualified people land head-coaching jobs.

When the Cleveland offer came, he jumped, without any complaints about the many conditions attached. He had minimal input in the draft, and he didn't have a free hand in hiring his assistants. Browns owner Art Modell promised Jet owner Leon Hess that none of Carson's Jet assistants would be hired. Carson has kept his mouth shut as he gets ready to make the best of his first chance as a head coach in the pros. Modell is a tough guy to buck. Carson's predecessor, Marty Schottenheimer, tried it last year and came out second best, despite the remarkable job he did getting Cleveland into the playoffs after losing his top three quarterbacks to injuries.

The defense will be excellent, and it will attack—out of a 4–3, with All-Pro cornerback Hanford Dixon shifted to free safety. The offense is geared for speed with the addition of rookie wide-out Lawyer Tillman and 5′ 9″ mini-backs Eric Metcalf, the first-round pick, and Mike Oliphant, who came from the Redskins. Bernie Kosar is healthy, and Marc Trestman, his quarterback coach in college, has been promoted to offensive coordinator. If the Browns have a winning year, Carson will have a stronger hand next season. If they disappoint, he'll be a bitter 58-year-old.

For the first time in memory, a Rooney criticized coach Chuck Noll of the **PITTSBURGH STEELERS**—indirectly, at least. The day after a 27–7 loss to Cleveland in November, Dan Rooney, the team's president and owner, said he was unhappy with "coaching decisions" and "stupid plays." He promised an extensive off-season evaluation of the organization.

In late December, Noll was told to fire four assistants. He said he would quit first. After his fourth meeting with Rooney, Noll nodded a sad assent, and the quartet was gone. A fifth assistant, defensive coordinator Tony Dungy, quit on his own. Shortly thereafter, in a remarkable bit of bad timing, Rooney announced that Noll "will remain with the organization for the rest of his career." Noll didn't get ripped around the league—as Ron Meyer of Indianapolis and Dan Reeves of Denver did when they fired several of their assistants in December—but eyebrows were raised.



RICHARD MACKSON

IS ESIASON'S ARM NOW SOUND ENOUGH TO ZIP PASSES TO RECEIVERS LIKE RODNEY HOLMAN?

Rod Rust is the new defensive coach, and, refreshingly, he's one of the few who does not come off the bus screaming, "Attack! Attack! Attack!" His approach is more cerebral. Pittsburgh will have only one special-teams coach, George Stewart. Last year it had two, counting Noll, and this Gong Show approach resulted in the Steelers having an NFL-record six punts blocked. Tom Donahoe, who had been a scout, will regularly evaluate the players. The Steelers have never put themselves under the microscope like that before.

What will all this mean on the field? Hard to tell. Pittsburgh finished '88 by winning three of its last four games. Bubby Brister is the first Steeler quarterback to draw smiles since Terry Bradshaw. The draft could supply plenty of help—running back Tim Worley, wide-out Derek Hill, strong safety Carnell Lake and tackle Tom Ricketts could all start this year. A sleeper, ninth-round pick A.J. Jenkins, will be a pass-rush specialist. Pittsburgh is young and exciting, which is what a team on the rebound is supposed to be. ■

SCOUTING REPORTS AFC

west

IT CAME UP IN CHITCHAT AT THE TRAINING CAMP OF THE DENVER BRONCOS. SOMEONE REMARKED TO JOHN ELWAY THAT HE LOOKED HAPPIER THIS YEAR, AND HE SAID, "WELL,

the shoulder's O.K." Shoulder? We knew he had a sore knee last year and that a painful bursa sac was removed from his right elbow after the season. But the shoulder?

"First exhibition game last year," Elway said. "I strained the rotator cuff. I was never 100 percent. I tried to fight through it and blank it out." Really? Nothing was ever written about it. "I didn't tell anybody," said Elway.

He certainly had an off year. For the first time since '85 Elway threw more interceptions than touchdown passes. Tony Dorsett was brought in to bolster the running game, but it ended up 19th in the league. The defense slumped to 22nd. The Broncos suffered their first nonwinning season since 1982.

Then the house fell down. Coach Dan Reeves, who lost his offensive coordinator, Mike Shanahan, and two other assistants to the Raiders a year earlier, fired his entire defensive staff. Wade Phillips, formerly Buddy Ryan's defensive coach in Philadelphia, is the new defensive coordinator, and he says his unit will attack and swarm. Every new defensive coordinator says his guys will attack and swarm. Just once I would like to hear one say, "Well, we'll pull back and play more coverages."

The front seven got outmuscled in '88, but the coaches promise big things from second-round draft pick Warren Powers, a defensive end with the kind of size (6′ 6″, 287 pounds) that the Broncos have seldom had. Top draft choice Steve Atwater, a 217-pound defensive back, was expected to beat out 30-year-old strong safety Dennis Smith, but instead Atwater is giving 192-pound Mike Harden a run at free safety. All in all, the defense will have more muscle.

The offense will have bigger guys too. Reeves has never had a big back, but now he has two—6′ 1″, 225-pound Melvin Bratton, who scored 32 touchdowns at Miami before tearing up his knee and sitting out last season, and 232-pound Jeff Alexander, a first-year player who spent last season on injured reserve. The Broncos have a lot of ifs—Elway's return to form, the productivity of Bratton and Alexander, the heftier defense. But it won't take much to win the West.

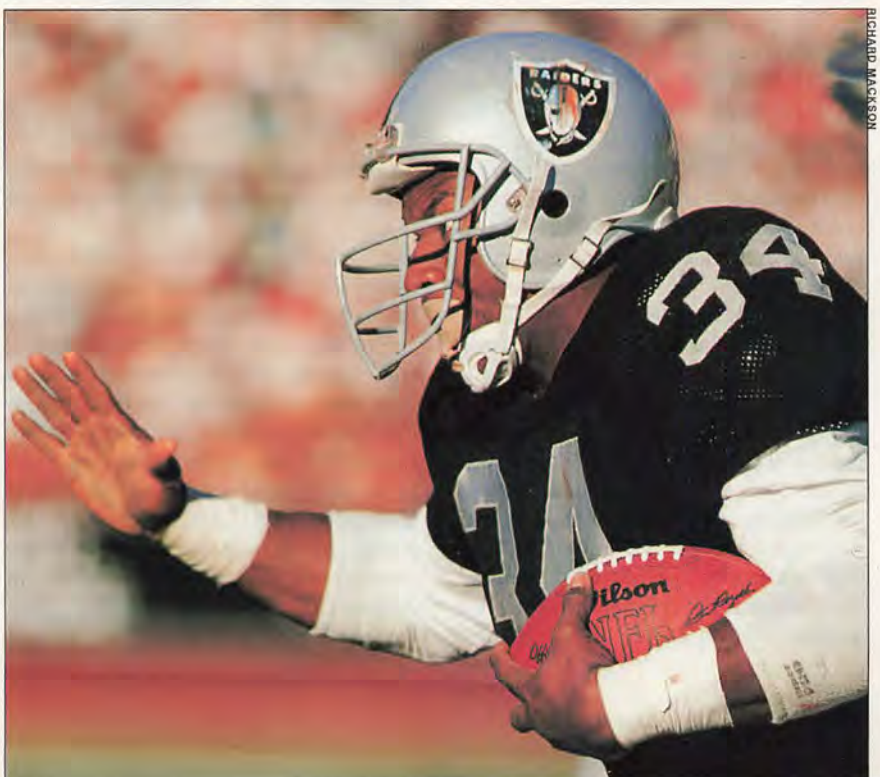
I keep jotting down little W's and L's for the **KANSAS CITY CHIEFS**, and keep coming up with a 7–9 record, the same one I get for the Raiders and the Seahawks. So what gives the Chiefs the edge? New coach Marty Schottenheimer, for one thing. In 4½ seasons as coach of the Browns he showed that he knew how to put a team together.

I also like Kansas City's assistant coaches. Most of them worked for Schottenheimer in Cleveland. In addition, Al Saunders, who's handling the receivers, is a former head coach of the Chargers, and Tony Dungy, who's in charge of the defensive backs, was Pittsburgh's defensive coordinator last year.

The Chiefs were hapless in '88, with two aging quarterbacks, Steve DeBerg and Bill Kenney, a sporadic running attack and a defense dotted with fine players—nosetackle Bill Maas, linebacker Dino Hackett, most of the secondary—who had trouble staying healthy. Another aging quarterback, 38-year-old Ron Jaworski, will start, which means K.C. is just trying to get through the season. Second-round pick Mike Elkins isn't ready to take over.

The stabilizing influence in the ground attack could be 37-year-old Mike Webster, who joined the team to coach but decided he could help more at center. Though he missed most of camp in a contract dispute, linebacker Derrick Thomas, the No. 1 draft choice, could light up a defense that finished third

THE RAIDERS HAVE SOME SHOWSTOPPERS, INCLUDING BO, BUT THEY WILL STILL STRUGGLE



RICHARD MACKSON

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AFC west

AFC WEST	'89 FORECAST	'88 RECORD
1 DENVER	9–7	8–8
2 KANSAS CITY	7–9	4–11–1
3 SEATTLE	7–9	9–7
4 RAIDERS	7–9	7–9
5 SAN DIEGO	5–11	6–10

from the bottom in sacks last year. Things are improving, but the Chiefs are still two drafts away.

With no powerful teams threatening to block the way, don't be too surprised if the **SEATTLE SEAHAWKS** repeat as division champs. They have a terrific fullback in John L. Williams, a productive quarterback in Dave Krieg, a competent pass-catching contingent and some superb offensive linemen. So what's wrong?

The defense against the run, for starters. Physical teams shoved Seattle around in '88. Brian Bosworth was supposed to be a sturdy, plugging, inside linebacker, but he was injured and ineffective. "When you're not well liked by your teammates," says one coach, "you do two things. You keep your mouth shut and play like hell. Boz didn't do either." The draft didn't provide much defensive help.

Curt Warner, the franchise runner, was accused of tiptoeing through 1988, but he says he got a bum rap. "I'm getting blasted," says Warner, "and all I did was play a whole year on an ankle that had had two operations [before the season]."

He wanted to come back strong this year, but his right knee, on which he had surgery in 1984, popped some cartilage in camp. If Warner makes a miraculous return to full strength, the Seahawks will have one of the league's best running back combos—and that could be enough to steal the division.

The **LOS ANGELES RAIDERS** were scrimmaging the Cowboys in Oxnard, Calif., when Al Davis stepped onto the field. "That's enough of that," Davis told the Raider defense. He then turned to the Cowboy offense and said, "Give us a four-wideout look." Dallas did. Afterward, the L.A. players were breaking up. "Did you see that?" said one. "Did you see the way Al stopped the scrimmage? Even the Cowboys listened to him. Hey, Al's back."

The Raiders had slipped further and further away from Davis while he carried legal briefs into courtrooms throughout the land. Now he appears to be taking a tighter hold. When camp opened, L.A. had seven players who had made the Pro Bowl for other teams. The best of Davis's foreign legion could be former Redskins quarterback Jay Schroeder, who spent the off-season in the Raider complex, working on his playbook and his throwing. "We opened it up in the last game of 1988, and you saw the result," says Schroeder about the 331 passing yards and 37 points Los Angeles got against Seattle. "That's the way we're going to go now—the old Raider way."

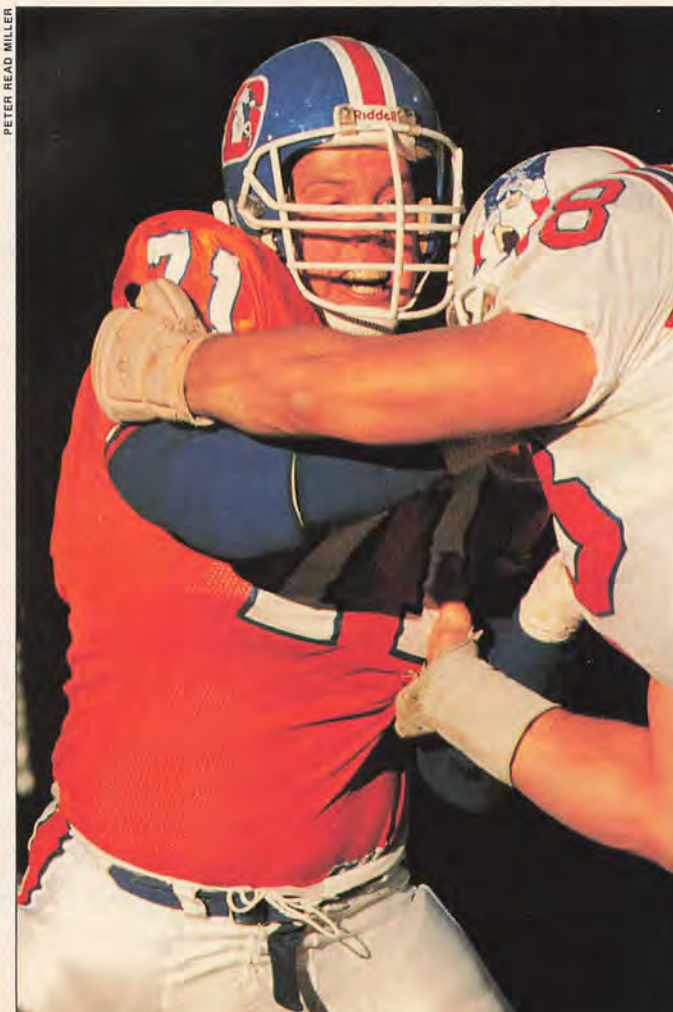
Defensive end Howie Long had what he calls a "totally dedicated" off-season. He proved it by running a 4.78 40 in camp. Steve Wisniewski, L.A.'s second pick in the draft, should be an outstanding right guard. Marcus Allen missed all of camp seeking a new contract, though he has returned for the start of the season. Bo Jackson is hitting gappers for the K.C. Royals. The show may not be great, but what a cast.

Bobby Beathard hangs over the trade that brought Jim McMahon to the **SAN DIEGO CHARGERS** from the Bears. Rumor has it that Beathard will be the Chargers' general manager in 1990. That must make San Diego's current director of football operations, Steve Ortmayer, feel great. So what's Ortmayer's play? Concentrate on winning right away. Make it impossible, or at least embarrassing, for the club to fire him.

If the future were secure, Ortmayer and coach Dan Henning could wait for quarterback Billy Joe Tolliver, the hot rookie they drafted in the second round, to develop. But the owner, Alex Spanos, is a table-pounder, a let's-get-it-done kind of guy. Henning, who was doing a solid job in Atlanta when he was fired following the 1986 season, knows all about impatient owners.

So he and Ortmayer must squeeze out as many wins as they can this year. McMahon, 30 and injury-prone, might not be the long-term answer, but Tolliver will miss at least the first six weeks of the season because of a broken collarbone, and in any case McMahon is better than Tolliver or anyone else the Chargers have. Try this scenario: McMahon has a hot year and exerts his fabled leadership qualities. All those 300-pound linemen San Diego picked up in this spring's Plan B free-agent grab bag become blocking demons, and an obscure 248-pound rookie fullback named Marion Butts becomes a killer. (Butts's offensive coordinator at Florida State, Wayne McDuffie, once called him "John Dillinger in headgear.") The defense rises to the occasion. End Leslie O'Neal is a big hit at his new position, linebacker. The fans fall in love with these overachievers. Spanos is satisfied.

Scenario No. 2 is 4–12. That's the one we're choosing. ■



PETER READ MILLER

GREG KRAGEN AND THE DENVER D GOT PUSHED AROUND IN '88

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6. Subaru
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8. Nissan
8. Jaguar
10. Mercury
11. BMW
11. Lincoln

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1988 CUSTOMER SATISFACTION INDEX℠

1. Acura
2. Mercedes
3. Honda
4. Cadillac
5. Toyota
6. Lincoln
7. BMW
8. Volvo
9. Mazda
9. Audi
11. Subaru
12. Nissan

J.D.Power&Associates

1989 CUSTOMER SATISFACTION INDEX℠

1. Acura
2. Mercedes
3. Honda
4. Toyota
5. Cadillac
6. Nissan
7. Subaru
8. Mazda
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10. Buick
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In 1988, automotive history repeated itself. Acura topped the CSI survey two years in a row.

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To some automobile manufacturers, an accomplishment like that would be cause to celebrate. But, the way we see it, this ad still needs work. For more information call 1-800-TO-ACURA.

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INSIDE THE NFL

By Peter King

THE LONG GOODBYE

The most unpleasant thing about the end of the Pete Rozelle era is that it won't end. And even when the league's 28 owners get around to picking a successor to Rozelle, who announced his resignation as commissioner almost six months ago, the hangover could last for years. As the NFL begins its 70th season, permanent divisions are forming among owners that even the most diplomatic of new commissioners may not be able to bridge. Here's the status of the stalled search:

• The candidacy of New Orleans president and general manager Jim Finks is in grave danger, with one owner even saying the election of Finks is impossible. Several of the 11 dissident owners who blocked Finks's election in July seem convinced that a football executive can't run the league as profitably as a business executive can. Seahawk owner Ken Behring, one of the 11 and also a member of the search committee for a new commissioner, favors a business guy. "I'd like to get new candidates with fresh ideas," says Behring.

• Rozelle, who promised the owners he would stay on until a successor was found, has sold his New York home, rented a hotel room in Manhattan and is prepared to work through the season, if need be. But he's not happy about that prospect, and he hopes a new man is found by the league's next business session, Oct. 24 and 25 in Cleveland.

• Finks, NFL counsel Paul Tagliabue and two or three businessmen from outside the league will probably be the finalists when the six-man search committee makes its recommendations—possibly before the October meeting—to the club owners. The meeting could be a bloodbath because of the widespread support for Finks, who had the backing of 16 owners in July. Nineteen votes are needed for election.

Sides seem to be hardening. Most of the opposition to Finks comes from the newer owners, who have paid so much for their teams that they want to have a big say in league matters, especially financial ones. General manager George Young of the Giants calls it a conflict between the low-debt-service owners and the high-debt-service owners. What he means is this: Denver's Pat Bowlen and Dallas's Jerry Jones paid huge sums for their teams and need to make money to justify their investments; they want smaller training-camp rosters and bigger dividends from such off-field sources as NFL Properties. "The game doesn't seem to be a priority to these owners now," says one old-guard personnel director.

Behring says he thinks the recent division over the commissioner "is the best thing that could have happened to the league. It's brought about changes and new thinking." Maybe that's so, but can there be real peace after this civil war?

CRAIG MOLENHOUSE

ROZELLE HOPED TO BE POOLSIDE PERMANENTLY BY NOW

FINKS'S CANDIDACY MIGHT BE IN JEOPARDY

PLAN B FOR BUCKS

That was a pretty expensive practice the Oilers ran on July 28. It cost them $50,000. That's the amount they paid this spring to sign tight end Calvin Magee. Magee had been left unprotected by Tampa Bay under this year's Plan B free-agent experiment—in which each team could protect only 37 players on its roster—and the Oilers got him for the 50-grand signing bonus. He practiced that one day in July, said his knee couldn't take the rigors of the NFL anymore, and quit, pocketing the bonus.

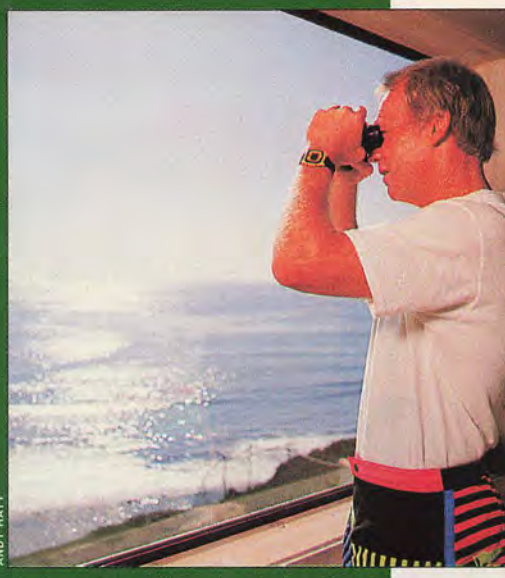
Green Bay cut four of its 20 Plan B free agents a week before the first preseason game, costing the Pack $87,500.

SCHEDULING SOCIALISM

Everyone knows that the NFL tries to promote parity by scheduling strong teams from the previous season against other strong teams, and weak teams against weak teams. But less well known is that the league makes a special effort to get comparable-strength matchups early in the season to ensure that more teams are in the playoff race come November. "We work in that direction when we can," says the NFL's director of broadcasting, Val Pinchbeck, who helps make up the schedule. "But [because of the demands of television] our degree of control over that isn't what it once was."

Two marquee teams will especially feel the effects of front-loaded scheduling. The Raiders, who were 7–9 last season, will begin the season by playing six teams with a combined '88 record of 39-54-3. Chicago, which is coming off a 12–4 year, will face a 12-game winner,

A SEASON AT THE BEACH



ANDY HAYT

BEATHARD IS EYEBALLING A '90 RETURN

Look out at the Pacific Ocean from Bobby Beathard's porch, 28 miles north of San Diego, and you can see forever. You can also see why he's not having severe withdrawal pains four months after quitting his job as general manager of the Redskins. Beathard jogs and surfs every day he's at his new beachfront home in Leucadia.

"In a way," says the 52-year-old Beathard, "I feel kind of guilty because I haven't been doing anything, and here it is football season. But in another way, I say to myself, God, is this great."

Still, Beathard will probably be in the front office of a West Coast team in 1990. San Diego owner Alex Spanos has already said that he wants to talk to him after the season about joining the Chargers. "I love to run, surf and ride a bike," says Beathard. "But I also love having things to do."

To keep busy this fall—and to stay sharp in assessing talent—Beathard plans to make scouting trips on his own to colleges every week. He also will travel to New York on Saturday afternoons to do NBC's *NFL Live* pregame show on Sundays. NBC hired Beathard for his football expertise, which helped build Super Bowl teams in Miami and Washington. But for the network and its pro football audience the question is, Can a man who expects to return to the NFL rap his past and future peers and players? "He owes it to us and the viewers to be hard-hitting," says Bob Costas, who is the anchor of *NFL Live*. "I think he's coming into it with that attitude."

"You can be informative without ripping people," says Beathard. "I don't go into this job thinking I have to be nice to everyone to get a job in the NFL again." Beathard's strength is analyzing players, plays and trends, and he hopes that's how NBC will use him. A California native, Beathard is happy to be back in the land of futons—he and his wife, Christine, sleep on one—pastel T-shirts and surfboards. But Christine makes sure that he has a bit of Washington with him. Shopping recently in San Diego, she found a 6½-foot marble facsimile of the Washington Monument. Now it sits placidly in their house overlooking the ocean.

As, on most days, does Beathard. ■

Cincinnati; an 11-game winner, Minnesota; and a 10-game winner, Philadelphia, in the first four weeks.

THE WILSON FALLOUT

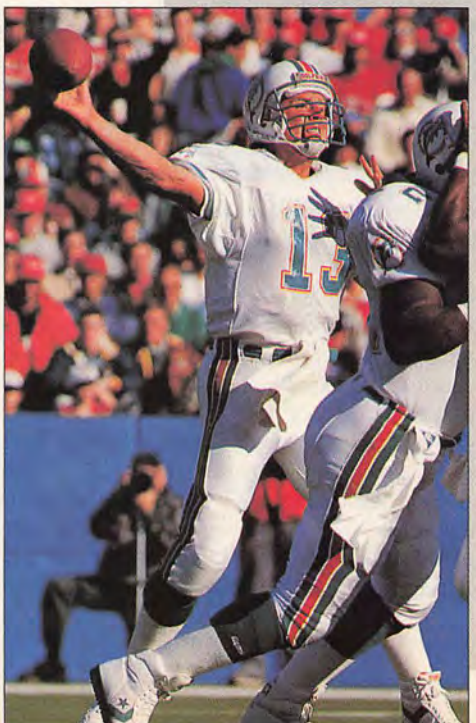
The Bengals hope the Stanley Wilson story dies a natural death. In late May the story surfaced that *Penthouse* had paid Wilson a reported $250,000 for his account of his Super Bowl–eve cocaine binge. *Penthouse* is investigating Wilson's allegations that other Bengals joined him that night. A *Penthouse* spokesperson wouldn't comment on when, or even if, the article will run, but some of the players Wilson reportedly names have threatened legal action if their names appear. In May, Wilson, who had been suspended twice previously, was permanently banned from the league.

One player Wilson has reportedly implicated is running back Ickey Woods, who has angrily

AT 497 AND COUNTING

Since last Sept. 25, Miami quarterback Dan Marino has thrown 497 passes without being sacked. That is almost certainly an NFL record, though the league doesn't track sacks of individual quarterbacks. Marino's streak is due less to the strength of his offensive line—Miami finished 28th in rushing last year—than to his quick release. Then there are the guys who read and wait before passing. "With me, linemen have time because I'm going to hold on to the ball as long as I need to," says the Giants' Phil Simms, who has been the most frequently sacked signal caller over his last 497 attempts. "Sacks are overrated." SI looked at the last 497 regular-season pass attempts of starting NFL quarterbacks. Below is a list of those who have gone down most often during Marino's amazing streak. ■

JOHN IACONO



MARINO'S QUICK RELEASE HAS MADE HIM ALL BUT UNTOUCHABLE

MOST-SACKED STARTING QUARTERBACKS
(in their last 497 pass attempts)

Player	Games	Sacks	Sacks per 100 attempts	Recent Injuries
1. PHIL SIMMS Giants	16	53	10.66	Shoulder strain
2. RANDALL CUNNINGHAM Eagles	14	51	10.26	None
3. NEIL LOMAX Cardinals	15	49	9.86	Arthritic hip
4. KEN O'BRIEN Jets	16	42	8.45	Biceps tendinitis
5. JOE MONTANA 49ers	18	39	7.85	Strained knee
5. BOOMER ESIASON Bengals	19	39	7.85	Tired shoulder
28. DAN MARINO Dolphins	13	0	0.00	None

THE WEEK AHEAD

BILL SMITH

San Francisco at Indianapolis: The Super Bowl champion 49ers, who played their last exhibition game on the road, begin the season with three games in the Eastern time zone. After traveling to Indy, which is 1,940 air miles from San Francisco (3,880 round-trip), they go to Tampa Bay (4,774 miles round-trip) and to Philadelphia (5,032 miles). "We lead the league in traveling, I'm sure," says John McVay, general manager of the 49ers, who must play six of their first nine games on the road. For those first three they will log a total of 13,686 air miles. One of the Niners' chief competitors for the Super Bowl, Minnesota, will travel fewer miles, 11,648, all season.

Cincinnati at Chicago: In the fourth game of 1986, the Bears intercepted Boomer Esiason three times and beat the Bengals 44–7. "I can tell they don't respect us," says Esiason.

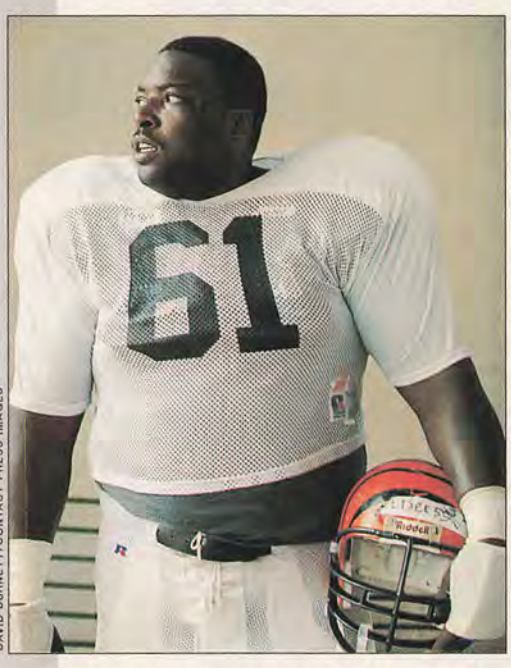
A heavy matchup, to be sure, but there's more. The weightiest clash in NFL history should take place during this game. In the near corner in short-yardage situations, weighing 320, will be backup Chicago defensive tackle William Perry. In the far corner, weighing 340, will be rookie Cincinnati guard Freddie Childress.

Houston at Minnesota: Some think this could be a Super Bowl preview. When these teams last met, on Dec. 14, 1986, both were mediocre, at best. Since then they've followed almost identical paths: Houston has gone 22–14; Minnesota, 23–14. ■

denied any involvement in the incident. Woods was bordering on being a hot commodity on Madison Avenue, but now he has become lukewarm. He was scheduled to make at least one commercial in the off-season, but it went instead to Cincinnati quarterback Boomer Esiason, who was paid $35,000. Woods's agent, Bruce Allen, says Woods's loss in potential endorsement fees "could conservatively be placed in six figures."

DISPATCHES

Timm Rosenbach, the Washington State University quarterback who became the Cardinals' first pick in July's supplemental draft, couldn't have asked for more bargaining power. Last year's starter, Neil Lomax, was struggling with degenerative arthritis in his hip, which has sidelined him for the year, and 31-year-old Gary Hogeboom, whom the Cards had signed as a Plan B free agent for $3.27 million over four years, was a short-term Band-Aid, if that. At camp one day, coach Gene Stallings turned to offensive coordinator Jim Shofner and said, "What the hell's wrong with Hogeboom?" Answer: arthritic elbow, bum shoulder—and expectations that were far too high. In his best season, at Dallas in '84, Hogeboom had seven touchdowns and 14 interceptions. That's why Phoenix agreed to pay Rosenbach $5.4 million over five years, including a $1.25 million signing bonus. According to one agent who has seen the NFL salary survey, Rosenbach's contract, unlike that of other rookie quarterbacks who signed rich deals, is payable over the life of the contract, with no deferrals. Not bad for a guy who last year at this time was just starting his junior season at college. . . . The Colts want to sign Eric Dickerson to a Bernie Kosar–length (six years) contract but not for Bernie Kosar money ($15 million). The negotiations on extending Dickerson's contract, which expires after the 1990 season, have been proceeding since June, but the Colts have reason to be encouraged. Dickerson recently bought a house that will be his first permanent home in Indianapolis. Coach Ron Meyer is especially heartened because he thinks Dickerson has seven years of effective football left in him. . . . When and if the World League of American Football is launched, league president Tex Schramm says, he wants a one-strike-and-you're-out drug-abuse policy. "It's my idea," says Schramm. "We've got to be squeaky clean, especially in Europe. Over there, if they find you with anything, you're in jail. No questions asked." . . . The Vikings love the potential of their eighth-round pick, defensive end Alex Stewart of Cal State–Fullerton. "You win in the NFL with dominating defense," says head scout Ralph Kohl. "We're about one player away from being a dominating defense. This kid's got the tools to be the answer to our prayers." . . . The Browns' defense is getting the message that new coach Bud Carson wants to mount an all-out, attacking D. The club record for sacks in a season is 44. Every day during training camp, defensive line coach John Teerlinck huddled with his players, and they all shouted "45!" . . . With Cowboy owner Jerry Jones and coach Jimmy Johnson handling the duties of four former officials—owner Bum Bright, president Schramm, personnel director Gil Brandt and coach Tom Landry—one envious NFL coach says, "Jimmy's already the most powerful coach in the league, and he hasn't coached a game yet." . . . Yes, it's an unfair comparison, but consider this: The Detroit Lions have won 54 games in the '80s; the Detroit Pistons won 63 games last season alone. ■



DAVID BURNETT/CONTACT PRESS IMAGES

CHILDRESS (61) WILL GET A GOOD LOOK AT PERRY IN A HEAVYWEIGHT MATCHUP THIS SUNDAY

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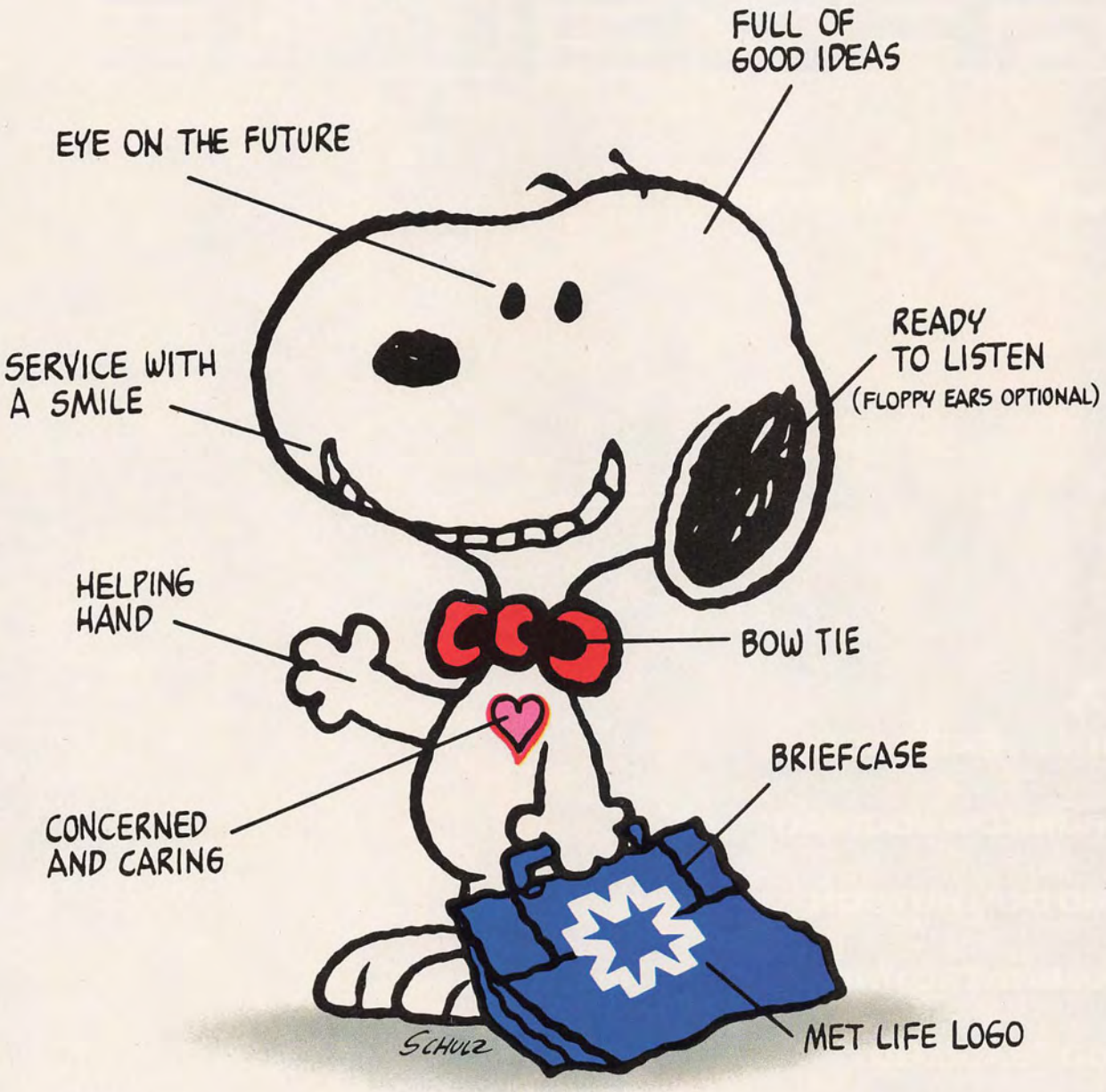

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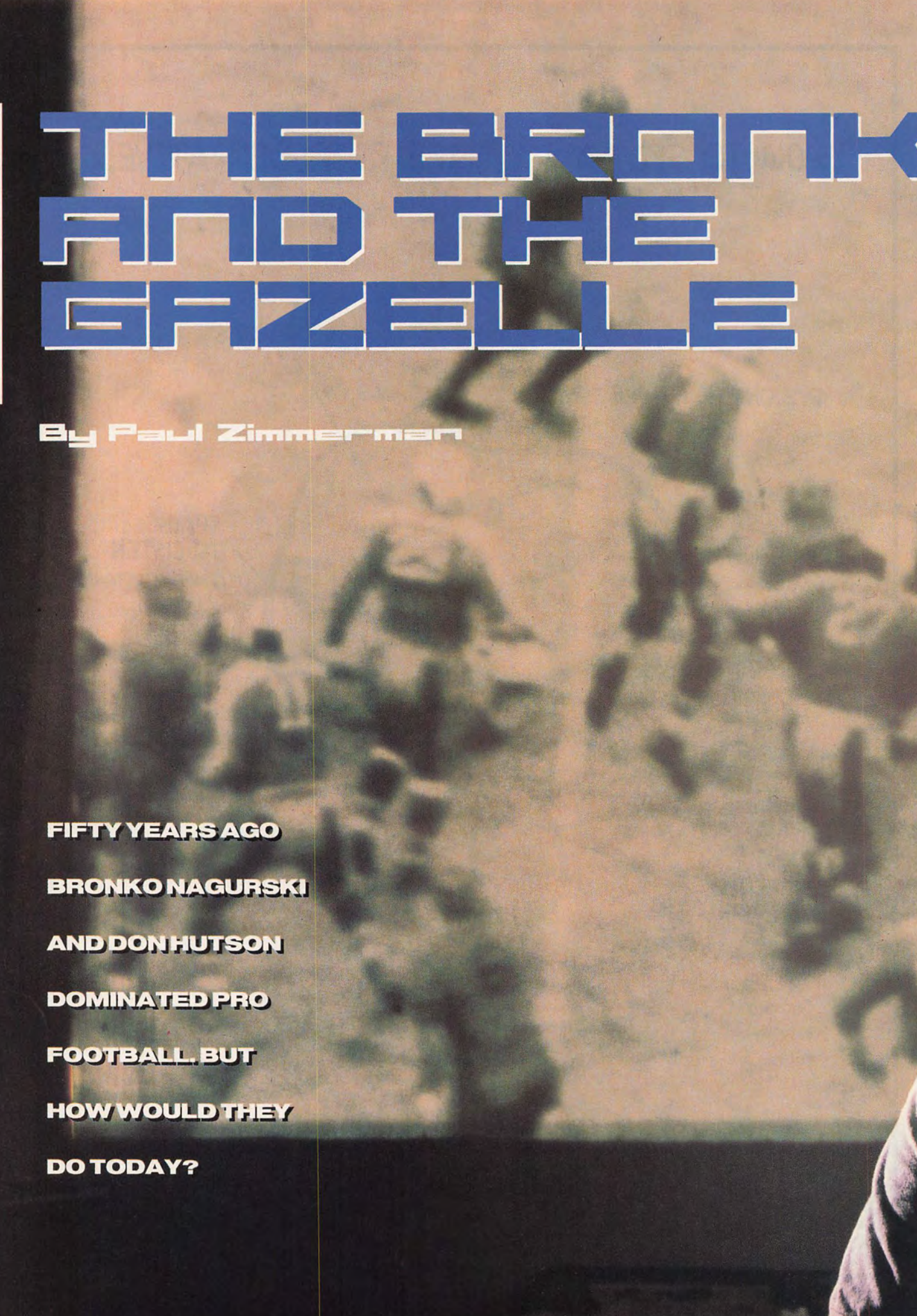
THE BRONK AND THE GAZELLE

By Paul Zimmerman



FIFTY YEARS AGO BRONKO NAGURSKI AND DON HUTSON DOMINATED PRO FOOTBALL. BUT HOW WOULD THEY DO TODAY?

LANE STEWART

CLEVELAND BROWNS

M O T L E Y

HE WAS A GATHERING FORCE, THE NFL'S GREATEST PLAYER

The idea began to form 21 years ago, when I was researching a book and planning to devote a chapter to Marion Motley, the Cleveland Browns fullback of the late

1940s and early '50s. The title of the chapter would be "The Greatest Player," and I was going to make a case for the 238-pound Motley as the best player I had ever seen. The only problem was that I had seen him through a boy's eyes in his best years, his All-America Football Conference years. By the time the Browns joined the NFL, in 1950, he was 30 and starting to slide.

I knew I had to find some old films of Motley and check him out again. That is usually a bad play, messing around with cherished memories. I remember boxing trainer Cus D'Amato telling the story of how he persuaded Jimmy Jacobs, the great collector of fight films, to show him movies of George Dixon, the featherweight champ of the 1890s.

"In my youth," D'Amato had said, "all my father would ever talk about was George Dixon, the greatest fighter who ever lived. It was George Dixon this and George Dixon that. Before every meal he'd lift a glass of wine to George Dixon.

"So I asked Jimmy if he had any old films of Dixon, and he said he did but I wouldn't want to see them. I told him to show me anyway. I watched one and I said, 'That's not George Dixon,' and he said, 'I'm afraid it is.' He was an old-fashioned, stand-up fighter who wouldn't last these days.

"I got this terrible pain in my stomach, watching that film. I mean it really hurt. I said, 'Jimmy, for chrissakes, shut off that projector.' "

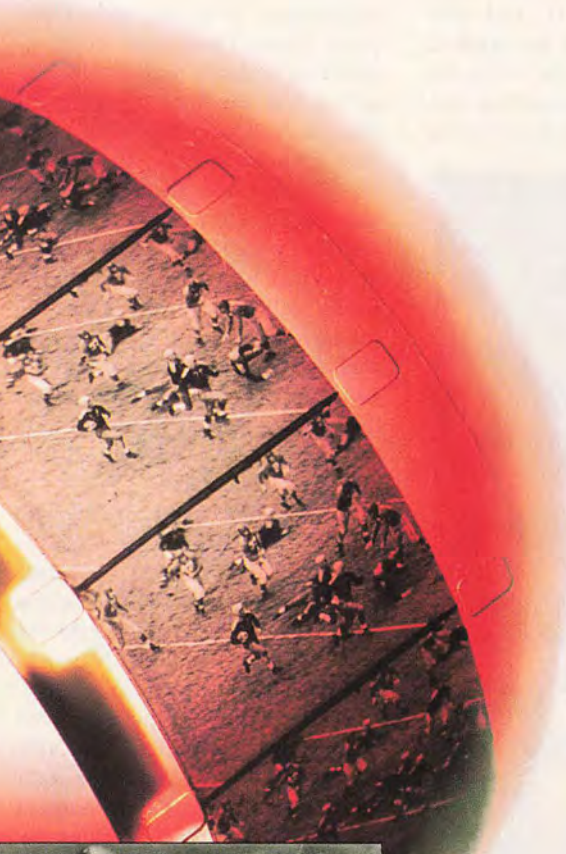
H U T S O

WITHIN FIVE YEARS
WIPED OUT EVERY PA
CATCHING RECO

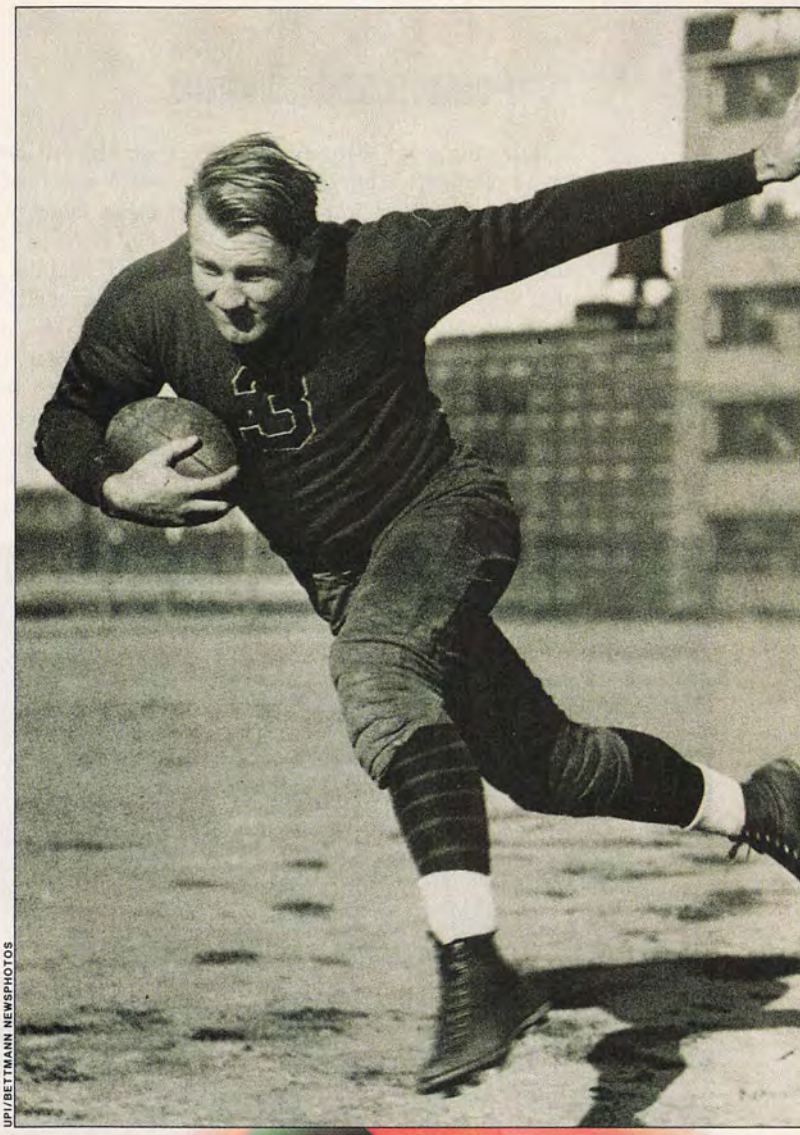
FILM CLIPS COURTESY OF NFL FILMS;
PHOTOGRAPHED BY LANE STEWART

NAGURSKI

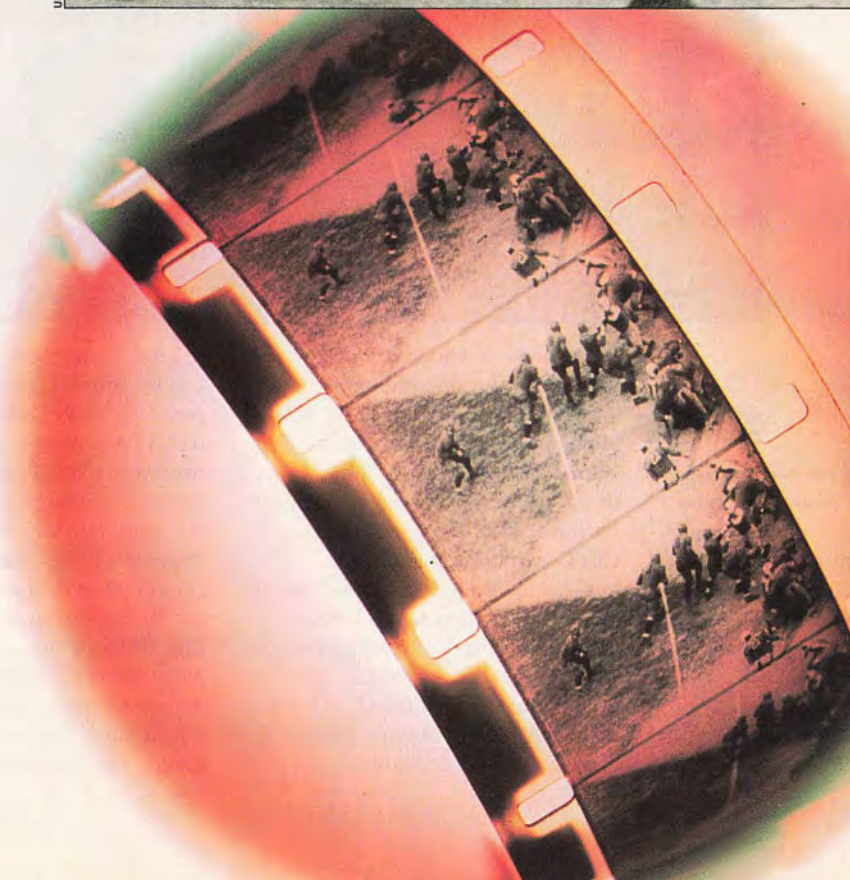
THE FIRST OF THE MASSIVE BULLDOZER BACKS, HE PLAYED IN A FURY. CSONKA AND RIGGINS NEVER FLEW INTO THOSE RAGES



PRO FOOTBALL HALL OF FAME/NFL PHOTOS



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



THE BRONK

The films of Motley didn't break my heart. They simply reinforced my earlier impressions of him, and I went ahead and wrote the chapter. Then I started thinking. Why only Motley? How about the rest of them? Why not look through all the old pro footage I could find? How about Red Grange and Jim Thorpe and Bronko Nagurski and Don Hutson? What were they really doing out there? How good were they?

LANE STEWART

THE VAULT AT NFL FILMS: 16 MILLION FEET OF GAME FILM, DATING TO THE '30S, BUT ONLY TWO RUNS BY NAGURSKI

Legends, boyhood memories, reexamined through the eyes of an adult; watch the footage and evaluate the great old players by modern standards. It was a bittersweet thing, insatiable curiosity balanced by the fear of the great hollow—a Cus D'Amato stomachache.

Grange? Well, I had seen films of him from his days at the University of Illinois—those swerving, swooping runs against Michigan, tearing up Penn in the Franklin Field mud. But I had never seen any footage of him as a pro—it probably didn't exist. His pro career, which began in 1925 with the Chicago Bears, never came close to matching what he had done in college. Jim Thorpe? Once again, I had never seen any films, except for one or two clips of him at the 1912 Olympics. He didn't enter the pro game until 1920, when he was 32, and who wanted to see him old and washed up and playing out the string on tired legs? I seriously doubted that footage of either Grange or Thorpe existed. I was right. It doesn't exist.

The more I thought about the past, the more I became obsessed with two names: Nagurski, the fullback who played for the Bears from 1930 to '37, with a brief return in '43; and Hutson, the end for the Packers of the '30s and '40s who caught 99 touchdown passes, a record that still stands. I never saw either of them play in the flesh, but when I was a kid they were the two names everyone knew. They epitomized pro football. Power and grace. The runaway bronc and the gazelle. They had become figures of speech. "What are you? A Nagurski? A Hutson?" Toughest runner, most gifted pass catcher—the essence of football. What did they look like in action? How would they rate by today's standards?

There had to be films of them somewhere, in some vault someplace, though I had never seen footage of more than a play or two. Nagurski was the first of the great massive, bulldozer fullbacks. I had read all the old quotes when I was a kid—"impossible to bring down one-on-one," "the only way to stop him was with a rifle," etc. We used to play a game in the sandlots of the Bronx called Nagurski. One guy would have the ball, everyone else would get on the other side, and the guy with the ball would try to run through us. And if, by some miracle, he made it, we would all yell, "Nagurski! Nagurski!"

But what was he like, really? He averaged fewer than 10 carries a game. The Bears' press book lists him with only one 100-yard game in his career. What did he do out there? How did he do it? Nagurski became a fixation with me.

On the Thursday before the 1984 Super Bowl, in Tampa, the NFL flew the 75-year-old Nagurski down from his home in Minnesota for a press conference. An impressive figure, hard, blocky-looking. He walked with a cane, and he answered questions sitting in a classroom chair. I sat in the next chair. His right arm was extended on the armrest, six inches away.

While he was speaking, I stretched out my left arm and measured my wrist against his. Nagurski's wrist was exactly twice as big as mine, and I weighed 240 at the time. No weight training for the Bronk—all massive bone structure. I asked him what he weighed, and he said, "Two-thirty-five, same as when I was playing." In the modern era, with weight rooms and all that, he might have been 260 . . . or more.

"A monster," the Bears' old quarterback Sid Luckman said when I asked him about Nagurski. "The neck, the hands. When he

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made his comeback during the war and we won the '43 championship, they measured him for a size 19½ ring. That was the record until the Fridge broke it in '86."

I'm looking at my notes of that Jan. 19, 1984, press conference: His running style? "Just before they got to me, I'd put my shoulder down and ram 'em in the stomach. I'd knock 'em out of the way and keep running." Toughest opponent? "The guy who bruised me the most was Clarke Hinkle of Green Bay."

How would he have fit into the modern game? "I think I'd be a linebacker. In fact, that would be my preference. I don't think I could carry the ball 30, 35 times a game like this Riggins and stand up . . . not having to play defense, too. I'd like to see how some of these guys would do on defense."

Afterward, I got him alone. I asked him why he had quit after the 1937 season, when he was only 29. "I played during the Depression, and my salary went down every year," he said. "I asked George Halas for something like a $700 raise and he turned me down, and I said fine. I wanted to go home anyway. I was tired of knocking myself out, going on the wrestling tour between games to make extra money. It took its toll. There's so much arthritis in all my joints now, well, if I'm sitting and not moving, I feel real good, but if I try to move, all my joints start barking."

There was one more question that was bugging me, but I didn't know how to ask it. The numbers. Where were they? Officially Nagurski is credited with 633 carries for 2,778 yards, a 4.39 average, over five full seasons, plus one (1935) when he missed most of the games because of a back injury, and one game in 1943. He never led the league in rushing. No statistics were officially kept in his first two seasons, 1930 and '31, but, in a footnote, the NFL record manuals of the early '40s somehow found an extra 207 carries and 1,085 yards to credit to him for those two years. Those would have been his most productive seasons, but the mystery remains. Why so few carries for a workhorse like him?

"The Bears believed in spreading the work load, and Halas always stocked lots of good backs," Nagurski said. "They considered me valuable on defense, as an end and a linebacker. Then for my last three years, I had a back problem. I threw a cross-body block on an end—a stupid block—and I plowed into his knees with the small of my back. Broke two vertebrae. I was laid up quite a while."

There was no problem with Hutson's numbers. He came to the game in 1935 like an emissary from another planet. Within five years he had wiped every pass-catching record off the books. In 1942, when he was 29, he caught 74 passes. Four entire NFL teams completed fewer that season. His record for touchdown catches is being threatened only now, by Steve Largent of the Seattle Seahawks. I wanted to see how Hutson did it. His style. What were his moves, his favorite routes? How did he compare with Raymond Berry and Lance Alworth, the two greatest receivers I had ever seen?

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

NAGURSKI (3) SCORES AGAINST AN ALL-STAR TEAM IN '35: "I'D KNOCK 'EM OUT OF THE WAY AND KEEP RUNNING"

Last winter I called Steve Sabol, the president of NFL Films. I told him I was researching Nagurski and Hutson. Did he have any film footage? "Minimal," he said. But he offered to pull what he had.

I locked myself in a room at NFL Films in Mount Laurel, N.J., with a VCR—the old films had been transferred to videotape—and some old NFL guides, and I disappeared into another era.

I thumbed through the guides, which listed such things as a player's nationality and off-season occupation:

Joe Aguirre, E, Washington . . . Basque . . . Oil Worker.

George Platukis, E, Pittsburgh . . . Lithuanian . . . Laborer.

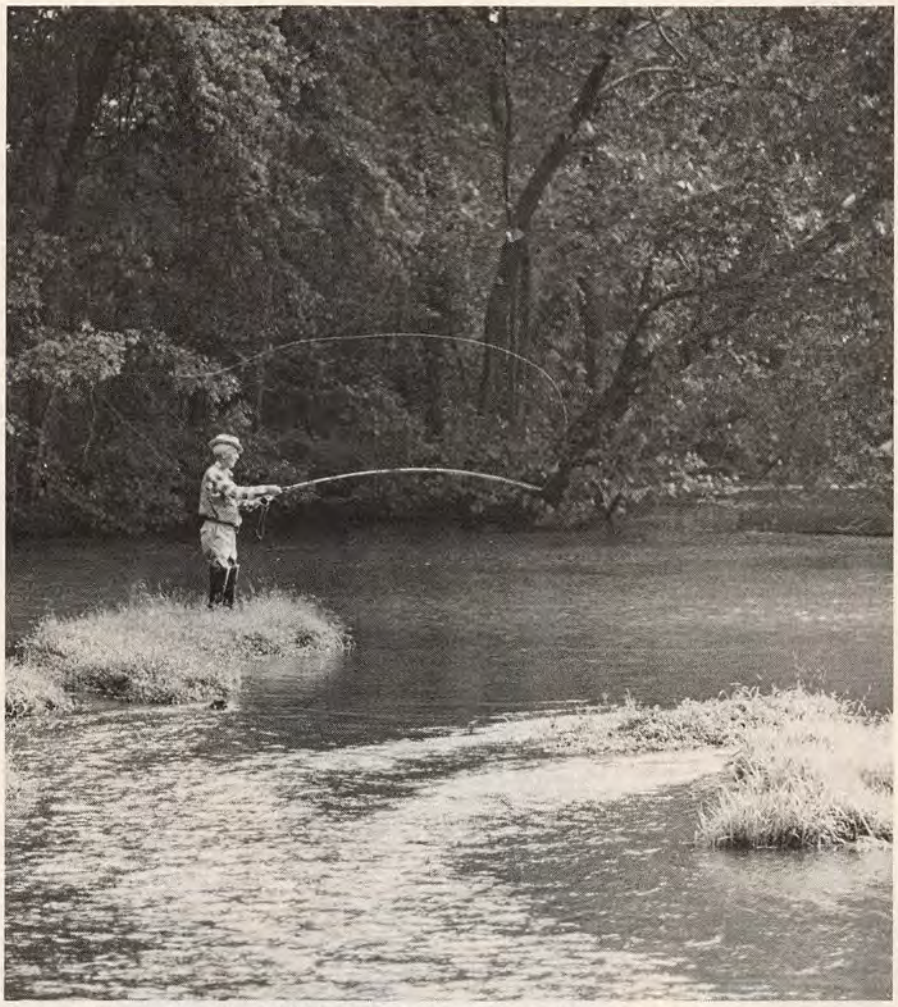
Andy Marefos, FB, New York . . . Greek . . . Poultry Dealer.

I spent time with Basque oil workers, Greek poultry dealers, Lithuanian steelworkers and Italian machinists. It is easy to get sidetracked during an odyssey like this, to become addicted to the odd, the extraneous. As you watch those scratchy old black-and-white films, things jump out at you, stuff you would never expect. You fall in love with players you were only dimly aware of. But first there was the matter of Nagurski.

There was one tape. It featured highlights of the 1934 Giants-Bears championship, the "sneakers game" in the frozen Polo Grounds. New York trailed 13–3, then changed into sneaks at halftime and sprinted away with the game, 30–13. Nagurski was used to set the scene. The narrator said, "Chicago had the powerful Bronko Nagurski. . . ." And there he was. Nagurski in his prime, before his back injury of 1935. Two plays.

The first one was a weakside plunge off the single wing. The Bears officially went to the T-formation in 1930 under Ralph Jones, but in '34 they were still mixing in single-wing stuff. Nagurski ran through an arm tackle. Another Giant clawed at him from behind. Ed Danowski, the Giants' passer and defensive back, ducked his head in a half-hearted attempt at a tackle—yeah, good luck—and finally Nagurski was dragged down by defensive back Dale Burnett after a 14-yard gain.

The second play was a Nagurski run up the middle on a direct snap, with tailback Keith Molesworth faking something or other—he went back on his heels and threw his hands up, as if he had been shot. Nagurski, who had burst through the hole very quickly—I hadn't re-



If you have any comments on this gentleman's fly fishing techniques, we hope you'll drop us a line.

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alized he had that kind of takeoff speed—ran through a couple of slaps and arm tackles and was nine yards downfield before the first contact was made. It was Danowski again, this time trying to bring down the Bronk with a cross-body block, but he had misjudged the big guy's speed, and Nagurski turned upfield and then headed for the sideline, where he was ridden out of bounds after a 20-yard gain.

PRO FOOTBALL HALL OF FAME/NFL PHOTOS

HUTSON WOULD SCISSORS-KICK UP, UP—AND STAY UP, LIKE MICHAEL JORDAN. HIS 99 TDS REMAIN THE NFL RECORD

And that was it. Two plays. Two carries, 34 yards. The stats for that game show him with nine carries for 45 yards. What happened the rest of the time? I'll never know. I ran the tape back again and again: Stood straight up before he got the snap . . . looked bigger than everyone else . . . could get low at the point of contact, though, and tunnel for yardage, like Larry Csonka . . . lowered the shoulder . . . surprising speed.

But was there more? This was just an appetizer. There must be more footage. Somewhere.

I turned to the Hutson stuff.

Hutson was part of a five-play generic highlight film. A former Columbia quarterback, Ed Rovner, who is now a lawyer in Maryland, once told me something that I have never forgotten. He said he saw Hutson catch a pass in full stride, a one-handed low catch in which he snapped up the ball with his palm turned *downward*. I've asked many people about this, but no one else remembered it. That's the stuff I wanted to see.

On the first play, Hutson, playing the shortside end in the single wing, ran a reverse right and gained two yards. A very ordinary play. On the second one, playing right halfback on defense, he closed fast to break up a pass, showing great speed. Next, he came up and made the tackle on a sweep, no gain. On the following play, also on defense, he kind of fell into a tackle after a completed hitch pass. Finally he caught his first ball, for a touchdown, on a crossing route in which he beat the defender by a few yards and cradled the ball against his chest after it had bounced off his fingertips. That was all for Mr. Hutson. One catch.

But there had to be more. Raw footage of games, season highlights, something. Uh-uh, not at NFL Films. Much of its stuff was bought in 1972 from the Telra Company, which shot highlights for some clubs. That material goes back to the start of the television era in the late 1940s. A lot of unorganized Telra film, in negatives, was still in the vast storeroom upstairs. It would have to be cleaned and processed. Some of it was worthless. The sprocket holes had shrunk; masking tape was used for splicing. Some had been heat-damaged. It would take years to process and research it all, and it would go back only to the '40s.

"I made a search for Nagurski and Hutson seven or eight years ago," Sabol said, "and this is all that I could come up with. But I did get some other stuff from the National Archives in Washington, good footage of the 1940 and 1941 championship games. It was part of the old Movietone News stuff. You can watch it all if you want to."

Yes, I wanted to. It wouldn't be Hutson or Nagurski, but it would be footage from their time, a look at their era and at the game's dominant team of a half century ago. How did people do things in those days? How was the game played?

First I watched the 1940 game, Bears 73, Redskins 0, the most famous championship game of them all until the Giants-Colts sudden death game in 1958. I charted it as I would a game today, noting formations and strengths and weaknesses. By now the Bears' T-formation had been refined by Clark Shaughnessy and the man-in-motion was more than a decoy, as it had been in the late 1930s.

We all know, of course, that fullback Bill Osmanski broke a 68-yarder for a touchdown on the second play of the game, a carry that was supposed to go inside, not outside. But on the first play of the game, the left end was split wide and the left halfback went in motion right to a flank position, creating a modern pro set—two split receivers and a tight end. Right away I had learned something. I thought the modern pro set came about nine years later with Shaughnessy's L.A. Rams.

I also learned that if the Redskins' receivers had held on to the ball, the team would have stayed in the game. Quarterback Sammy Baugh had an early touchdown pass dropped. It would have made the score 7–7. He had another one dropped that could have made it 21–14, and another time, facing a big rush, Baugh overthrew a receiver who was open in the end zone. The Skins blew three TDs in the first half; the score could have been 28–21, a shootout, which, with their

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open style, was their kind of game.

The big problem was that the pass-blocking schemes of that era were cockamamy. Guards would routinely turn out and try to block the ends, which didn't work because they couldn't reach a charging end in time. Tackles would try to fill inside, using body-block and cross-block techniques that were effective for the run but hardly useful in slowing down pass rushers. The center didn't know what to do. Defensive ends charging from a wide position would be picked up by the backs—similar to the way backs pick up blitzing linebackers today—only the techniques were poor in those days. The backs would turn their bodies and try for a shoulder bump, or leave their feet and try to cut-block. The style of today, square up and meet the man head-on, was seldom practiced.

"Pass blocking wasn't organized then the way it is now," Luckman says. "You didn't have a guy sitting in the press box phoning down instant adjustments. Sometimes you had to feel your way along, and you were expected to dodge one or two guys rushing you."

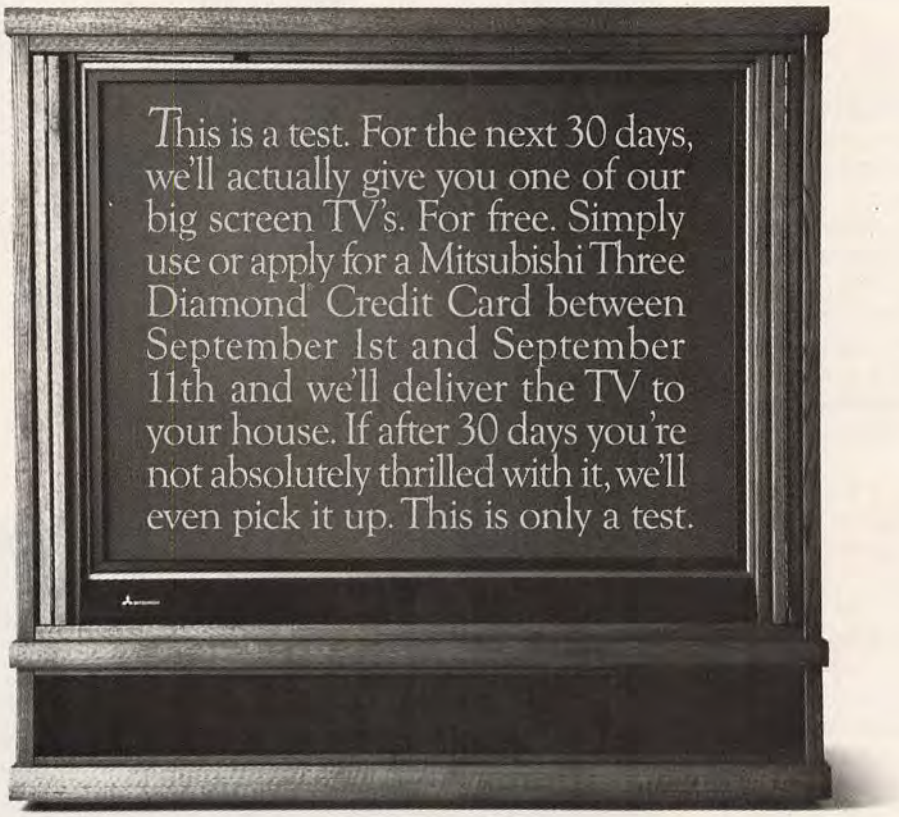
There was nothing wrong with the passing techniques. Baugh and Luckman were terrific passers, throwing that fat ball. The trouble was that they were always throwing off their back foot, with defenders in their face. They threw in the 50% range, but it's a wonder they completed that many.

Luckman threw a lot of timed, quick-drop passes, and he was very good at it, especially the fade pass, in which he let the receiver run under the ball. Baugh was always running for his life. He was an athlete, a pass-run-punt, single-wing tailback. He threw sidearm, sometimes underhand, while falling down, scrambling, being rushed from all directions. That was what a team needed in those days, an athlete to throw the ball.

The Bears had been mixing their coverages on defense, sometimes dropping an end back, like a linebacker, sometimes dropping an inside man or two, very much like a modern 4–3. But in the second half, when the Skins had to throw out of their spread formation, which looked amazingly like a modern shotgun, Chicago rushed six and the hunt was over.

They were the Monsters of the Midway. They had an inexhaustible supply of talent—"We were the Detroit Pistons of the '40s," Luckman says—and the next year they simply wore down the Giants in their 37–9 championship win. It was 9–6 in the third quarter and then Chicago blew 'em away. They substituted almost completely new units. I could understand what Nagurski had said about Halas stockpiling so many good backs. They were loaded with them. Osmanski and Ray Nolting were only the beginning. In one six-year period the Bears had seven different runners finish among the league's top five.

As I watched that 1940 and '41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footage, one figure kept jumping out at me—number 14 for Chicago, Dick Plasman, 6′ 4″, 220 pounds, helmetless, ferocious on his blocks, a great pass rusher and a receiver, too. He made a catch in the Giants game with two defenders blanketing him. The guy was terrific, a force out there, and then I remembered that Plasman was the last guy to play without a helmet.

"Yeah, in 1938 he ran into the wall in Wrigley Field and knocked himself out," says Ed McCaskey, the current board chairman of the Bears. Helmets were made mandatory by the league in 1943.

AP

PLASMAN, THE LAST MAN TO PLAY WITHOUT A HELMET, WAS CARRIED OFF AFTER HITTING A WALL IN '38

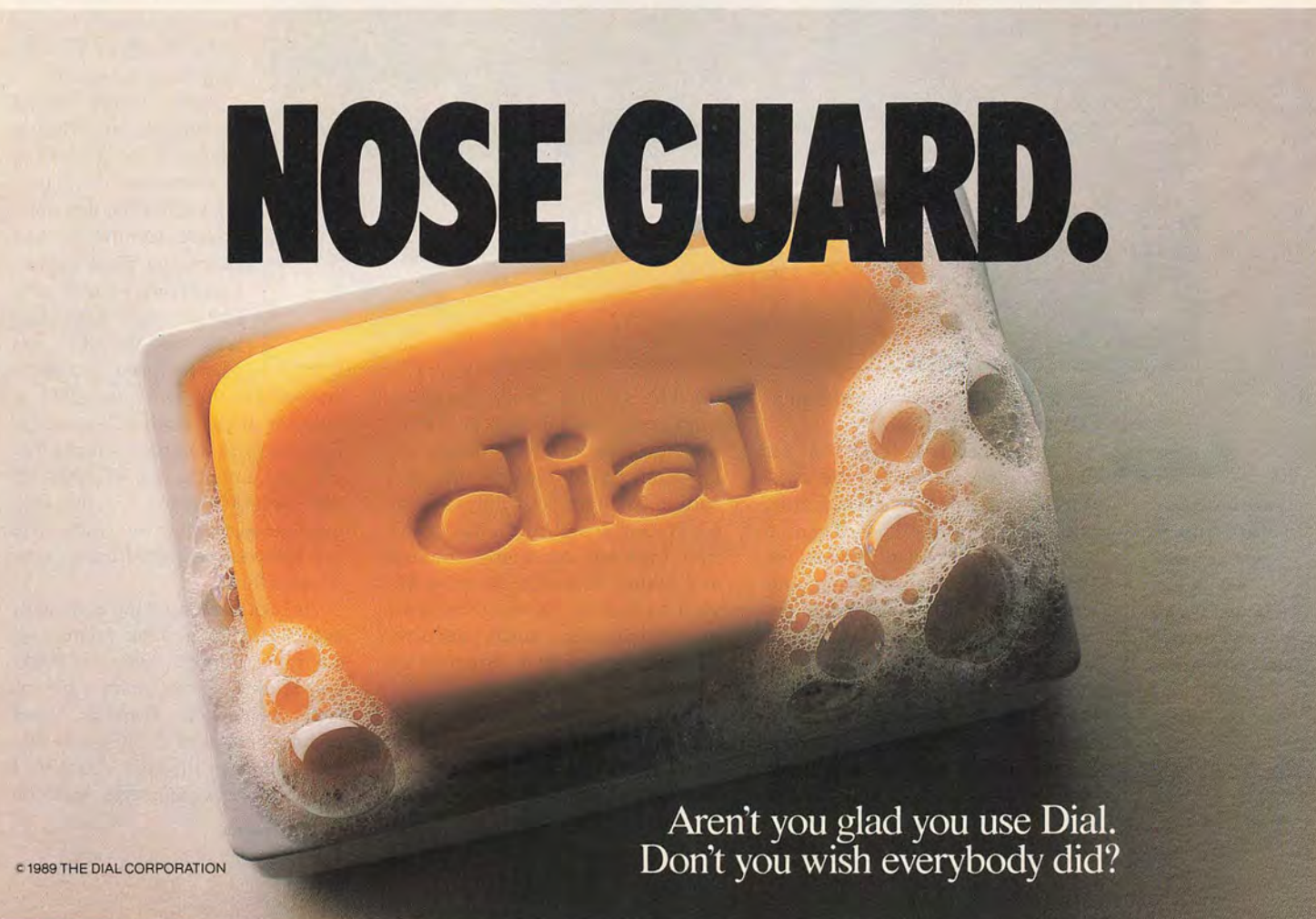
The old films were full of revelations about the game. But I still had to pin down that elusive pair, Nagurski and Hutson.

The Bears told me they used to have old films in their archives, but a fire in 1961 destroyed them. I called the University of Minnesota, hoping to find footage of Nagurski in college. "Yes, we have films of the team when he was here, " the school's assistant archivist, Lois Hendrickson, said, "but it was shot from so far away, you'd have to be a genius to pick out Nagurski."

I called Nagurski's daughter, Janice Boyle, in Minnesota. "He had a stroke," she said. "He's in a home now. I know he once made a film. My brother Anthony has it. You can call him in Chicago."

"Some was from the '37 season," Tony Nagurski told me. "The players look like ants. You can see Dad's number 3 every now and then on defense, but you can't see what he's doing. I think he shot the offensive stuff himself because none of the backs have his number. Maybe he shot it in 1935, the year he was hurt."

Bronko's son sent me the tape. I



watched it at home, my nose two inches from the screen, trying to get a look at number 3 in the grayish mass. I could find nothing.

I had better luck in the hunt for Hutson. One call did it. "Come on out," said the Packers' video director, Al Treml. "You can watch all you want."

I saw Hutson in his early years, the 1930s, when he played left end on defense. How was he as a pass rusher? Don't ask. On sweeps and traps he gave ground and did what he had to do without trying to unzip anybody. Later, they moved him to defensive right halfback.

His helmet rode high on his head, and he seemed a little awkward at times, an Ichabod Crane, until he was in full flight. Then he was a gazelle. He usually played the short side on the single wing, and when he was in tight he would occasionally have to block a tackle. I watched him take one of those big guys down with the strangest-looking block I had ever seen. He threw a head fake, turned his back, flipped one leg in the air and made contact with his butt and back, a sort of reverse, reverse-body block. My god, I thought, what planet did he learn that one on? But his guy dropped. I saw him go back into coverage and break up a pass, and I saw him intercept one, and then on the sixth play of the highlight reel, there it was. The play that was worth the trip.

The Packers were playing the Giants. Clarke Hinkle, the fullback, took a direct snap. He scrambled—two defenders were in his face—and threw the ball, sidearm. Hutson was running a down-and-in. The Giants' Tuffy Leemans went up for the ball with him. Hutson did a scissors kick in the air, up, up—and stayed up, like Michael Jordan. With his body fully extended, Hutson snatched the ball away from Leemans, came down running and glided in for the score, a 62-yard touchdown. It was over in an instant. Smooth, quick, decisive. Eleven years of that. Ninety-nine touchdowns.

Two plays later Hutson ran a deep sideline route. Tailback Cecil Isbell threw the ball, not well. It was behind Hutson, the defensive back was screening him off. With his momentum carrying him the other way, Hutson reached back, reached, reached—his arms seemed five feet long—reached past the defender, made the catch, kept his balance and scored. I ran the play back, frame by frame. It was an impossible catch. I've only seen one other like it: Lynn Swann's against the Cowboys in the '76 Super Bowl.

I watched Hutson for two hours. I saw him outjump two or three defenders, R.C. Owens–style, on the goal line, and I saw him catch deep passes so smoothly you couldn't believe it had happened.

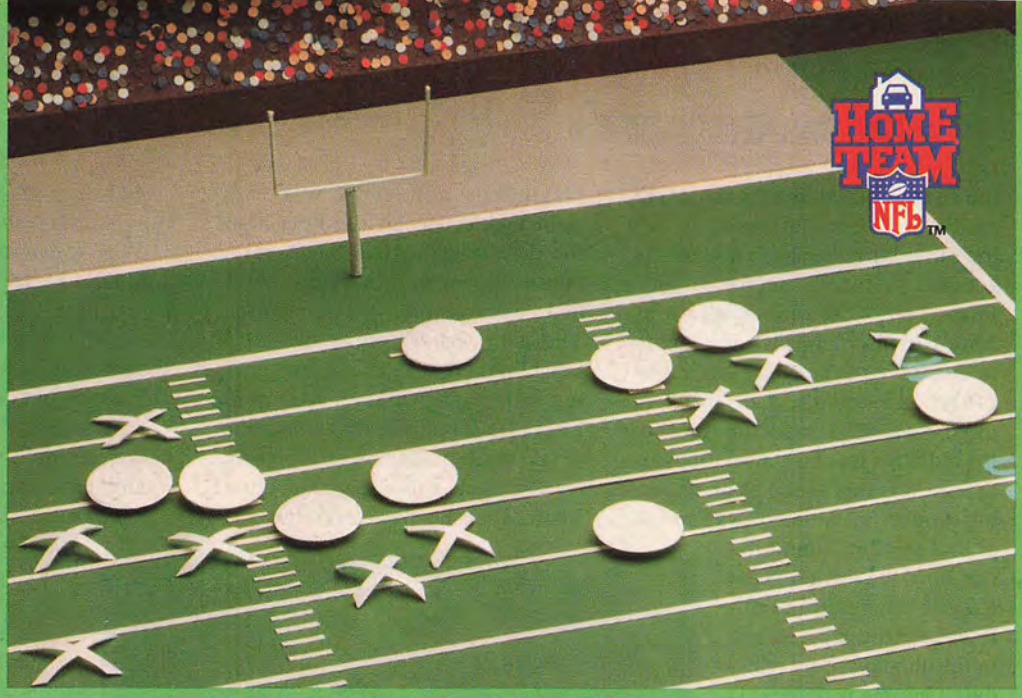
Then I saw him toward the end of his career, in '43 and '44. The defense double- and triple-covered Hutson and sometimes chopped him down at the line of scrimmage. Still, he led the NFL in catches both those years. I wondered what his numbers would have been like if he had had a Baugh or a Luckman throwing to him.

How does he rate on my alltime list? Hutson, who is 76 now and living in retirement in Southern California, was not a precise technician, like Berry, the finest possession receiver I ever saw. Hutson was more like Alworth—the same explosive speed, the same hunger for the ball downfield, a monster at the point of the catch. He wasn't as compactly built, but, yes, he reminded me of Alworth: the explosion going for the ball, then the glide after the catch. The two greatest receivers I'd ever seen became three.

As I was watching the early footage of Hutson, another figure kept emerging, number 30 on the Packers, Hinkle. Seven years after his last season, 1941, Hinkle's career rushing record of 3,860 yards was still the best in NFL history. I watched his running style—nifty on

PRO FOOTBALL HALL OF FAME/NFL PHOTOS

PASS BLOCKING WAS ROTTEN IN THE '40S, AND BAUGH (33) EXCELLED AT PASSING THE FAT BALL ON THE RUN



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THE BRONK

THE BRONK DEFINED FULLBACKS FOR AN ERA, BUT HE SAYS HE WOULD BE A LINEBACKER TODAY

the sweeps but able to turn upfield with a great burst of speed. It was the same burst he showed when he got near the line on an inside play, Phase Two of the running game, as John Robinson calls it—the ability to break out of the pile. Hinkle was 210 to 215 pounds, a big back in those days. What stood out most in the old films was his power, then his defense. On one sweep by an opposing runner, he came up like a maniac and sent the runner flying into the bench. Pete Rozelle once said the difference in the game is that, in the old days, they really didn't hit the way they do now. Well, this guy did.

He was an All-Pro four times, a gifted two-way player, but his career overlapped Nagurski's, and the publicity went to the big man from Chicago. "There was always the dispute as to who was better, Hinkle or Nagurski," Treml said. "People in Green Bay still argue it."

Nagurski again. I had one last stop to make in my search for him. I called Joe Horrigan, the curator of the Pro Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio. He gave me the magic words. "We have two 1937 games, start to finish," he said. "If Nagurski was on the active roster, he was in 'em."

Oct. 31, 1937, Bears 3, Giants 3. *The New York Times* reported: "The mighty Bronko Nagurski was used so sparingly that he carried on only three plays, seeing action less than half the game." I never found out why. I spotted him right away, because of his size. The Bears were in a tight T, and Nagurski was actually lined up at right halfback, playing a step closer to the line than the other two backs. He moved the pile on his first carry, for five yards, and added a zero and a minus two on a sweep that should really have been a minus five.

I ran the next reel.

Oct. 24, Bears 28, Detroit 20. Nagurski's first carry was over right tackle. He hit the hole high, the defense gave, two backs came up and knocked him to his knees, and he crawled for five more yards. The gain was 17 yards overall. I saw him do that kind of thing, put a sag in the pile, three or four more times. He set up a score with another 17-yard plunge, starting wide, cutting back and showing a burst. Then when he went over the goal

PRO FOOTBALL HALL OF FAME/NFL PHOTOS

line from the two—head down, knees up—everything gave.

My favorite play was a five-yard sweep to the left. A tackler came up high. Nagurski looked mad about something. He attacked the defender, launching himself into him with a fury, chest to chest. The other guy's feet went up in the air and they fell together in a heap.

Nagurski seemed to get into rages. Sometimes he was careful and precise on his blocking, sometimes he would throw one of those long body blocks that eventually cost him two fractured vertebrae, and bodies would fly. On defense he was a form tackler most of the time, but occasionally he would go for the head and the ball carrier would drop whether he was hit or not. No one wanted a piece of him.

Why so few carries? Well, Halas wanted to share the wealth. Besides, there was only so much energy in the Bronk's body. At least, that must have been part of it.

How to put Nagurski in historical perspective? In today's game, shorn of his defensive chores, he would have routinely cranked out 1,000-yard seasons. He would have had Larry Csonka or John Riggins numbers. He was very similar to Csonka in style, the way he would come up high at first and then dig his shoulders down and tunnel for yardage, but he played madder. I never saw Csonka or Riggins fly into such rages.

Hinkle, playing in the same era, was smoother. Nagurski was a rough nugget. Using modern techniques, he would have been a devastating pass blocker, in the style of Motley—who under Paul Brown in Cleveland became the first modern pass-blocking fullback. But Nagurski was a banger. Motley was a steamroller, a gathering force. He remains No. 1 on my alltime list.

Like Motley, Nagurski had his greatest years at the beginning of his career. I get the feeling that before his crushing back injury in 1935, Nagurski was a different player, tougher, wilder, more free-spirited. But we'll never know—at least until someone unearths the really old Nagurski footage.

Horrigan put the film back in the can.

"Want to see more games?" he said.

Yes, I would like to see more. All of it. But not now. I had found what I was after. I had seen what I wanted to see. I wanted to leave with the memories still fresh of two men who defined football for an era, Nagurski and Hutson. Power and grace. ■

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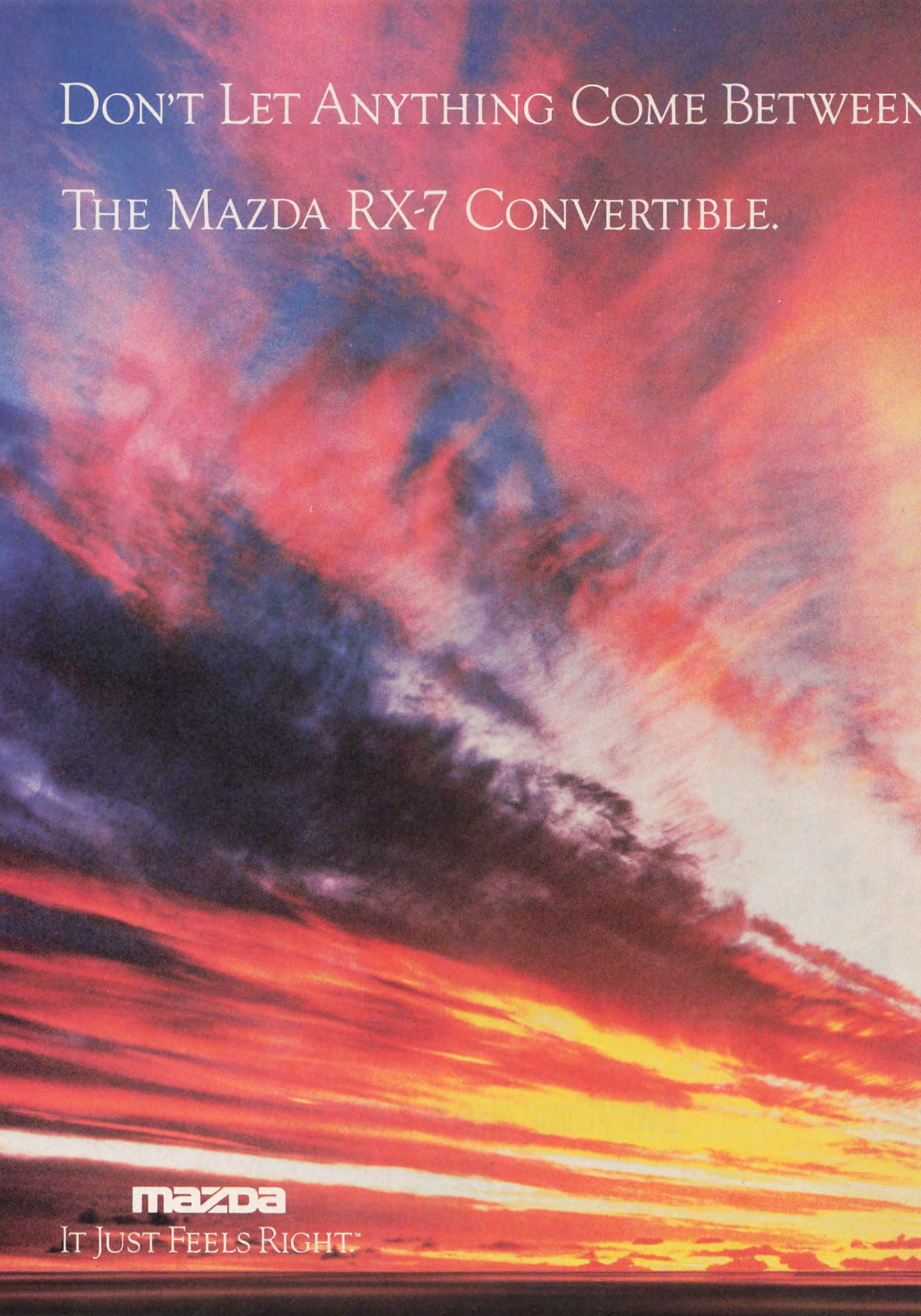
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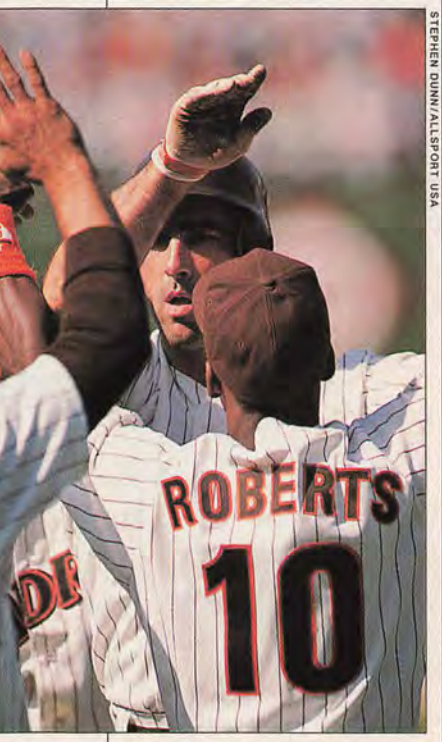
INSIDE BASEBALL

BY PETER GAMMONS

THE RACE IS ON

This September offers the promise of baseball's four divisional races' going down to the wire. That hasn't happened since 1985, when they were all decided in the final week.

Some of the drama may not be there this time around because of awkward scheduling, but on the regular season's final weekend these matchups are enticing: Kansas City is in Oakland, the Cubs are in St. Louis, and Baltimore plays in Toronto. Here is how the divisional races stack up as September gets under way:



STEPHEN DUNN/ALLSPORT USA

Clark has earned high-fives, but pitching is the Padres' strength.

NL WEST

Can the Padres catch up while the division-leading Giants and the second-place Astros limp home? San Diego, 10 games back on Aug. 24, went 6–1 the rest of the month and was 6½ back as September began. The Padres still have two series left with the Giants (Sept. 15–17 and Sept. 29–Oct. 1). A key factor could be the performance of Padres first baseman Jack Clark. After a dismal start, Clark is hot, with 11 homers and 32 RBIs in the last 45 games. The Padres also enter the stretch with more healthy pitchers than their rivals. Fireballing rookie Andy Benes, who was called up in early August, has won his last two starts. He joins a rotation of Bruce Hurst, Ed Whitson and Dennis Rasmussen. Calvin Schiraldi, acquired on Aug. 30 from the Cubs, could help out as a fifth starter or as a backup to Mark Davis and Greg Harris in the bullpen. "I just wish we'd started earlier," says manager Jack McKeon.

The Giants are crawling toward the finish because the pitching staff is falling apart: Dave Dravecky's valiant comeback from cancer was cut short by a broken arm in his second outing; Rick Reuschel's hamstring injury caused him to struggle all August; Don Robinson has been up and down; and Kelly Downs and Mike LaCoss will never be confused with Juan Marichal and Gaylord Perry. No wonder the Giants were only six games over .500 from June 16 to Sept. 1. Offensively, Kevin Mitchell has cooled off from his torrid early-season pace, and that has sometimes allowed opponents to pitch around Will Clark. Still, Roger Craig remains a resourceful manager. "Roger can make something positive out of anything," says Braves general manager Bobby Cox.

The Houston Astros' hopes dimmed when they suffered a demoralizing 10–9 defeat by the Cubs on Aug. 29, after leading 9–0 in the sixth inning. Afterward, first baseman Glenn Davis shattered a clubhouse mirror in frustration, so luck may not be with Houston in September.

AL WEST

The Angels and the Royals fear that the division-leading A's, after grinding through five months, will take off in September and win going away. The return to form of Jose Canseco could ice things for Oakland. He hit three home runs in two games in Yankee Stadium last week and then hit a homer in each of the next two games, in Milwaukee. "We're O.K. without Jose," said A's manager Tony La Russa. "But we are a different team with him. He's a monstrous force." The missing link for the A's is Mark McGwire, who hit .184 from Aug. 1 through Saturday.

Kansas City appears to have the best shot at overtaking the A's. The Royals' schedule is soft until the last week of the season, which they will spend in Anaheim and Oakland. The Royals have the pitching, with starters Bret Saberhagen, Mark Gubicza and Tom Gordon and reliever Jeff Montgomery. But their top power hitters, Bo Jackson and Danny

BETWEEN THE LINES

SEPTEMBERS TO REMEMBER

How much can one player do down the stretch? Consider some of the great Septembers of the '80s:

1) The Dodgers' Orel Hershiser had a 5–0 record and allowed no earned runs in 55 innings in 1988.

2) The A's Jose Canseco had a .393 average, with eight homers, 24 RBIs and a .753 slugging percentage, also in '88.

3) The Tigers' Alan Trammell hit for a .416 average with six home runs and 17 RBIs in 1987. Detroit took first place from the Blue Jays on the final day of the season.

4) The Phillies' Mike Schmidt hit nine homers and had 22 RBIs in 1980. Philadelphia clinched the title on Oct. 4, the next-to-last day of the season.

RODNEY QUINONES

Cincinnati Reds utility infielder Luis Quinones was on a five-game, .480-batting tear when he played in St. Louis on Aug. 27. The Cardinals apparently were not impressed. During each of his first two at bats, the scoreboard flashed Manny Trillo's picture with Quinones's stats.

BUT WAS IT WORTH IT?

Pete Rose collected an estimated $50,000 for his appearances on the Consumer Value Network. He went on for

OTTO GREULE JR./ALLSPORT USA

The A's Canseco appears set to tee off for another super September.

Tartabull, are nursing injuries. (With those two in the same starting lineup with George Brett, the Royals have been 38–15.) The Royals' biggest need is a fourth starter. Charlie Leibrandt has been unable to pitch inside effectively all season and is 5–10 with a 4.94 ERA.

The Angels have held on gamely, because their starting pitching has led the league in ERA for most of the year. But now the team is worried about the physical condition of pitchers Chuck Finley (injured foot) and Kirk McCaskill (tired arm and back spasms). "People keep waiting for us to col-

two hours the night he was banned from baseball for life and for two hours the night after, selling autographed plaques, bats, balls and jerseys. The show grossed approximately $500,000 during his appearances.

THE MAN WHO LAUNCHED 1,000 SHIRTS

In May several Texas Rangers who once played for the Chicago Cubs wore T-shirts displaying the message I WAS FREYED AND ZIMMERED. Now many Cubs have donned T-shirts that read THE BOYS OF ZIMMER.

THIRTYSOMETHING

The Pittsburgh farm system is so thin that the Pirates' September recalls—Dann Bilardello, Bob Patterson and Albert Hall—are all 30 or older.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Don Mattingly, on this excruciating Yankee season: "Maybe it's time we grew our hair long, started wearing earrings, wear our pants down low, wear jeans on the planes and turn ourselves into the Oakland Raiders of baseball."

MISCELLANEOUS

- Texas pitching coach Tom House has an instructional video titled "Pitching Absolutes," but the Rangers have led the league in walks the last three seasons and lead again this year.
- The Giants were 28 for 162 (.173) with runners in scoring position in August.
- In the 17 years George Steinbrenner has owned the Yankees, the team has had 11 different heads of baseball operations: Gabe Paul, Al Rosen, Cedric Tallis, Gene Michael, Bill Bergesch, Murray Cook, Clyde King, Woody Woodward, Lou Piniella, Bob Quinn and Syd Thrift. At this writing the replacement for Thrift, who resigned on Aug. 29, had not been named.
- White Sox catcher Ron Karkovice, a lifetime .168 hitter, is batting .275 under coach Walt Hriniak's tutelage.
- Who are the hardest throwers in baseball? AL scouts say Saberhagen is the most consistently fast, although Kevin Brown of Texas can occasionally top him with his 98-mph fastball. The two fastest in the NL are Tim Belcher of the Dodgers and John Smoltz of the Braves.
- The Indians' season has been so disappointing that club president Hank Peters is ready to replace manager Doc Edwards. His top candidate for the job is Cleveland scout John Hart, who was manager of Triple A Rochester for the Orioles when Peters was general manager at Baltimore.
- On Aug. 30, the Cardinals' Jose DeLeon pitched what might have been the best game of the 1989 season. He faced the minimum 33 batters in 11 innings against the Reds. And he didn't win. Cincinnati scored two runs off reliever Todd Worrell in the 13th and won 2–0.

lapse, but it won't happen," says outfielder Claudell Washington. "Our pitching has to do it for us, and it can," says manager Doug Rader.

NL EAST

This division has been a wonderful season-long story, perhaps best highlighted by that game in which the Cubs rallied from a 9–0 deficit to beat the Astros 10–9. Cub broadcaster Harry Caray compared the win to V-J Day. The Expos have also had their moments in the sun—and under Olympic Stadium's retractable roof. And the Cardinals have crept into the hunt, despite the loss of three starting pitchers.

But when it comes to the crunch, the Cubs, Expos and Cards are going to have to beat the Mets' starting pitching. For that, credit Mets vice-president Joe McIlvaine, who acquired Frank Viola from the Twins on July 31. In the last five Septembers, the three winningest pitchers in the game have been Viola (19–10), Orel Hershiser (19–9) and Dwight Gooden (18–9). Viola's 1–0 defeat of Hershiser in Los Angeles on Aug. 28 emphasized how important it was to the Mets to have a great money pitcher to replace the injured Gooden, who has been out since July 1 with a muscle tear in his right shoulder. Meanwhile, Gooden was reactivated last Saturday and should be ready to start soon.

Consider also the September histories of the rest of the Mets' starters: Ron Darling is 11–2 and Sid Fernandez 11–3 for the last four Septembers, and David Cone was 6–0 last year. Add to this pitching Darryl Strawberry, Howard Johnson and Kevin McReynolds, the division's most productive heart of the order, and the Mets become the team to beat in the stretch.

The scrambling, gambling Cubs keep pulling off the impossible and refuse to fold. But can their pitching hold up? Reliever Mitch Williams hasn't thrown as well in the last two weeks as he did earlier. Manager Don Zimmer has only four available starters, including rookie Steve Wilson, and there is concern that pitching on three days' rest is taking its toll on Rick Sutcliffe and Mike Bielecki.

Montreal manager Buck Rodgers is worried about the Expo offense: It has been up and down for six weeks. The leadoff spot has been such a wasteland that last week Rodgers moved Tim Raines there from cleanup.

The Cardinals have four major strengths: Their lineup is healthy and hot; they have one of the division's best bullpens; Joe Magrane (18–7) is pitching like a Cy Young winner; and their manager is Whitey Herzog. What hurts is that while every other contender has made at least one big move to acquire pitching—the Mets got Viola, the Expos got Mark Langston and Zane Smith, the Cubs got Paul Assenmacher, enabling them to start Wilson—Cards general manager Dal Maxvill has done nothing, forcing the team to face the stretch with two retreads, Rick Horton and Ted Power.

JONATHAN DANIEL/ALLSPORT USA

Sutcliffe will have to pitch better with less rest if the Cubs are to win.

AL EAST

The Orioles have been America's sentimental favorite this year, just as the Red Sox were in 1967 and the Mets were in '69. But when August turned to September, the Blue Jays passed Baltimore *(page 22)*, and the Red Sox were five games off the lead. For the O's, the impossible dream had become improbable. The Orioles have two big headaches in the stretch: Catcher Mickey Tettleton was activated last Saturday, but after missing a month with a knee injury, it could take a while to get his bat in shape; and they are trying to win with a four-man starting rotation that includes three rookies—Pete Harnisch, Bob Milacki and Dave Johnson—who have a combined lifetime record of 16–23.

This could well be Toronto's year. The Blue Jays have the best starting pitching and the deepest bullpen. (Toronto's ERA was 3.62 going into September, as opposed to Baltimore's 4.00 and Boston's 4.06.)

The Red Sox still have the best team in the field. Wade Boggs will make his annual run at .350 (he's .394 in September for the last three years). "The best sign is that Roger Clemens is throwing better than he has all year," says catcher Rick Cerone. Clemens, the winningest September pitcher (12–3) the last three seasons, blew away Detroit and California in his last two starts. ■

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A happy 63rd to a Wrigley favorite.

By Lee Weinberger
President and CEO
Wausau Insurance Companies

I was delighted to attend a banquet recently that honored Tad Bretting as America's Small Business Person of the Year.

The award was presented by President Bush and Susan Engeleiter, head of the Small Business Administration. When you consider that there are 19 million small businesses in the country, Tad's was no small accomplishment.

Tad is president of C.G. Bretting Manufacturing Co., a maker of paper-folding and printing equipment in Ashland, Wisconsin. Under his direction, the firm has grown from 11 employees with sales of $120 thousand, to 260 employees and sales of $30 million.

This hardly makes Bretting a "small" business to my way of thinking. In fact, Bretting typifies many of Wausau's policyholders — medium to large in size, preferring long term relationships (Bretting's been a Wausau policyholder for 53 years), and committed to their employees' safety and well being.

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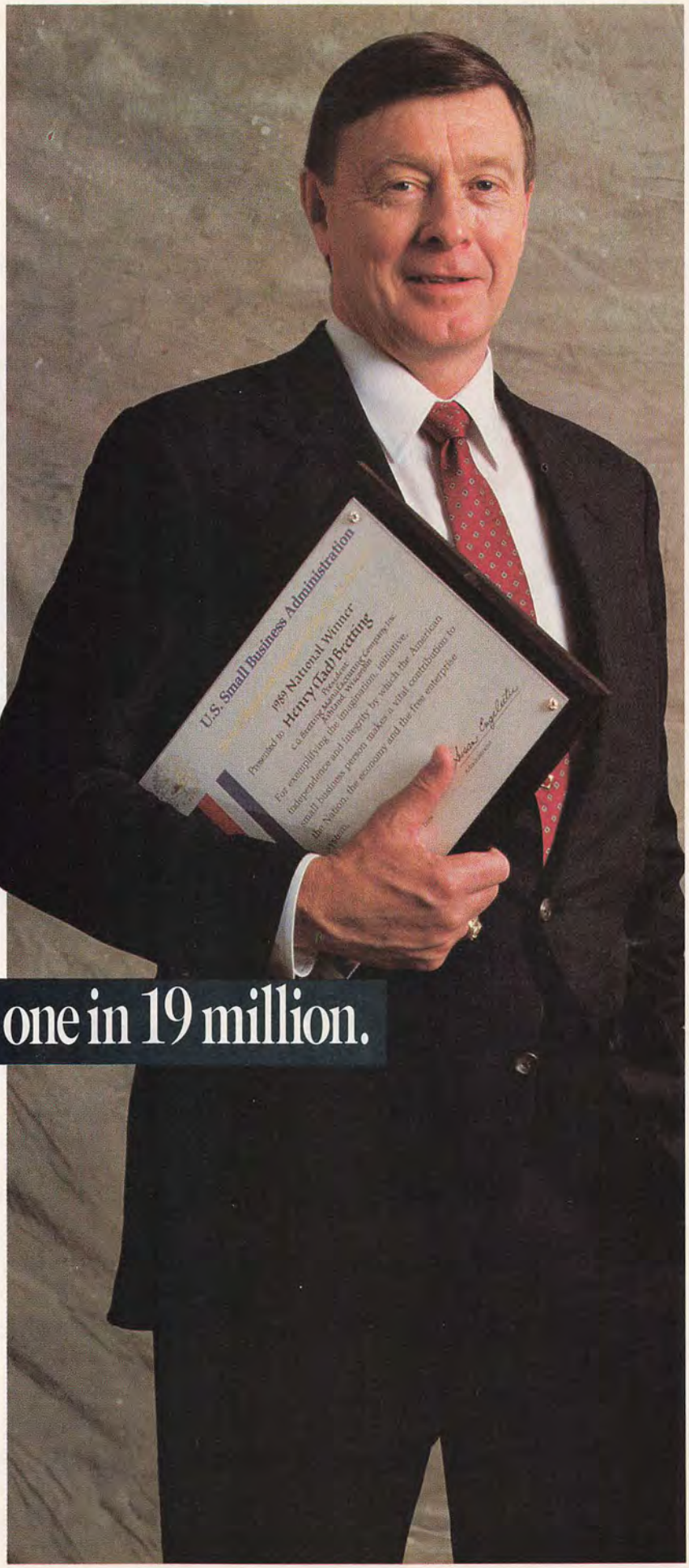

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THEY'RE GETTING ON THE STICK

A stickball league has regulations standardizing the familiar street game

BY JAY FELDMAN

Unless you're a stickball player, you have no idea how serious these people are about their game. For example, Kevin Barnes kept a detailed record, including the pitchers and sites, of each of his 758 home runs. A few years ago, Barnes, 34, who has been playing stickball since his boyhood days in Fort Lee, N.J., gave out baseball jerseys in commemoration of his 500th dinger.

"I was putting down the names of every pitcher I'd ever hit a home run against and contacting all of them just to be sure, because the first couple of years I only kept track of the number but not the pitcher or site," says Barnes, a freelance sports broadcaster in Atlanta. "There was one guy I couldn't get hold of. I was pretty sure I'd hit a home run, maybe two, against him, but I hadn't talked to this guy in a long time. I finally reached his sister, and she asked him. The answer was, 'He remembers giving up two home runs against you, but he knows you never beat him in a game.' This is 17 years later!"

Or how about Perry Vitucci, 25, of the Seaford (N.Y.) Vikings, who is approaching his 1,000th homer. "We started out when we were kids putting all our friends' names on three-by-five index cards," he says, "and we kept track of our home runs. It's been almost 20 years, and now we're up to the largest-size index card." According to Vitucci, the all-time home-run record belongs to Bob Robinson, also of Seaford, who retired three years ago at age 23 with 1,146 career round-trippers.

Because of the intraneighborhood orientation of most stickball competition, however, fanatics like Barnes and Vitucci had no way to rate their accomplishments outside of their own circle. Then Ron Babineau, a telephone-systems salesman and stickball junkie from East Rockaway, N.Y., created a system to bring together the greats and near greats of the game.

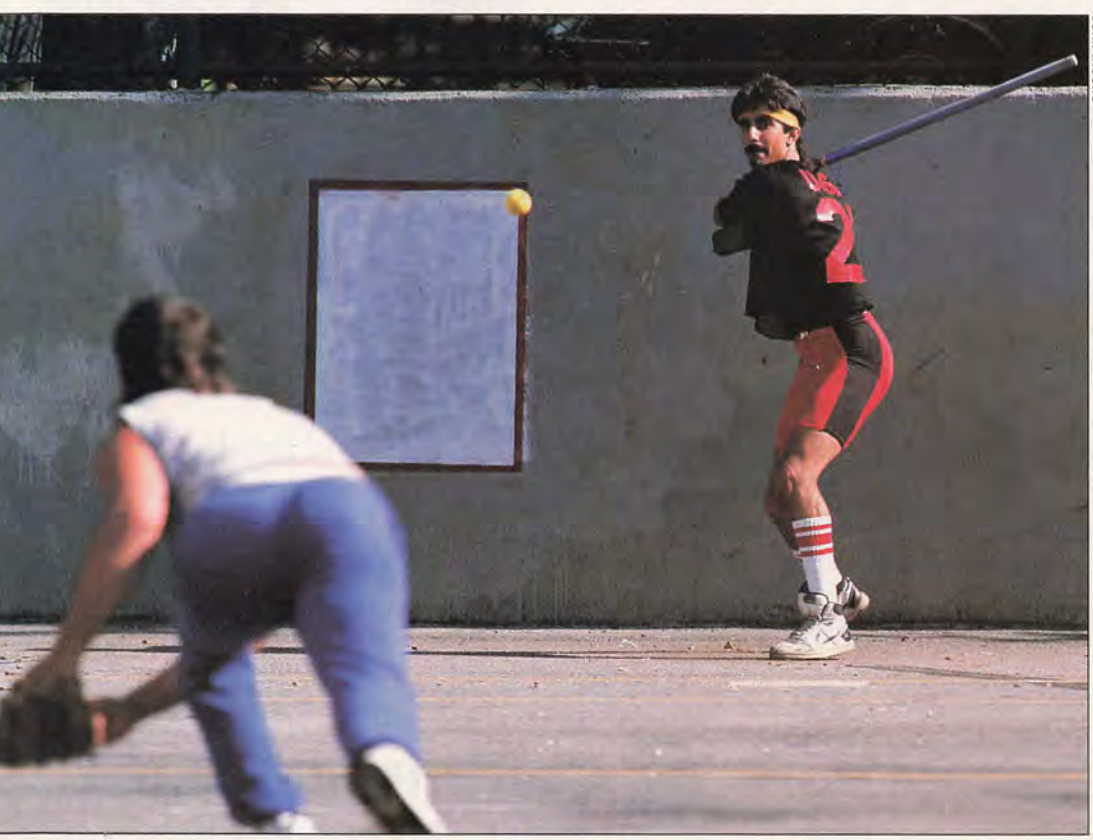
"Everybody has fond memories of stickball," says the 36-year-old Babineau, who plays for the Hewlett (N.Y.) Henchmen, "but there had never been anything organized for the sport."

This is not quite true. As a high school student in Hewlett, Babineau had once organized a six-team circuit. "It was pretty loose," he recalls, "and after a few games, guys weren't showing up."

In May 1984, Babineau decided to give it a serious shot. He quit his job, wrote a rule book, devised a scoring system, declared himself commissioner and put some ads in local papers, and on June 14 the United States Stick-Ball League (USSBL) began its inaugural season with 23 teams. By the end of the campaign in August, there were 39 clubs, prompting Babineau to create a second season in the fall, at the end of which the two seasonal winners met in a one-game championship.

Since '84 the USSBL has expanded steadily. This year 142 teams of four to six players each paid the $210 entry fee for the 14-week summer season. There are teams from New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, and, thanks to Barnes, there is also a four-team division in Atlanta. The USSBL—its rosters peppered with many former college varsity baseball players and a few ex–minor leaguers—has brought a new degree of respectability to stickball and a new level of intensity to the competition. The New York *Daily News* publishes a list of the top 25 teams weekly.

The stickball played in the USSBL is a standardized version of the game known as "pitching in" (as opposed to the self-hitting game, or anoth-



JOHN IACONO

Jim Marciano led the Henchmen with a whopping .419 average.

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er, old-fashioned version in which the ball was delivered on one bounce by the pitcher). The dimensions of the strike zone—a rectangle chalked onto a wall—are set at 24 inches wide and 32 inches high, with the bottom line 17 inches from the ground. Base hits are determined by the distance the ball travels, and the imaginary runners are forced along according to the number of bases the batter reaches. Both teams must have the same number of fielders—three, four or five, according to the managers' pregame agreement—but each team can bat as many players as it chooses, up to the maximum roster limit of six. Individual and team statistics are meticulously—one might say compulsively—kept.

If, as it has so often been pointed out, the heart of baseball is the duel between pitcher and batter, then stickball is a cardiac-intensive distillation of baseball. "It's the closest thing there is to hardball in terms of the one-on-one challenge of batter and pitcher," says USSBL charter member Gene Sidor, 46, manager/DH of the Nitecap Bombers of Suffolk County, N.Y., and a former All-America catcher at Nassau Community College. "I love that tough competition. And it requires no running, which is fantastic at my age."

The short pitching distance (the "rubber" is 55′ 6″ from the wall, so the batter is only about 52 feet from the pitcher), the thin bat (no more than 1⅛ inches in diameter) and the tennis ball (sorry, guys, nobody plays with a "spaldeen" anymore—they haven't been made since 1979) all give the pitcher the upper hand.

"When I first joined the league I thought, 'How good can it be?' " says California Angels scout Brian Collins, 46, who played in the St. Louis Cardinals organization in the 1960s. "But I was surprised; it's very competitive. Most teams have excellent pitching. I'd say good pitchers can bring it in the mid-80's, and most of them have pretty good breaking stuff—drop balls, curves, sliders. There are a lot of strikeouts. If you hit .300 in this league, you're considered a very good hitter."

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What is ROGAINE?

ROGAINE Topical Solution, discovered and made by The Upjohn Company, is a standardized topical (for use only on the skin) prescription medication proved effective for the long-term treatment of male pattern baldness of the crown.

ROGAINE is the only topical solution of minoxidil. Minoxidil in tablet form has been used since 1980 to lower blood pressure. The use of *minoxidil tablets* is limited to treatment of patients with severe high blood pressure. When a high enough dosage in tablet form is used to lower blood pressure, certain effects that merit your attention may occur. These effects appear to be dose related.

Persons who use ROGAINE Topical Solution have a low level of absorption of minoxidil, much lower than that of persons being treated with *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure. Therefore, the likelihood that a person using ROGAINE Topical Solution will develop the effects associated with *minoxidil tablets* is very small. In fact, none of these effects has been directly attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?

Studies have shown that the response to treatment with ROGAINE may vary widely.

Some men receiving ROGAINE may see faster results than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair growth. You should not expect visible growth in less than four months.

If I respond to ROGAINE, what will the hair look like?

If you have very little hair and respond to treatment, your first hair growth may be soft, downy, colorless hair that is barely visible. After further treatment the new hair should be the same color and thickness as the other hair on your scalp. If you start with substantial hair, the new hair should be of the same color and thickness as the rest of your hair.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?

ROGAINE is a treatment, not a cure. If you respond to treatment, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to maintain or increase hair growth. If you do not begin to show a response to treatment with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least four months or more), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?

If you stop using ROGAINE, you will probably shed the new hair within a few months after stopping treatment.

What is the dosage of ROGAINE?

You should apply a 1 mL dose of ROGAINE two times a day, once in the morning and once at night, before bedtime. Each bottle should last about 30 days (one month). The applicators in each package of ROGAINE are designed to apply the correct amount of ROGAINE with each application. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use.*

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?

If you miss one or two daily applications of ROGAINE, you should restart your twice-daily application and return to your usual schedule. You should not attempt to make up for missed applications.

Can I use ROGAINE more than twice a day? Will it work faster?

No. Studies by The Upjohn Company have been carefully conducted to determine the correct amount of ROGAINE to use to obtain the most satisfactory results. More frequent applications or use of larger doses (more than one mL twice a day) have not been shown to speed up the process of hair growth and may increase the possibility of side effects.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?

Studies of patients using ROGAINE have shown that the most common adverse effects directly attributable to ROGAINE Topical Solution were itching and other skin irritations of the treated area of the scalp. About 5% of patients had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches were reported by patients using ROGAINE or placebo (a similar solution without the active medication).

What are some of the side effects people have reported?

The frequency of side effects listed below was similar, except for dermatologic reactions, in the ROGAINE and placebo groups. *Respiratory* (bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis); *Dermatologic* (irritant or allergic contact dermatitis, eczema, hypertrichosis, local erythema, pruritus, dry skin/scalp flaking, exacerbation of hair loss, alopecia); *Gastrointestinal* (diarrhea, nausea, vomiting); *Neurology* (headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness); *Musculoskeletal* (fractures, back pain, tendinitis); *Cardiovascular* (edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitation, pulse rate increases/decreases); *Allergy* (nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling and sensitivity); *Special Senses* (conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo, visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity); *Metabolic-Nutritional* (edema, weight gain); *Urinary Tract* (urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis); *Genital Tract* (prostatitis, epididymitis, sexual dysfunction); *Psychiatric* (anxiety, depression, fatigue); *Hematology* (lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia); *Endocrine*.

Individuals who are hypersensitive to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol must not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes, mucous membranes, or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, bathe the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if irritation persists.

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?

Although serious side effects have not been attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies, there is a possibility that they could occur because the active ingredient in ROGAINE Topical Solution is the same as in *minoxidil tablets*.

Minoxidil tablets are used to treat high blood pressure. *Minoxidil tablets* lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to retention of fluid and increased heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate. Some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute; Rapid weight gain of more than 5 pounds or swelling (edema) of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area; Difficulty in breathing, especially when lying down, a result of an increase in body fluids or fluid around the heart; Worsening of, or new onset of, angina pectoris.

When ROGAINE Topical Solution is used on normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed and the possible effects attributed to *minoxidil tablets* are not expected with the use of ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed, discontinue use of ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Presumably, such effects would be most likely if greater absorption occurred, e.g., because ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in doses higher than would be obtained from topical use in people, has caused important heart structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?

Individuals with known or suspected underlying coronary artery disease or the presence of or predisposition to heart failure would be at particular risk if systemic effects (that is, increased heart rate or fluid retention) of minoxidil were to occur. Physicians, and patients with these kinds of underlying diseases, should be conscious of the potential risk of treatment if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be applied only to the scalp and should not be used on other parts of the body, because absorption of minoxidil may be increased and the risk of side effects may become greater. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp becomes irritated or is sunburned, and you should not use it along with other topical treatment medication on your scalp.

Can men with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?

Individuals with hypertension, including those under treatment with antihypertensive agents, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking guanethidine for high blood pressure should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?

Individuals using ROGAINE should be monitored by their physician one month after starting ROGAINE and at least every six months afterward. Discontinue ROGAINE if systemic effects occur.

Do not use it in conjunction with other topical agents such as corticosteroids, retinoids and petrolatum or agents that enhance percutaneous absorption. ROGAINE is for topical use only. Each mL contains 20 mg minoxidil and accidental ingestion could cause adverse systemic effects.

No carcinogenicity was found with topical application. ROGAINE should not be used by pregnant women or by nursing mothers. The effects on labor and delivery are not known. Pediatric use: Safety and effectiveness has not been established under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn
The Upjohn Company

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Government Bans Most Baldness Treatments

WASHINGTON, July 7 —— The Food and Drug Administration said today that it was banning the sale of nonprescription creams and lotions whose manufacturers assert would grow hair or prevent baldness. The agency said the products had not proved effective.

The agency said in The Federal Register that the ban applied to products available without a prescription that are used externally. These products are usually sold [illegible] barbers.

The Food and Drug Administration also said there was no evidence that vitamins, food supplements or other products taken orally would retard baldness or grow hair. The agency said it would remove these products from the market if their distributors continue to make such claims.

Prescription Drug A

The only [illegible]

pany and sold under the name Rogaine.

The F.D.A. ban is based on a recommendation of an advisory panel that evaluated a number of ingredients, including lanolin, olive oil, wheat germ oil and vitamins. The panel found none of these prevented baldness or promoted hair growth.

NEW YORK TIMES

The good news is there's one product that's proven to grow hair...

Rogaine®

TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

Rogaine is the *only* product that's ever been proven to grow hair. *Rogaine* is made by The Upjohn Company and its active ingredient is minoxidil. *Rogaine* has been available by a doctor's prescription since September of 1988 for male pattern baldness of the crown.

The one and only, according to the Food and Drug Administration (FDA).

You may have read in the news lately about other products that claim to grow hair or prevent hair loss.

A recent ruling by the FDA recognized that only *Rogaine* has been proven to be effective and safe for hair growth. Further, the FDA stated that the ingredients in all other products that say they grow hair or prevent hair loss are "ineffective." It recommended that "these products be eliminated from the...market."

Rogaine grows hair for a good percentage of men.

Your doctor will help you determine how good a candidate you are for treatment with *Rogaine*. Each individual responds differently.

In medical tests conducted by doctors on men throughout the United States over a twelve-month period, it was proven that *Rogaine* grew hair: 39% had moderate to dense regrowth, 37% had minimal regrowth, 13% grew soft, downy, colorless hair that was barely visible, and 11% had no regrowth. (In these same medical tests, the men using *Rogaine* evaluated their moderate to dense regrowth at an even higher rate, 48%).

Few of the men in the tests reported side effects. The most common side effect of *Rogaine* was itching of the scalp, which occurred in 5% of the men.

Generally, it takes four months of use before there is evidence of regrowth.

Nearly two million men have started using *Rogaine*. Should you?

More and more doctors are confidently prescribing *Rogaine* for more and more men every day.

If the FDA ruling hasn't convinced you to try it, consider this fact: two million men have tried it already.

It just might work for you.

So call your doctor for an appointment. Or, for more information, a list of doctors near you, and a certificate worth $10 as an incentive to visit your doctor (sorry, this offer is available for men only), call the toll free number below.

1-800-253-7300, ext. 301.

For a summary of product information, see adjoining page.

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Upjohn
The Upjohn Company

ing off the fuzz, making for greater velocity and sharper breaking balls. At present, any low-felt, yellow-green tennis ball with uniform fuzz can be used in the USSBL. In an effort to standardize the sport, however, Babineau has spent more than a year overseeing the development of the quintessential stickball—i.e., one with the least possible amount of felt. "From a manufacturing standpoint, our difficulty is coming up with a totally worn-out product," says Steve Banks, president of Steegro of Gloucester, Mass., the U.S. distributor of Nassau Tennis Balls. "It hasn't been easy. We're on our third prototype now; it's getting better each time. We're hoping to have something available by the fall stickball season." Banks estimates a first run of about 24,000, with a retail cost of about $2.50 for three balls.

Through last year, only wooden sticks were allowed as bats, but this season the USSBL has recognized three official bats: the StreetStick, an ash model that retails for $10 to $12; the Quick Swing, which features an aluminum barrel, ash handle and ash top knob for $14 to $16; and the Powerflite, an all-aluminum job for $18 to $20.

Stickball traditionalists shudder at these developments. "Aluminum is fine if you want to side your house, but I certainly don't want to swing it in a stickball game," scoffs Frank Passero, 56, who has swung the same broomstick for the past 20 years, most recently for the Long Island Veterans. "But there is one thing about aluminum—you'll never have an argument on a ticked ball, because there's a ringing in your ears. If I used that bat I would need earplugs. Look, this is really a simple game. The guy throws the ball, you swing the bat and hit, and see how far it goes. Today the players have everything custom-made for them; they're trying to turn a simple game into something exotic."

JOHN IACONO

This season the league sanctioned wood, wood-aluminum and all-aluminum bats.

Indeed, there are those who feel that the institutionalization of stickball goes against the grain of the game. "We stand directly opposed to the league," says Steven Beer, 29, one of a group of New York City professionals—most of them lawyers like Beer—who get together every Saturday morning. "Our attitude is that stickball is a game that was born in the streets and should remain there for kids of all ages to play and negotiate each time they walk out onto the asphalt. Deciding the boundaries, choosing sides, how many outs per inning—all these informal aspects are fundamental to the enjoyment of stickball for us. For some, I suppose the rules and regulations of a stickball league may be O.K., but for me and my colleagues, we would never conform to such a formal and restrictive approach to what is essentially a very simple game."

Babineau shrugs off such criticism, pointing out that membership in the league brings with it a larger focus. "Players would never know, had they not joined the USSBL, of the existence of all the other teams," he says. "They'd be playing forever in their own school yards against the same competition."

Peter Burke, 25, considered one of the league's premier pitchers (a couple of years ago he struck out 53 batters while going the distance in a 21-inning playoff game), agrees. Says Burke, whose Seaford Vikings won the overall championship last season, "Everybody out there is appreciative of the opportunity to play in an organized league."

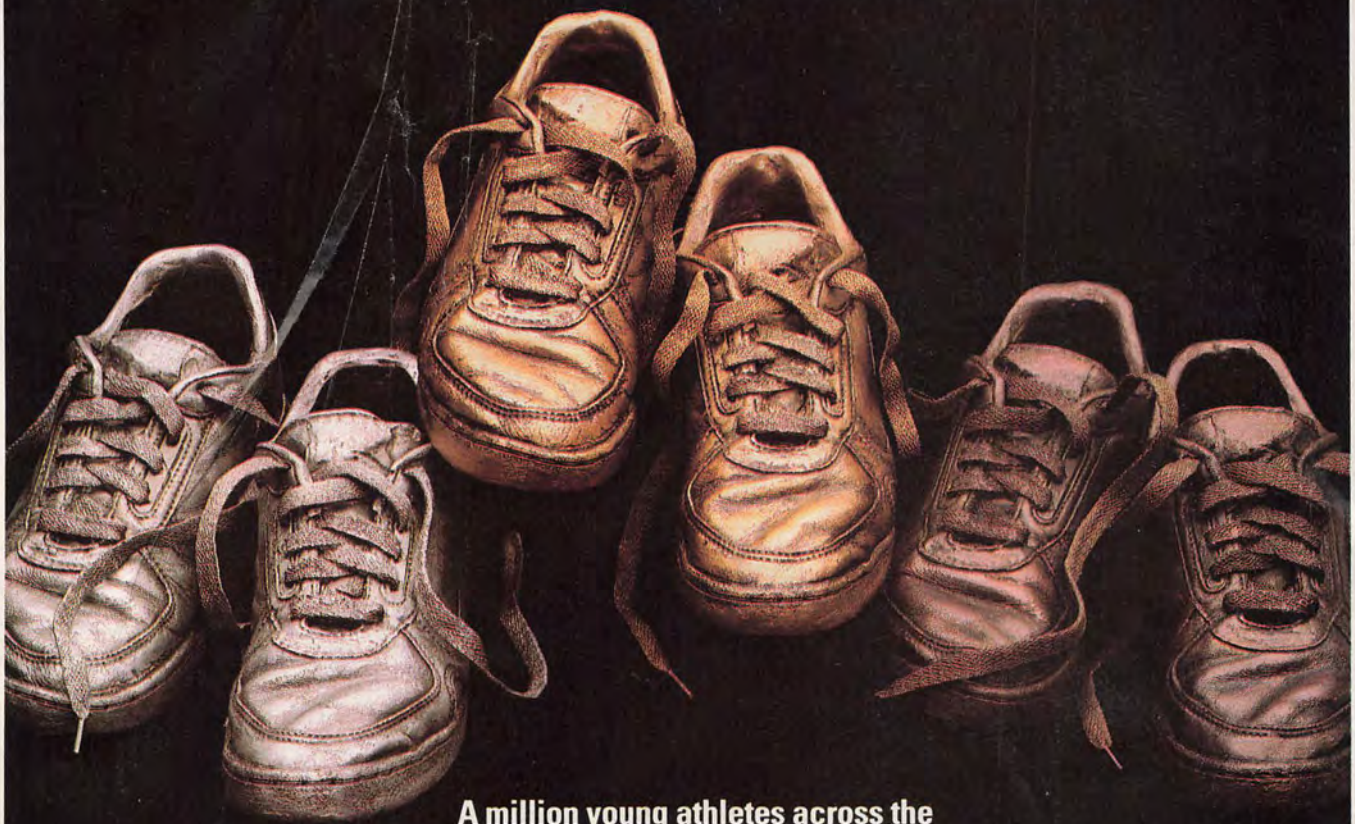
A new USSBL division is being formed in Boston, and Babineau is exploring additional expansion plans; he sees Philadelphia, St. Louis and Baltimore, all of which have stickball traditions, as potential USSBL cities, and he welcomes inquiries from other areas. For more information about the USSBL, write Ron Babineau, P.O. Box 363, East Rockaway, N.Y. 11518, or call 516-599-2915. ■

JOHN IACONO

Commissioner Babineau, who wrote the rule book, marks out an official strike zone.

Jay Feldman, a free-lance writer, played a lot of stickball while growing up in Brooklyn.

WHO CAN FILL THESE SHOES?



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New Maximum

Obviously, the car eating up the road above is no ordinary Subaru. In fact, it's a car designed to be like no other car.

It's the new Subaru Legacy.™ The largest, most powerful Subaru ever built.

And if you can look beyond its gracefully sculptured body design, you'll find a wealth of engineering marvels. Perhaps none more impressive than its 16-valve horizontally opposed aluminum engine. An engine created for maximum acceleration and power. With minimum vibration and noise. An engine so rare its design can only be found on two other cars: Ferrari Testarossa and Porsche 911.

Of course, what good is tremendous power without the ability to properly control it. Accordingly, the Legacy boasts such strong suits as a maximum stability suspension system, electronic automatic transmission for maximum efficiency, and standard 4-wheel disc brakes.

Furthermore, you can pur-

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Strength Subaru.

chase a Legacy with road holding front wheel drive or the world's most advanced computerized full time four wheel drive system. For the ultimate in traction control.

As exhilarating as the Legacy is on the road, it's equally impressive from within. Fact is, the Legacy takes all those cars that claim to be "space vehicles" to task. It not only provides more interior and trunk room than ever, it provides it in a remarkably luxurious setting.

And starting at about $12,500,* the Legacy proves there is also strength in numbers. Rather reasonable ones at that.

Finally, the Legacy continues in the Subaru tradition of reliable, durable cars. Which means it's one new car that will help you avoid buying something else that comes in a new maximum strength: aspirins.

Subaru® Legacy

From About $12,500

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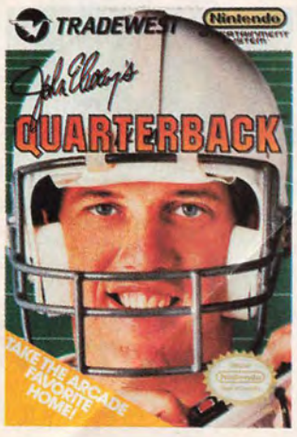

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SPOTLIGHT

D.C.'S WHEELER-DEALER

Don Knowles is driven on the Hill and on the track

BY ROBERT SULLIVAN

On a Monday morning in April, Don Knowles is in action. He's driving his 11-year-old Saab a few miles over the speed limit, fighting the traffic on the Washington, D.C., Beltway. Before long he's at work in Room 156 of the Dirksen Building, preparing for a briefing with Senator Frank Lautenberg of New Jersey, head of the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee on Transportation and Related Agencies. In the parlance of the town Knowles is "a committee staffer," a behind-the-scenes policymaker. Distinguished looking in a gray suit, the 42-year-old Knowles appears to be the quintessential Washington bureaucrat, sitting in his bureaucrat's office with its stacks of books, its piles of paper and its word processor.

The U.S. Coast Guard is part of the Transportation Department, and Knowles is analyzing the Guard's readiness in handling last spring's Alaskan oil spill. "Right up my alley," says Knowles, a specialist in environmental issues. Before joining the Transportation subcommittee, Knowles spent eight years scrutinizing the activities of three major Interior Department units plus the Department of Agriculture's Forest Service and the Smithsonian Institution.

During the Reagan Administration Knowles was something of an environmental watchdog, assessing White House budget requests and deciding which cuts were tolerable and which were not. He made recommendations to the Interior Appropriations Subcommittee chairman (first to James A. McClure, then later to former Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd) and to Congress, at the chairman's behest, and reinstated much of what the president had sought to trim. Many in Washington are happy to have Knowles looking into the Alaska spill.

On a Sunday morning in August, Knowles is in action once again. He's driving an IROC Camaro around a corner at 114 mph. He's bucking the morning traffic here, too, but this road, the Mosport race circuit outside Toronto, has no speed limit.

RICH CHENET

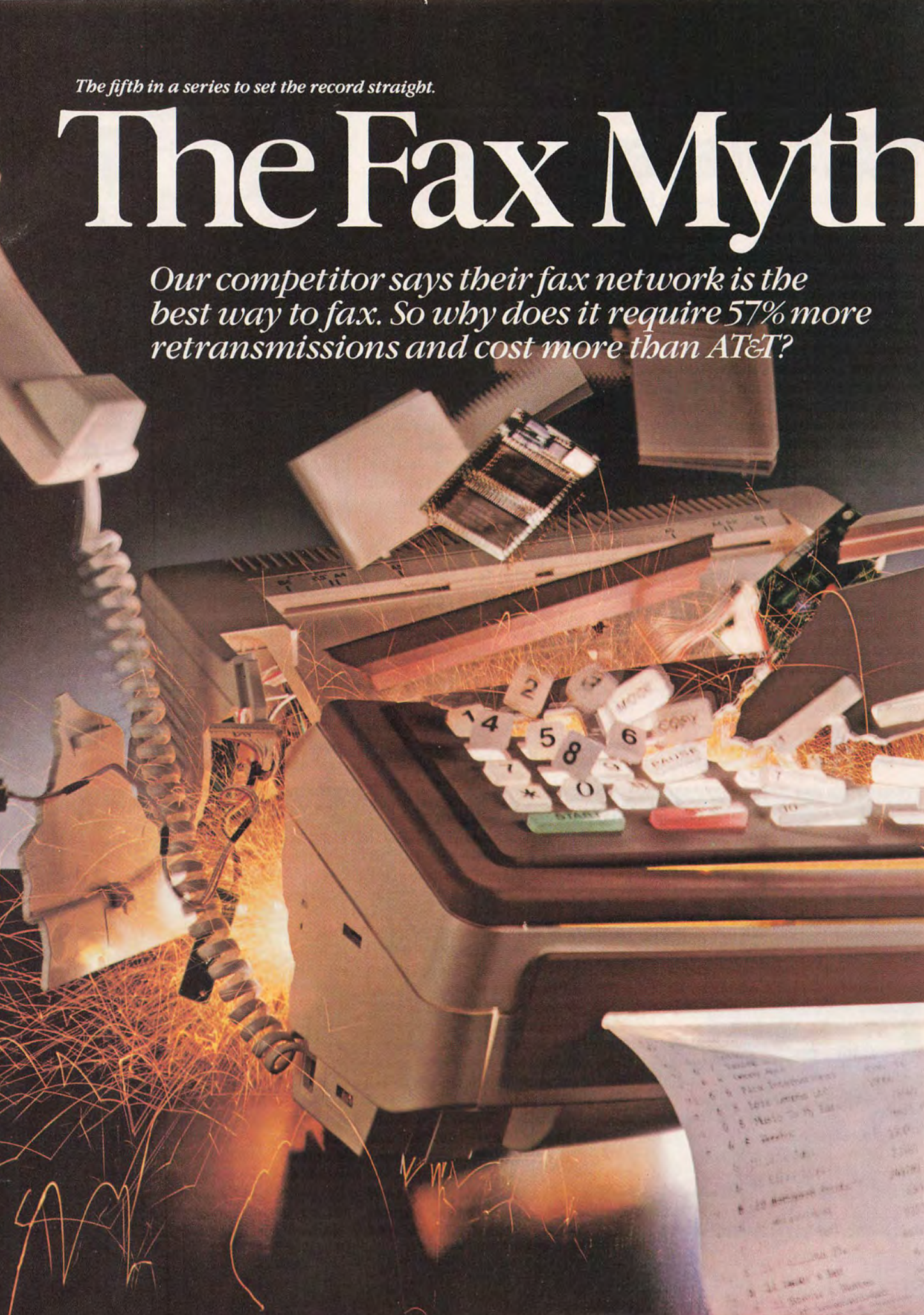
Knowles won at Nelson Ledges in '86 (above) and at Mosport last month (left foreground).

Dawn breaks on this humid, overcast day. Knowles, a member of a four-driver team entered in a 24-hour Sports Car Club of America endurance race, presses the throttle more heavily. "You can turn in your fastest times in the predawn hours," he says. "The air is cool and reoxygenated, and the car can feed off it

The fifth in a series to set the record straight.

The Fax Myth

Our competitor says their fax network is the best way to fax. So why does it require 57% more retransmissions and cost more than AT&T?



Destroyed.

According to a recent Bell Labs study, using five-page fax transmission tests, MCI's fax network transmits one unreadable page out of every twelve. In fact, their network is 57% more likely than AT&T to transmit pages that are partially unreadable.

Now here's a paradox. Obviously, AT&T is more accurate, yet for the typical business customer, we actually cost less.* And unlike MCI, with AT&T all of your usage, both voice and fax, counts toward your monthly volume discount.

Figuring in costs for retransmitting, personnel and paper, regular AT&T long distance users can save up to 16% over MCI's fax network. AT&T *PRO*℠ WATS users, up to 44%. AT&T WATS users, up to 45%. MEGACOM® WATS users, up to 27%. And SDN users can save up to 56%.

So if you're not using the AT&T network for your faxes already, switch to the best-designed, most consistent, most reliable network money can buy. There's no reason why you shouldn't.

Especially now that you know the facts about fax.

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*Based on average business customer calling patterns, average monthly AT&T bill over $120, 10% of which is fax. MCI rates as of 8/2/89. Actual savings may vary.

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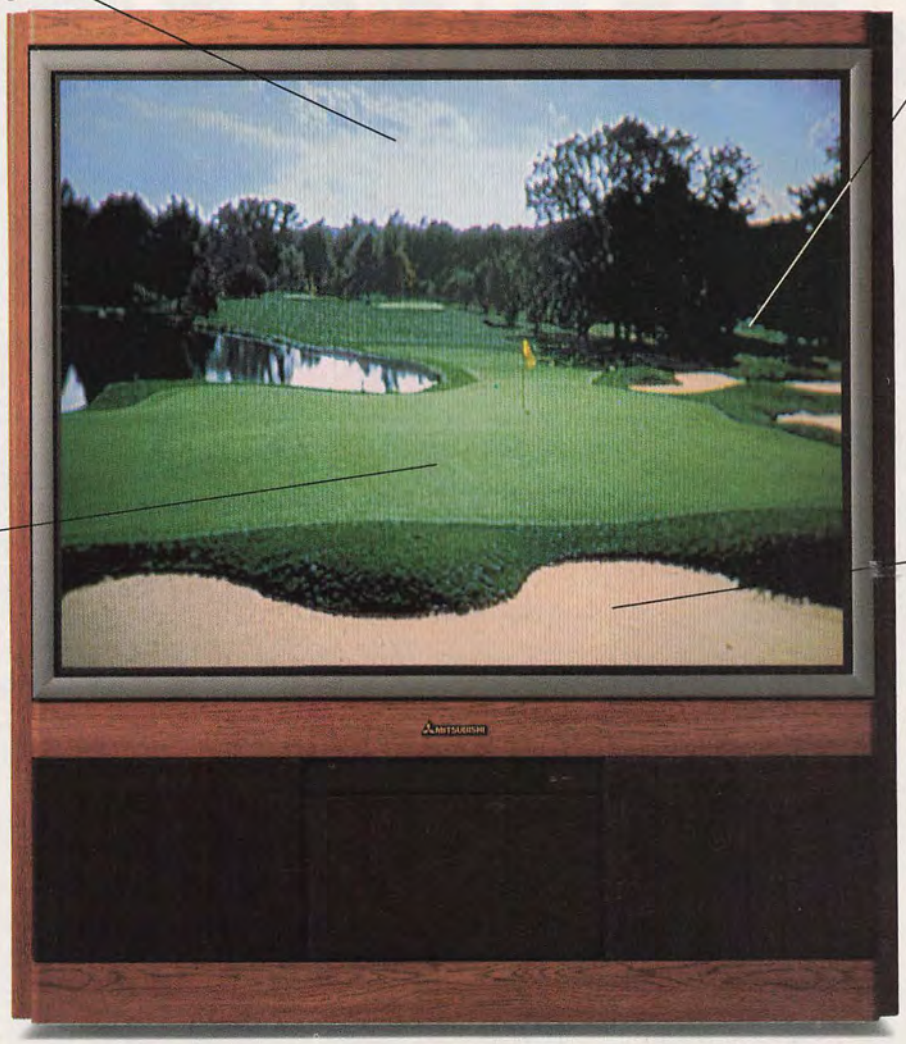

To judge the difficulty of the green, you need to see everything on it. That's why we offer a 120° horizontal viewing angle.

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MITSUBISHI

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nd actually go faster. Plus there's an el-ement of calm at that time. It's a conflu-ence of things, mechanical and physical. Some drivers flag a little and make mis-akes then, but I find it's a perfect time o screw up the old courage and *go*."

Knowles has been screwing up his courage in fast cars since the early '70s. He won back-to-back national titles in he Showroom Stock class a decade ago, nd won his Pro-Racing class on the SCCA circuit last season. In April he vas voted into the Road Racing Drivers Club, whose membership includes Jack-e Stewart, Emerson Fittipaldi and 150 other racers, all of whom drive or drove ull-time. Knowles is among the most espected race-car drivers in the country.

Knowles's team wins Mosport by less han a minute and is now five for five in SCCA endurance races this year. He nd his driving partner, John Heinricy, nave also won three of eight Interna-ional Motor Sports Association endur-nce races, also in an IROC Camaro. With three SCCA and two IMSA events emaining, Knowles can already say, "This is my career year." He pauses. "My racing career, that is." He smiles iredly.

What one reads into that weary smile s that even Knowles is amused by the wo hats he wears. "No one in racing eally knows what he does back in Washington," says Dan Smith, an SCCA publicity man. Amos Eno, proj-ct director for the National Fish and Wildlife Foundation, says, "I've known Don for 10 years, and I'd go to his office nd see all these car posters and car hings. He said he did a little racing, or omething like that, but it's sure not videly known. People here in Washing-on would flip if they knew about the other Don Knowles."

"I'm not hiding anything," says Knowles, his sheepish smile appearing gain. "First off, *The Washington Post* is not the greatest reporter of race-car news. It's not a hot topic on *This Week with David Brinkley*. And most of my friends in racing wouldn't be interested n what I do in Washington. The double-ife angle is fun, but it's no big thing."

Knowles grew up in Durham, N.C., with a love of family and fast cars, just ike any good son of the South. At North

SUSAN STEINKAMP/SABA

Byrd made a habit of listening to Knowles's expert advice on environmental concerns.

Carolina State, where he studied a grab bag of subjects as an undergraduate, he eventually got interested in the environment and received a master's in public administration with a minor in water resources and conservation. "The most fascinating course I had in grad school was about the politics of the budgetary process," says Knowles. "I remember sitting in Tompkins Hall, thinking, Boy, I wish I could be involved with this."

He felt similarly about Becky Brandon, a childhood playmate and high school sweetheart from Durham, who became his wife. "Gosh, I remember visiting Becky when I was eight and she was sick in bed," he says. "I remember our families going to Yates Baptist Church together. Seems we've always been together."

Becky says that when they married, in 1968, she knew what she was getting: a serene and sensitive man who happened to drive cars faster than the wind. "But his racing back then was on the street, not on the track," she says. "It was apparent he liked speed, but I never thought it would lead to this."

Becky got an indication of where it was leading in 1972, when Knowles, who had taken a job in Washington at the Department of Agriculture as a budget analyst, went to driving school. "From 1972 through '75 I raced on my own nickel, and owned and fixed the cars myself," he says. "Once we cashed $200 worth of savings bonds to fund the effort. Back then Becky and I would drive the car to races, with a rack on top for the extra tires. You could tell it wasn't Becky's first love. She always got that gee-I-wish-I-weren't-here look at the track."

In 1976 Saab was gearing up for an assault on the Showroom Stock circuit and asked Knowles to join its team. He happily accepted the offer because it meant he would no longer have to subsi-

Despite a rigorous vocation and avocation, Don makes time for Sarah, Becky and Jamie.

dize his racing. Driving a Saab 99, he won the Showroom Stock national title in 1978 and '79. All told, in five years with Saab he won 35 of the 58 Showroom Stock races he entered.

Nineteen-eighty brought several changes for Knowles. He left the Department of Agriculture to join the Interior subcommittee. Then Saab shut down its stock-car campaign. Finally, Don and Becky—whose daughter, Sarah, was seven years old at the time—were presented on Christmas Day with a son, Jamie. "I decided, once we had two kids, to cut way back with the cars," says Knowles. "At least for the short term." Knowles, who drove in 17 races in 1980, entered only four in '81.

As it turned out, he would have had to curtail his racing anyway because his new job was more demanding than the previous one. "The first year I was on the Interior subcommittee, I don't think my pulse went below 120," he says. "It was much worse than racing. I had trouble making recommendations because I had to weigh what was in the public interest against what was possible within the government. I couldn't allow myself the luxury of having strongly held personal views on these issues.

"Look at it this way: When I get in the race car, I'm in control. But in Washington, I'm simply not the principal, I'm the staffer. My job is to understand the program, understand the legislators' interests and resolve conflicts.

"On top of this inherent trickiness, when I arrived here I had never taken a course in forestry or wildlife management. I knew nothing technical on either side of those subjects, yet I was the person whom the system looked to to know certain things. In the first couple of years, I expended a lot of energy trying to figure out what the hell was a dusky seaside sparrow, and why do I care?"

The more Knowles learned, the more he cared. He became the Interior subcommittee's guide to several parts of the natural world. "Don has given me faith that the system works," says Eno. "The Reagan Administration tried to eviscerate programs like endangered-species protection, land acquisition and wildlife and environmental research. But you'll notice that many of these same programs are at historic funding levels. Don Knowles and his colleagues achieved this by working hard to determine what was *really* important, not by just taking sides. You'll find no one in Washington who has broader support among those in development *and* conservation than Don."

Indeed, earlier this year a letter rec ommending Knowles for the position o assistant secretary of Agriculture—th job has not been filled—was signed b the director of hunter services for th National Rifle Association, the presi dent of the National Wildlife Federa tion, the vice-president of the Nationa Forest Products Association, the presi dent of the American Wood Preserver Institute, the president of the Spor Fishing Institute and the president o the Coastal Conservation Association.

Knowles doesn't achieve bipartisa support by appeasing all parties but b being firm and candid. "The environ mental groups view the world through their prism, and everything gets skewe their way," says Knowles. "I'm disgust ed with the press-release mentality o the national environmental groups."

He pauses and then continues. "An those who represent industry are equal ly bad. They have their prism, and thei view of the world is just as skewed Both groups have important interests a stake, but neither has the responsibilit to govern. It took me a long while t find ways to get past the arguing and ge things done." Knowles's acquired wis dom served him well on the Interio subcomittee and it serves him well as h assesses the oil spill.

Once Knowles had mastered th wheelings and dealings of Washington he set about rebuilding his reputation a a race-car driver. In 1983 he won th Longest Day of Nelson Ledges, 24-hour race outside Akron, Ohio, in Camaro. In '84 he drove a race-modifie Corvette to a fourth-place finish a Charlotte and a fifth at Daytona on th IMSA series. That summer he als hooked up with Morrison-Cook Moto Sports on the SCCA circuit and helpe Morrison-Cook win the 24 Hours o Mid-Ohio.

"I can count on doing pretty damne well when Don's driving with us," say Tommy Morrison, the team owner. "Sa you've got six shotguns in your case an one that never lets you down, that yo always want to have in your hands That's Don."

With increased action, Knowles be

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gan to feel the old juices flowing again. "I found I was still a little crazy after all those years," he says. "I'd get all hot to race as much as I could on a weekend. One time I went to Ohio and qualified a Dodge on Saturday morning, then bombed to West Virginia and qualified a Renault in another race. I was going to fly back to Ohio but couldn't get through an ice storm, so I drove back, raced the Dodge from 11 at night till four in the morning. I got picked up at eight and was back in West Virginia to start that race at noon.

"I have manic urges to do stuff like that. I'm living proof that you can drive all night to Florida to race all day, drive back and live to tell about it."

Did he win that race in Florida? "Ah, no," he says—candid as ever. "Actually, I crashed."

Last year Knowles began weighing the demands of work, racing and family. He considered getting out of racing. In 1987 he had won five races—three of them 24-hour events—but it hadn't been an easy year. Knowles had suffered the worst crash of his career when he rammed into a wall so hard at Mosport that he popped out of his safety belts. What's more, his first mentor in the sport, Jim Fitzgerald, who was also Paul Newman's racing partner and best friend, had been killed in an '87 crash in St. Petersburg, Fla.

SUSAN STEINKAMP/SABA

Dad was prepared for the worst when the time came to give Sarah driving lessons.

"Jim's death affected me deeply," says Knowles. "It really made me rethink my place in the sport. This isn't Indy Cars, but it's not walking down the sidewalk, either. I asked myself, Is it something a person in my place—a person with a job and a family—should be doing? I ultimately decided I was still driving fast and safe, so there was no reason to quit just yet.

"The way things are going this year, I obviously think I made the right decision. But I just sort of reaffirmed last year that I wouldn't allow the racing to interfere with holding a job, being an adult or—most important of all—being a father."

Summer is the heart of the racing season, but Knowles makes certain that his

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driving doesn't conflict with the family's annual vacation on North Carolina's Outer Banks. On evenings when Sarah has a softball game, he pushes the Saab a bit further over the speed limit to make sure he gets there in time for the first inning. He has helped out with her town-league soccer team, lining the field and setting up the goals.

"I didn't know a blessed thing about soccer," he says. "But it's something I wanted to do. It was kind of fun, and kind of important, too. It's something my father always did for me, with baseball and such. Jamie took up hardball this spring. That was fun."

Knowles is at rest. He sits in the team trailer at the Mosport racetrack, resplendent in red shorts and an electric-blue aloha shirt, eating a cheeseburger and drinking a diet soda, the latter doing little good. "It's funny, this is the most relaxed I've been in a while," he says. "Work's been a bear lately. It's been our busiest season in Washington. My beard hasn't been trimmed in a month, I've gained 10 pounds, I started smoking again a week ago and haven't gotten any sleep. So I come out here to the racetrack and relax. It's kind of funny, my friends out here always kid me about lying out at night, looking up at the stars between stints at the wheel. But I'll tell you, these weekends really calm me down and set me up."

And this is Knowles at rest. He sits in the gallery of the empty Senate chamber. The scene is straight out of *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*. "This room reflects the grandeur of our government," he says in a whisper, even though there's no need to whisper. "Whenever the day-to-day machinations of the process make me tired or jaded, I come here and just sit and reflect. It always bolsters me. I realize I'm working with a lot of good people who want to help the country, even if it doesn't always seem so in the heat of battle.

"I'll tell you," he continues, "I would be satisfied to be stranded on the proverbial desert island with the people I work with here, or with the people I drive with. Both groups work hard, and both have that keen sense of, Let's get the thing done." ■

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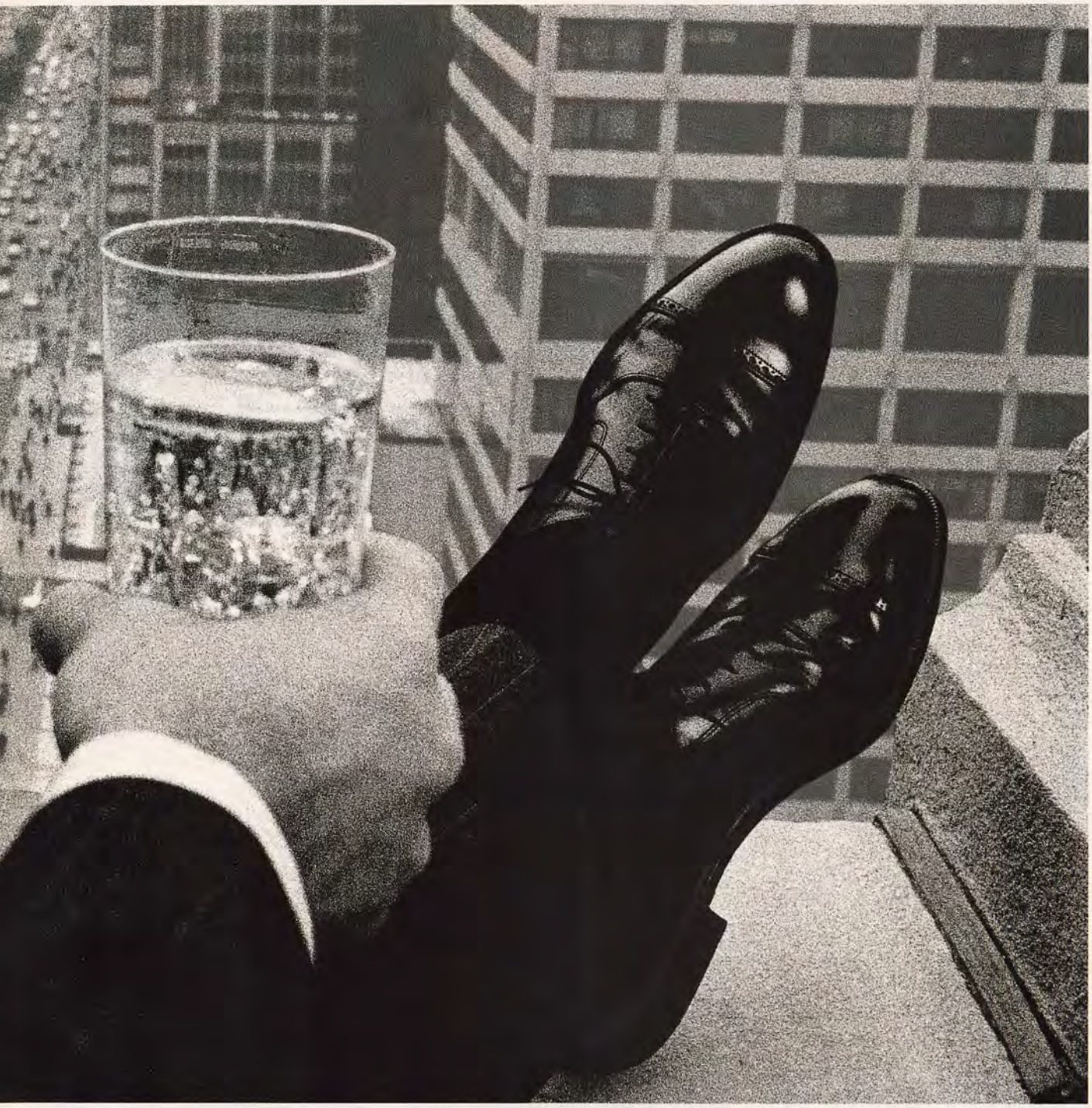

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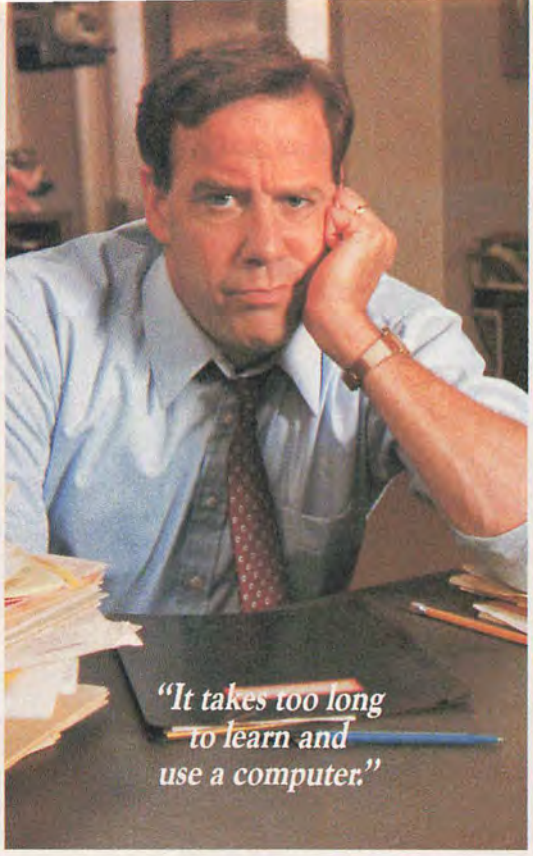

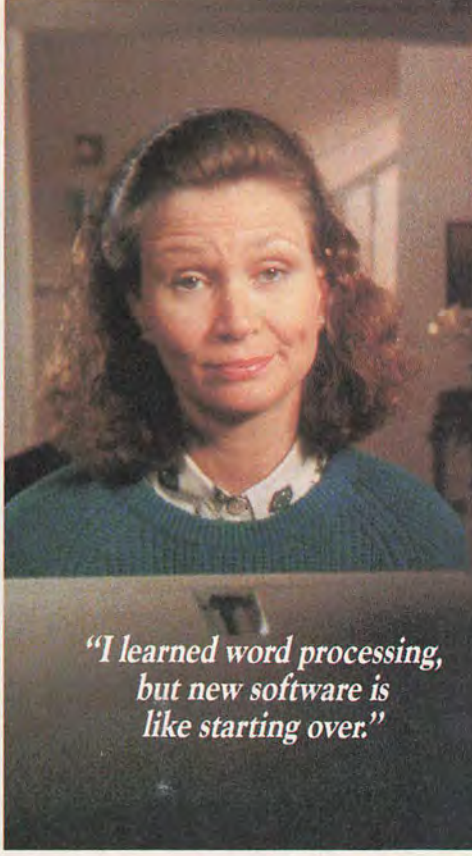

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WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF . . .

. . . 20 of the best-ever NFL teams played a "Dream Season"?

BY SHELLEY SMITH

It's Sunday night in the NFL. Joe Montana has just been sacked by Ray Nitschke. Jim Brown has just rumbled over Lawrence Taylor for a touchdown. The undefeated 1972 Miami Dolphins have just scored against the 1983 Oakland Raiders. And Mike Singletary has just predicted his Chicago Bears will pound Roger Staubach and the Dallas Cowboys.

Do not adjust your sets. This is not a test, only the latest joint venture between ESPN and NFL Films. It's entitled *Dream Season*, a high-tech, computerized attempt to ignite old arguments over which was the greatest team of the past four decades.

Dream Season is the brainchild of NFL Films czar Steve Sabol, who chose 20 of pro football's alltime best teams for his four-division "league" and then dived into a project that consumed thousands of hours. Sabol, 46, fed reams of player and team stats into a computer and programmed it to create four quarters of probable plays—in essence, "games." There will be 60 games during the six-week "regular season," which began airing on Sept. 3.

Sabol next "visualized" key portions of the games by scouring thousands of old film clips of real games, airbrushing jersey numbers and splicing together enough footage to make it seem as if, for instance, Bill Walsh's San Francisco 49ers were going up against Vince Lombardi's Green Bay Packers—in reality an impossibility since the two men coached during different eras. "It's a little bit Salvador Dali, a little bit of Woody Allen's *Zelig* and part *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*" says Sabol. "I first approached Roger Warner, CEO of ESPN, about this two years ago. He wanted to know what kind of medication I was on." No wonder. Each of the featured games took nine weeks to produce.

Sabol is the color analyst, and Merrill Reese, who in real life announces Philadelphia Eagle games, calls the play-by-play for the featured game on Sunday evenings. The telecasts include key drives and scores, pre- and postgame shows, old and new interviews with players and coaches, and, during halftime, highlights from the week's nine other games. At the end of the regular season, the division winners will advance to the Fantastic Four, after which the two finalists will meet in, of course, the Dream Bowl, on Oct. 29. Only Sabol and a few colleagues at NFL Films know the outcome.

Sabol's creativity, sense of humor and penchant for detail add a touch of verisimilitude to the action. For instance, during the game between the '77 Cowboys and '85 Bears in Week 1, we got a quick sideline shot of Staubach and wide receiver Golden Richards both mouthing, "What's he doing?" when Chicago defensive tackle William Perry enters the offensive huddle. And after the '66 Packers meet the '84 49ers in Week 2, Walsh and Lombardi shake hands near midfield. *Dream Season* also has some interesting quirks, such as Weeb Ewbank coaching against himself when the '59 Colts meet the '68 Jets, and Norm Van Brocklin playing quarterback for both teams when the '51 Rams take on the '60 Eagles.

Dream Season is already sparking considerable debate among players and coaches. During production Don Shula called Sabol to ask how his '72 Dolphins were faring. Staubach got on the phone after watching a short promotional clip. "All I saw was me getting sacked and throwing an interception," he says.

Neither Sabol nor ESPN expects to make money on *Dream Season*, and interest could fizzle after the first couple of telecasts satisfy the curiosity seekers. Still, after being assured that he also threw some touchdown passes, Staubach says he's thrilled about having a shot at another championship. "My son, Jeff, was nearly three years old when we won the Super Bowl in 1978," says Staubach. "This way he can see me play live."

Well, almost. ■

NFL FILMS, INC.

On Sunday, Singletary (50) and the '85 Bears edged Staubach's '77 Cowboys.

FOR THE RECORD

A Roundup of the Week Aug. 28–Sept. 2 • Compiled by Sarah B. Schmidt

BASKETBALL—The YOUNGSTOWN PRIDE won the World Basketball League championship, defeating Calgary 118–116 in the second game of a best-of-three series in Youngstown, Ohio. Eric Newsome sank a three-pointer with 55 seconds left to win it for the Pride. Youngstown's Barry Mitchell, a 6′ 4″ forward who scored 29 points, was MVP for the game. David Henderson scored 29 for Calgary, and Perry Young scored 28.

BOXING—MAURICIO ACEVES of Mexico City retained his WBC lightweight title with a 10th-round knockout of Oscar Bejines of Guadalajara in a 12-round bout in Los Angeles.

HORSE RACING—TACTILE ($26.40), ridden by Richard Migliore, won the Gazelle Handicap, at Belmont, defeating Dream Deal by a nose after 1⅛ miles. The 3-year-old filly finished in 1:48⅘. The victory was worth $67,440.

ANGEL CORDERO JR. won his 13th Saratoga riding title in 14 years when he rode STELLA MADRID ($6) to victory, defeating Golden Reef by 4½ lengths in the six-furlong Spinaway Stakes. Cordero finished the meet with 34 victories, two ahead of Jose Santos. Stella Madrid, a 2-year-old filly, earned $141,800.

TENNIS—In singles play during the first week at the U.S. Open, in Flushing Meadow, N.Y., fourth-seeded Chris Evert became the first 100-match winner in the 108-year history of the championships, by beating Patricia Tarabini 6–2, 6–4 in the third round. Nine seeded players failed to make the round of 16. John McEnroe, the No. 4 seed, who has won the Open four times, lost a 6–4, 4–6, 6–3, 7–5 battle to Paul Haarhuis. Fifth-seeded Mats Wilander fell to Pete Sampras 5–7, 6–3, 1–6, 6–1, 6–4. Todd Witsken defeated No. 8 seed Brad Gilbert 4–6, 7–6, 4–6, 6–3, 6–2. Jim Grabb upset No. 12 seed Emilio Sanchez 4–6, 6–3, 7–6, 6–7, 6–4. Mikael Pernfors beat No. 16 seed Carl-Uwe Steeb 7–5, 4–6, 7–5, 6–4. In women's play, Larisa Savchenko upset No. 9 seed Pam Shriver 6–2, 6–3. Wendy White beat No. 10 seed Mary Joe Fernandez 6–4, 6–3. Rosalyn Fairbank defeated No. 14 seed Katerina Maleeva 6–4, 6–7, 6–3, and Donna Faber beat the No. 16 seed, Hana Mandlikova, 6–3, 3–6, 6–1.

TRACK—Runners SAID AOUITA of Morocco and PAULA IVAN of Romania won the Grand Prix titles, each for the second straight year, at the season finale, in Monte Carlo. It was Aouita's third title in four seasons, and it was the first time any athlete has repeated. Galina Chistyakova of the Soviet Union finished four points behind Ivan in the women's standings, and hurdler Roger Kingdom of the U.S. trailed Aouita by six.

MILEPOSTS—DECIDED: By the International Olympic Committee, at its 95th session, in San Juan, that any athlete who competes in South Africa, which was banned from the Games in 1970 because of its apartheid policies, will be barred from participation in the Olympics. The committee voted to retain tennis as a medal sport on condition that the International Tennis Federation stop sponsoring tournaments in South Africa. In addition, it was ruled that soccer competition in the 1992 Games at Barcelona would be limited to players 23 and younger, and that demonstration sports would be dropped after '92. JUAN ANTONIO SAMARANCH, 69, of Spain, who has been president of the IOC since 1980, was reelected for four more years. HE ZHEN LIANG of China was elected a vice-president of the executive board, and ROBERT HELMICK of the United States was elected a member.

DROPPED: From the men's professional tour, by the Association of Tennis Professionals, which takes over the tour in 1990, tournaments in Capetown and Johannesburg, South Africa.

PLEADED GUILTY: In Cuyahoga County (Ohio) Common Pleas Court, running back KEVIN MACK, 27, of the Cleveland Browns to one count of using cocaine. Mack faces up to 18 months in jail.

RULED: By arbitrator Thomas Roberts, that owners of major league baseball teams must pay $10,528,086.71 in damages for collusion to limit the free-agent market between the 1985 and 1986 seasons. The money, which represents salary losses, will be placed in an escrow account until it is divided among the 139 players affected. Roberts, who ruled on Sept. 21, 1987, that the owners had acted in concert, a violation of the league's labor agreement, said players also could submit claims to cover the loss of multiyear contracts, signing bonuses, bonus clauses and no-trade clauses. Baseball owners have the right to appeal the decision in court. The settlement is the first relating to three collusion cases. In a second case, covering the 1986–87 season, an arbitrator ruled in the players' favor and has yet to set damages. In the third case, for the '87–88 season, an initial ruling is pending.

SENTENCED: By a U.S. District Court judge in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma quarterback CHARLES THOMPSON, 21, to two years in prison for one count of conspiracy to distribute cocaine. Thompson pleaded guilty on April 26.

SUSPENDED: For 30 days by the NFL, 13 players for failing anabolic steroid tests—the first penalties the league has ever imposed for steroid use—at preseason camp in July and August *(page 20)*. The NFL Players Association filed a legal challenge to the suspensions. The players also can appeal directly to the league. Those suspended are running back SEAN DOCTOR and linebackers TOM DOCTOR and MATT JAWORSKI of Buffalo, defensive back MAURICE DOUGLASS of Chicago, offensive linemen MIKE ARIEY and KEITH UECKER of Green Bay, defensive end MARK MRAZ of the L.A. Raiders, tight end VERNON KIRK of the L.A. Rams, running back VINCE AMOIA and wide receiver BOBBY RILEY of the New York Jets, guard RON SOLT of Philadelphia, and running back KEITH HENDERSON and nosetackle ROLLIN PUTZIER of San Francisco.

TRADED: By the New York Yankees, pitcher JOHN CANDELARIA, 35, to the Montreal Expos for infielder MIKE BLOWERS, 24, and designated hitter–first baseman KEN PHELPS, 35, to the Oakland A's for pitcher SCOTT HOLCOMB, 21; by the Chicago Cubs, pitcher CALVIN SCHIRALDI, 27, outfielder DARRIN JACKSON, 26, and a minor league player to be named later to the San Diego Padres for outfielder MARVELL WYNNE, 29, and infielder LUIS SALAZAR, 33; and by the Minnesota Twins, outfielder JIM DWYER, 39, to the Expos for a player to be named later.

By the Washington Redskins, defensive tackle DEAN HAMEL, 28, to the Dallas Cowboys for an undisclosed 1990 draft pick; by the San Diego Chargers, punter RALF MOJSIEJENKO, 26, to the Washington Redskins for an undisclosed 1990 draft pick; and by the Seattle Seahawks, cornerback TERRY TAYLOR, 28, to the Detroit Lions for fullback JAMES JONES, 28.

DIED: A. BARTLETT GIAMATTI, 51, commissioner of major league baseball; of a heart attack; on Martha's Vineyard, Mass. *(page 17)*.

JOE COLLINS, 66, New York Yankee first baseman, 1948–57, who played on six world championship teams; of natural causes; in Union, N.J.

FACES IN THE CROWD

GEOFF SCHEERER

ETHAN OBERMAN
DEERFIELD, ILL.

Ethan, an eighth-grader at Wilmot Junior High, won four gold medals, setting national records in each event, at the National Short Track Speed Skating Championships. He also won three races at the North American championships.

JOE SONGER

CEIL WATKINS
BIRMINGHAM

Watkins, 67, using a seven-iron, shot her seventh career hole in one, on the 114-yard, par-3 7th hole at Birmingham's Vestavia Country Club. Forty years ago she aced her first hole, at the Boswell/Highland city course, also in Birmingham.

CHUCK BECKLY

JOSEPH ELIZONDO
SAN ANTONIO

Elizondo, 20, won the Junior National Modern Pentathlon Championship, beating defending champion Jim Haley of Lake City, Fla., by 48 points, in Roswell, N.Mex. He qualified for his third world junior team with his victory.

LYNETTE SHURTLEFF

DAMON JOHNSON
MUSTANG, OKLA.

Johnson, 19, beat John Hughes of Stillwater, Pa., at the USA Junior National Freestyle Wrestling Championships 10–0 to win the title in the 132-pound division in Cedar Falls, Iowa. He is also a two-time National Prep School champion.

MIKE SPINELLI

EMMA MACCHIARINI-MANKIN
SAN FRANCISCO

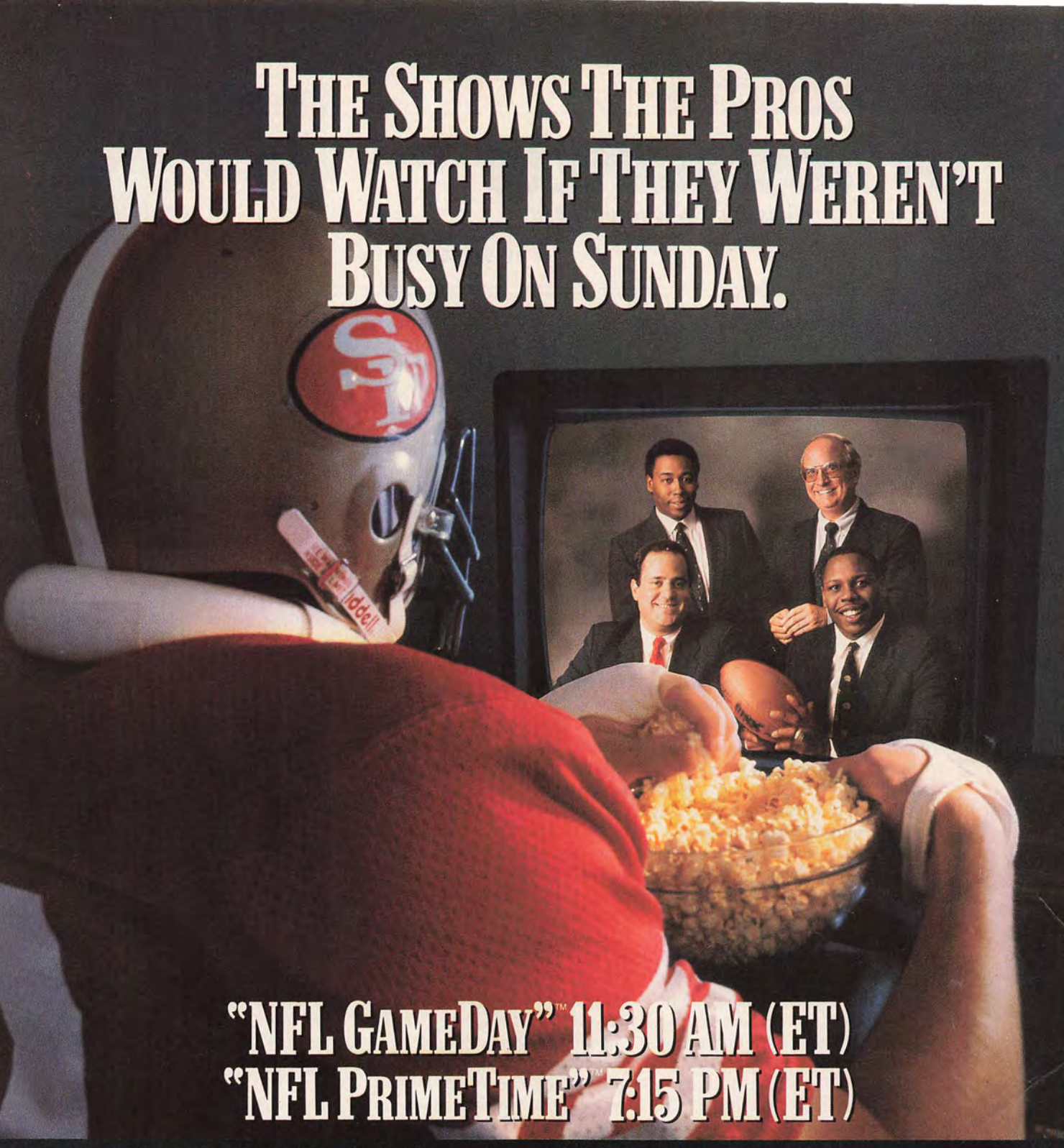
Emma, 9, a fourth-grader at the San Francisco Community School, became the youngest person ever to swim the Golden Gate shore to shore. She swam the 1⅛-mile strait in 1:08:51 in 60° water.

CANDY BAXTER

MIKE APPLE
BATH, N.Y.

Mike, 11, a righthanded pitcher, threw 25 consecutive innings of no-hit baseball as the Norstars went 16–0 and won the Bath Little League title. During the season he faced 120 batters, had 83 strikeouts and gave up just one earned run.

THE SHOWS THE PROS WOULD WATCH IF THEY WEREN'T BUSY ON SUNDAY.



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POINT AFTER

LET THOSE PEOPLE GO

In tennis, decorum is imposed only on the fans

BY STEVE WULF ■

NINA BARNETT

THIS WEEK I AM MAKING my annual pilgrimage to the National Tennis Center, in Queens, N.Y., for the U.S. Open, and once again I am reminded of Oct. 10, 1980. That night, George Brett of the Kansas City Royals hit a three-run homer off Goose Gossage in the seventh inning at Yankee Stadium to beat the Yanks 4–2 and complete the Royals' three-game sweep of the American League Championship Series.

Why does a tennis match remind me of a nine-year-old baseball game? Because every time I notice a hush fall over the crowd at the Tennis Center, as if we're about to hear the first notes of *La Traviata*, I say to myself, Why are we being quiet for tennis players, who only have to hit a soft, fuzzy ball over the net, when Brett faced down a 95-mile-per-hour fastball, with 56,588 people screaming in his ear, and sent it into the upper deck in rightfield?

Once I consider that incongruity, I marvel at the flock of tennis sheep waiting at each ramp until the two players change over at the odd-numbered games of the set. Heaven forbid if these fans were allowed to return to their seats whenever they wanted; they might disturb the concentration of Goran and Yahiya.

My sense of outrage increases with each passing minute as I sit and try to gauge the urgency of nature's call against the pace of the match. I wouldn't want to be caught waiting with the rest of the crowd at a ramp entrance while Slobodan and Jaime go deuce . . . ad in . . . deuce . . . ad out . . . deuce at a critical juncture. Nightmare of nightmares—and I know this is going to happen—I will be standing with the other little lambs in the darkness at the bottom of the stairway when, suddenly, we will hear this tremendous purr of appreciation coming from the light, followed by sustained applause. What did we miss? "You missed the best point of the match," our companions will tell us as we finally return to our seats. "Where were you, anyway?"

I know, I know. Tennis is a sport with a long tradition of courtesy. The custom of near-silence during points started out as simple politeness to the players. That was back when players wore white only and acted like ladies and gentlemen. Well, they don't wear white anymore—in fact, they look more like billboards—and they certainly don't act like ladies and gentlemen on the court. Some players, following the lead of such boors as Ilie Nastase and John McEnroe, think nothing of laying verbal waste to hapless officials.

Tennis players gave up their rights to courtesy once they tolerated such unsportsmanlike behavior among themselves. Some of these brats of summer are the first to complain about the "rudeness" of fans. The U.S. Open, in particular, gets low marks from the pros for fan courtesy. The next player to complain should be made to trade places with an 18-year-old kid trying to hit a free throw while thousands of crazies wave and scream in his face. (The only major-sport athlete more coddled by spectators is the golfer, but the golfer is generally a model of comportment, and he or she merits reciprocal courtesy. Besides, no other sport maintains such a strict code of honor as golf.)

Then there's this to think about: Where does the money that makes these players richer than Croesus come from? That's right, from all the people watching the ice melt in their sodas while Peanut and Rosalyn slug it out, baseline to baseline. These fans not only pack the stadiums but also buy the rackets and sportswear the players promote. Don't the fans deserve to come and go as they please?

And what's so scary about unlimited access, anyway? The next time you attend a baseball game, watch how many people actually get up and go during the course of an inning. Not that many. Surely, Steffi and Stefan's powers of concentration are sufficient to block out the distraction of spectators finding their seats.

Here's one final reason to allow tennis fans the rights of passage: safety. In July, a judge in Queens Criminal Court handed down a ruling against the U.S. Tennis Association, which he found guilty of violating fire department regulations by blocking the vomitories—that's what the access ramps in an arena are called—during the U.S. Open last September. The fire department claimed, and the judge agreed, that the clot of people waiting at each ramp for a change-over was a calamity waiting to happen, and the USTA was fined $500 on each of three counts of obstruction. This year the ramps themselves are being kept clear, but fans still have to wait to the side for a change-over if they go for refreshments.

But there's little reason to continue to play the waiting game. That's why I'll watch some prima donna player embarrass a spectator this week and wonder, What if Kirk Gibson had called time in the ninth inning of the first game of last year's Series to point out some fan in rightfield who hadn't yet taken his seat? ■

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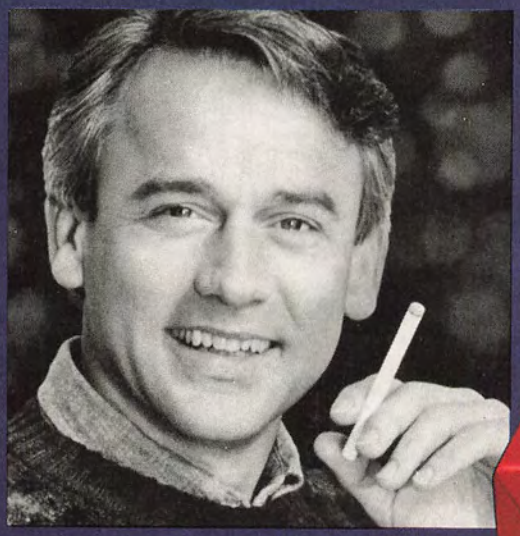
"Carlton. It's lowest in tar and nicotine."



"And the taste is right for me."

1 mg. tar
0.1 mg. nic.

U.S. Gov't. Test Method confirms of all king soft packs:

Carlton is lowest.

King Size Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

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